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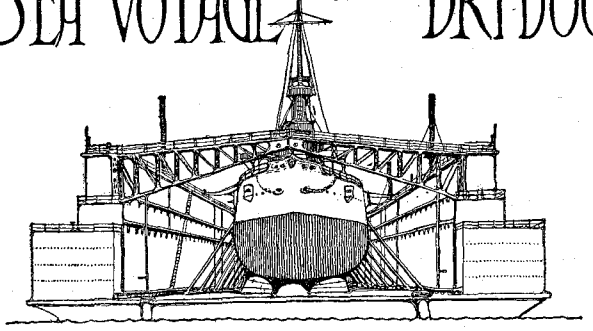
THE SEA VOYAGE OF A DRYDOCK



An account of the *Dewey's* trip to the Philippines
with Drawings by
WILLIAM · J · AYLWARD ·

THE purple shadows of early winter twilight were stealing over the placid bosom of the beautiful broad Patuxent as half a dozen or so strongly built, light-hearted fellows gathered about the board of a little hotel in a village on its bank. It was an unusual group for the time and place, and a stranger could not but wonder at their being in this out-of-the way hamlet at a time when home and kin most appeal to a man. But it would be strange, indeed, if even the most unobservant could get within twenty miles of the place without hearing the reason for it; the whole countryside was interested and earnestly argued around the grocery-store stove, in the road and fields, the success or failure of the undertaking that brought them here.

They were getting the big floating dock *Dewey* ready for its long sea voyage to the Philippines. Through the small-paned, deep-set windows, above the frosty house-tops, it could be dimly discerned in the tangle of craft huddled about it, looming big, dark, and massive out in the sparkling waters of the bay. If your place at the table was beside a very important personage in the community—the *only* Mr. de Barril—he would impress on you, *sotto voce*, the distinguished character of the company you were in.

"The sunburned chap next you but one is Mr. Hansen, Scandinavian, graduate of Gothenburg, sometime sailor, and now constructing engineer. Get him to tell you about his nine months' voyage from—oh! *he* designed the dock.

"The big jolly fellow across from him is Mr. Anderson, superintendent of the company, and the slender man with the dark tan and mustache next him is his foreman."

At the end of the table is seated a tall, light-haired, clean-shaven man with the deep color of an out-of-door life on his strong handsome face, beyond doubt a naval officer. Your interesting informant tells you your guess is correct. "Mr. Cox, naval constructor, Government supervisor; been with the dock ever since the first line was drawn on paper; years ago, I guess."

And so on. There was scarce one at that long table, with its lamp brilliantly lighting

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the centre and leaving the ends in half-darkness, who was not directly connected in some way with the big thing that dominated everything about it in the bay. But the lively conversation that followed during the excellent meal served (and cooked) by *mynheer host* turned not on past achievements; of difficulties met and overcome; of labor troubles and the thousand and one things that plague the man who builds on a large scale; of the great engineering feat in launching the thing; of the needless delay in the department that was the real cause of the *Dewey's* leaving a bad spot on a bad coast at the worst season of the year.

No, that was part of the past; they were too well satisfied with the present to bother about those trifles, and were happy with the contented satisfaction that comes with the end of long labors. They had planned and carried out a great project and success crowned their efforts. No wonder they were content.

But was it all to go for naught? Would the big dock ever get out East to her destination? That was the vital question now, and carefully were its chances weighed against the perils of the sea. There was much technical talk of horse-power, tensile strains, elasticity of metals, strength of hempen and steel hawsers, chains, and so on, but it was far more interesting when the conversation brought out tales of romantic Eastern seas and sunny islands, of monsoon and typhoon through which the leviathan would voyage to its new home in a distant, far-away tropical land.

Whether "she" could be steered or not, whether the heavy seas would batter in those high resounding walls or wrench off the overhanging pontoons, go through it "she" must. It mattered not that the largest towing company in the world refused to undertake the job (they had all the experience they cared for with a much smaller dock) and the underwriters refused to assume the risk; what private enterprise dared not attempt the navy itself would try. It was much in the nature of an experiment, the outcome of which no one could foretell; but who *can* foretell the fate of anything going to sea?

Long into the night while they waited for the Baltimore boat—late a trifling six hours or so—the *Dewey* and its adventurous voyage furnished the chief topic of conversation. From every possible point of view the thing was discussed through dense clouds of tobacco smoke; the appalling task of getting that immense awkward mass of steel half-way around the world. It was almost two when, from far up the river, came the faint frosty note of a steamer's whistle. The captain of one of the colliers, about to take a hand in the game, arose; and, stifling a yawn, put the whole thing in a nutshell when he said: "The damned dock would either behave like the old boy or she wouldn't."

"She" did.

A few days later, on a chill, gray December afternoon, the ships sullenly and doggedly took hold of their big burden and waited for the signal to get under way. The flag went up, the water churned under their sterns, and slowly—oh, so slowly—the *Dewey* swung majestically around. The long voyage was begun.

That very night the worry and anxiety that always attended it began, too.

In a fog "thick as mush" the flotilla groped down the none-too-broad channel of the Chesapeake. Out of the mist came wicked squalls of wind and rain throughout the night—rain that beat upon the decks like hail and almost drowned the deep imploring voices and warning bells of craft feeling their way like ourselves. The lookout's hail was almost as continuous as the sing-song of the quartermaster in the chains as he sang his droning chant:

"And-a-half—*six!*"

Across the gleaming, glistening decks dark figures hurried to and fro, and in the dripping mysterious shadows silent forms kept careful watch.

Up around the masthead, where the wind mournfully hummed and shrieked, the colored lights of the gentle *Ardois* vainly tried to send a silent message through the enfolding mist, but succeeded only in making little blobs of light in which the delicate tracery of the rigging showed for a moment and disappeared.

Up on the bridge, where throbbed the life of the ship, tall figures in black coats that glistened as they caught the soft light from the binnacle leaned anxiously forward, trying to pierce the enveloping gloom or get the bearings of that fellow dangerously near. The big whistle close by hoarsely warned the stranger away.

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Below in the chart-house, the captain, Mr. Lang, and the pilot are in anxious conversation over a table with compass and parallel rule; outside the man in the chains keeps up his sing-song chant. The wet oilskins and dripping sou'-westers of the trio in the chart-house seem strangely out of place in the bright warmth of the interior that looks so cozy from the wild blackness of the night. No long fur coat for the pilot now. He looks less the actor and very much the sailor as he bends over Mr. Lang's shoulder. He is facing a watch of forty-eight hours and seems anxious; so is the skipper, for they are endeavoring to figure out where the dock may be in all this.

The engine-room telegraph continued its vibrating clang, the whistle above sent out its warning note, and the lookout's hail mingled with that of the quartermaster in the chains. Wild rumors flew through the ship: "Dock ashore," "*Potomac* run down." "Tow-line parted." etc.

Where they came from aboard ship it's hard to determine, generally from the fo'-castle. If you inquire there you will probably be told that "Hickey said it." "Hickey" is responsible in that end of the ship for all that no one else cares to assume; being a mythical person and beyond the pale of court-martials he doesn't care. With the *Ardois* vainly calling in plain view and the wireless amidships sputtering forth its raucous message unanswered, small wonder that Jack let his fertile imagination have full play.

Toward morning the wind shifted around to the north-west and banished rain and fog. Far over toward the low eastern shore, silhouetted darkly against the paling sky, was the long tow; all fears were set at rest, and we steamed down toward the capes.

The next morning broke clear, bright, and cold, with the piping nor'-wester snipping off the tops of saucy bottle-green seas into fluffy tufts of spoon-drift that raced to leeward. Everything was bright, clear, and frank to harshness after the dripping mystery of the night.

Before the favoring breeze, with the dock swung wide from the course followed by the ships ahead, the *Dewey* flotilla put to sea.

Almost two months later, toward the close of a beautiful day in early spring, the people of an island town, in a group off the coast of Africa, lined the mole and gathered on the roofs as they watched a strange flotilla off their tiny harbor. The ships had a sea-worn, weather-beaten air, and, standing high out of water, gently rolling in the easy swell, showed the long grass that clung to their rusted bottoms. Behind them trailed an awkward-looking leviathan whose towering sides were gray with salt, down which the rust streaked in long lines that glowed red in the rays of the setting sun. They entered the harbor and sank wearily to rest.

That Atlantic passage, at this distance, seems more like a troubled dream—one of those distressing nightmare's in which one vainly tries to flee from impending doom and is unable to lift a foot; when hope deferred well-nigh gave way to despair.

Just beyond the stream the trouble began, when it blew so hard from the south-west that it was necessary to heave-to and so lose the added impulse that the wind otherwise would have given. The weather went from bad to worse, gale followed gale, and, vainly seeking for more favorable weather, the flotilla edged southward till at last it found itself in the storm-tumbled belt of waters on the edge of the north-east trades.

The very elements, it seemed, conspired to thwart the purpose of the ships in their efforts to coax their recalcitrant charge on the way it should go. The wind—always ahead—raised great gray-headed seas that threw their heavy weight in angry fury against the uncouth thing that dared venture upon their watery depths. The efforts of the struggling ships went for naught when great hempen hawsers and huge chains snapped under the strain of the constant and heavy impact of pounding seas. A week's progress, perhaps, would be swept away as the monster wallowed and soused in the trough of misty, gray, wind-swept seas, and many a fervent anathema, salty as the air that heard it, was flung after it.

A great ground swell that came rolling down on us from the north made a most uncomfortable choppy cross-sea, and the day seemed spent in a constant weary effort to keep one's balance. The night was often hopeless for sleep, owing to the awful din of sliding, smashing things that joined in the uproar and tumult of the storm. Above the roar and rush, the clatter and riot on the berth deck as the mess-gear "took charge,"

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the shriek of the wind in the rigging aloft, the pounding of the towing machine could be heard; its rapid, cannon-like report resounded through the ship like a rapid-firer. Faster and faster it would go, the uneasy motion of the ship making it frantic almost as if it intelligently tried to equalize the unsteady strain on the hawsers.

At last would come what all expected: the shrill call of the bos'n's pipe and hoarse bawl of the boatswain's mate as he called, "All hands!" We were going to cast off again. For an hour or two hurrying feet would respond to the sharp, oft-repeated command to "Walk back on Number One," or "Come up on Number Two," as the great slimy thing came out of the darkness astern and was stowed in a soggy heap on deck.

The bluejackets, many fresh from the receiving ship, worked manfully and took their discomforts with a cheerful good-humor that often relieved a distressing situation. When things were so bad that sleep was impossible even for tired sailors Jack would sometimes capture the cook's madly careering pots and kettles and have a jolly *charivari* till he was brought to. In the morning the old-timers would gravely tell the number of turns the rolling ship put in their hammock lashing. If the "rookie" seemed sceptical, there were the turns to prove it.

In the early days of the trip the *Glacier* had a taste of the "contrariness of the beast" she had in charge. In the lull that followed a blow she ranged alongside and smartly passed a "messenger" aboard, when the dock dangerously swerved toward the after-part of the ship. To save the stern the only thing to do was to put her head across the path of the dock. While the whistles of both joined in a frantic appeal to the ships ahead, there was a moment of anxious suspense as we watched the great glistening black bridle glide stealthily beneath our keel. "Stop the engine, sir!" Mr. Bennett shouted to the captain on the bridge as the chain trembled to the touch of the ship.

To our intense relief we saw it slowly sink into the white vortex of the water between us; but the dock came on and the port whaleboat seemed doomed. Clipping off the steering oar as with an axe, the sharp edge missed the boat by six inches and fetched up with a sickening crunch against the ward-room pantry. The ship staggered a bit and on the return roll received a cruel blow farther aft. The crash of falling things came up from the wardroom. "Go below, see if there is any water in the after compartment" sounded in the stillness that followed. The engines throbbed, and the *Glacier* went clear.

Often above the roar of a rising gale were repeated that same bo's'n's whistle and cry of "All hands"—to let go; for the *Glacier* with a single screw was unable to steer with that line over her stern in the high seas under slackened speed, and much of the time during bad weather was spent in idly rolling and tossing about while the colliers struggled with the thing themselves. And often, very often, out of the blackness would come the disheartening news that the dock was again adrift. At such times there was nothing to do but follow and wait for a lull to allow us to capture her. It would take a week, perhaps, to regain the hundreds of miles lost.

Then most likely the *Potomac's* coal supply would be dangerously short and the *Glacier* would cast off and call her alongside to replenish her bunkers. Under fair conditions this was done in a few hours, but often it took days; and one time *ten* days were spent in constant endeavors to fill her bunkers. Poor little *Potomac!* The officers and men who made that passage in her had an experience they never shall forget.

Though doing yeoman's work in running lines between the ships, and useful in many other ways as tender to the flag-ship, she was a source of worry and anxiety to Commander Hosley. The rest of the fleet were connected by "wireless," which pierced the blackness and mist, however dense; but communication with the *Potomac* depended on code-flags by day, and the *Ardois* at night. When the weather conditions rendered these useless we never knew how the tug was faring. But as soon as she could be made out in the driving mist or gray light of dawn making a brave fight against the awful seas that smothered her, to the anxious inquiry that snapped and whipped from the *Glacier's* signal-yard, she sent up the same brave little answer, "All's well." All's well, indeed. With everything battened down, green seas pouring over her deck-

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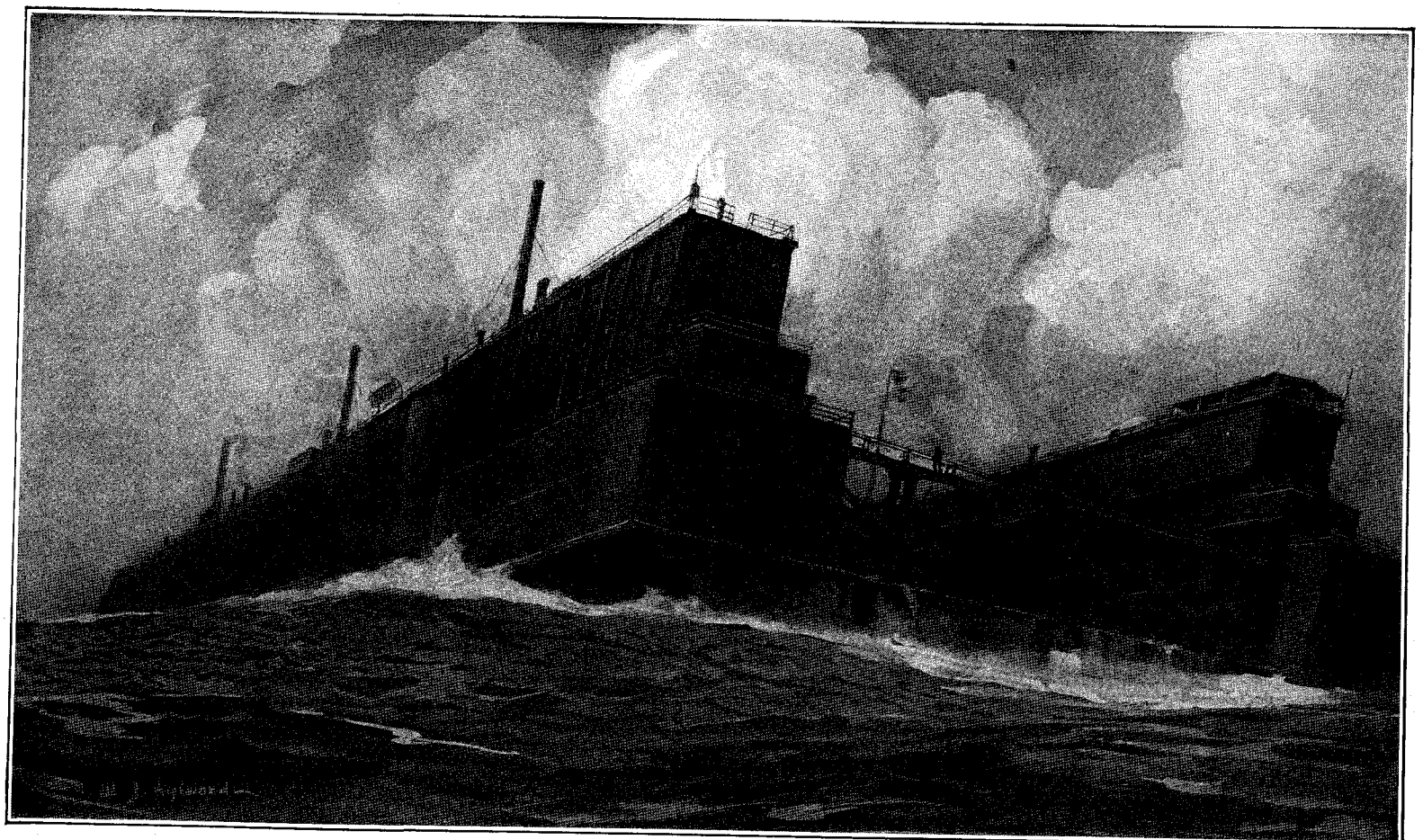

Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

The *Dewey* ponderously rose and fell in the long seas.

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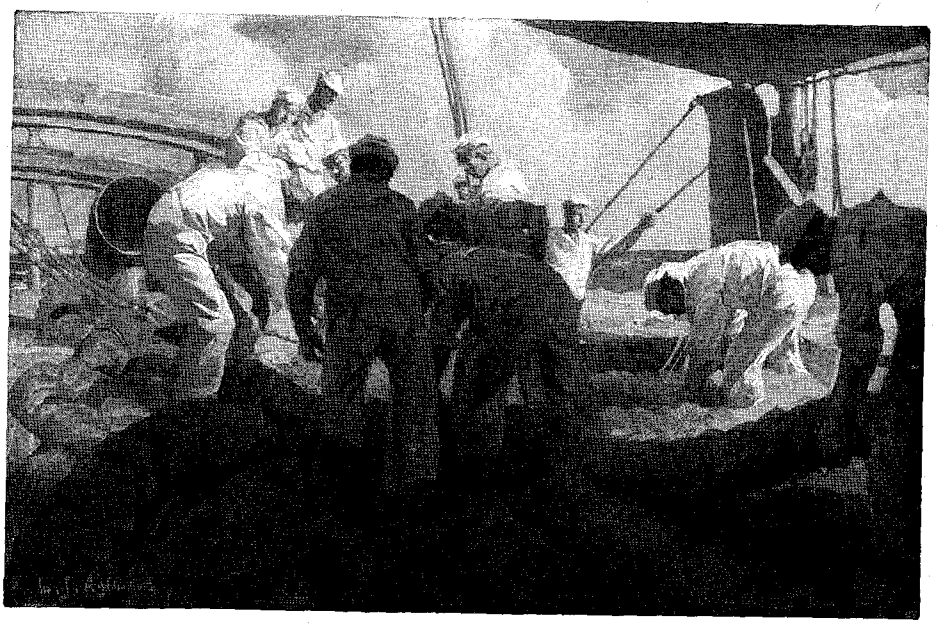

Aboard the *Glacier*.—The crew stowing the big hawser on deck.

house, and the spray dashing high over her funnel, existence was far from being one sweet dream for those on board the lively little beastie.

It was impossible to ventilate the interior, and with the boilers just under the deck and the water spouting in streams through the joints of the water-tight doors, the air became stiflingly damp. Cooking was at times impossible, owing to the bucking-broncho antics of the lively craft, and many an officer's watch below was spent in a chair braced between bulkhead and wall as the occupant caught the traditional "forty winks." But they never winced on the gamy little tug, and sent up always the same reply, "All's well."

On the bulkhead in the wardroom was fastened a chart; and every day after lunch the unofficial "navigators" would add (or subtract, maybe) the distance given by the noon observation. It was difficult at times making a tract chart of the meanderings of the capricious *Dewey*. It looked more like the contortions of a snake with a stomach-ache than something with a definite objective.

The ninety or one hundred miles that seemed so insignificant at the start to our impatient selves looked like fast going when an eighth of an inch on the chart would indicate the twenty-six miles or so gained in twenty-four hours, and when after days and days of weary rolling and pitching as we followed the lead of the "wandering" *Dewey*, gayly cavorting off somewhere in the offing and presenting a surface to the wind far greater than the loftiest ship could spread to a summer zephyr, these early days looked like golden days, indeed. Then someone would spring the old puzzling question, "If a man take one step up a hill and slide back two, how long will it take ——" "How old is Ann?" would very likely be his answer.

All the ships, including the *Dewey*, sent in their positions as worked out to the flagship every noon. Generally these agreed; but sometimes the *Dewey* would change places, and (theoretically) lead the column by a mile or two; or the "li'l'" *Potomac* would modestly say she was several miles in the rear, when there she was plain as day on the starboard beam. But they were never as explicitly exact as the cock-sure youngster who, they say, informed his skipper after working out a sight, that, "The ship's *stern* was in 30° N. 18′ W.," or whatever it was.

In due course came the news that one after the other the colliers' towing machines went to pieces and scattered heavy fragments of castings all over the ship; the *Brutus's* taffrail was torn away; and finally the last straw seemed added when word

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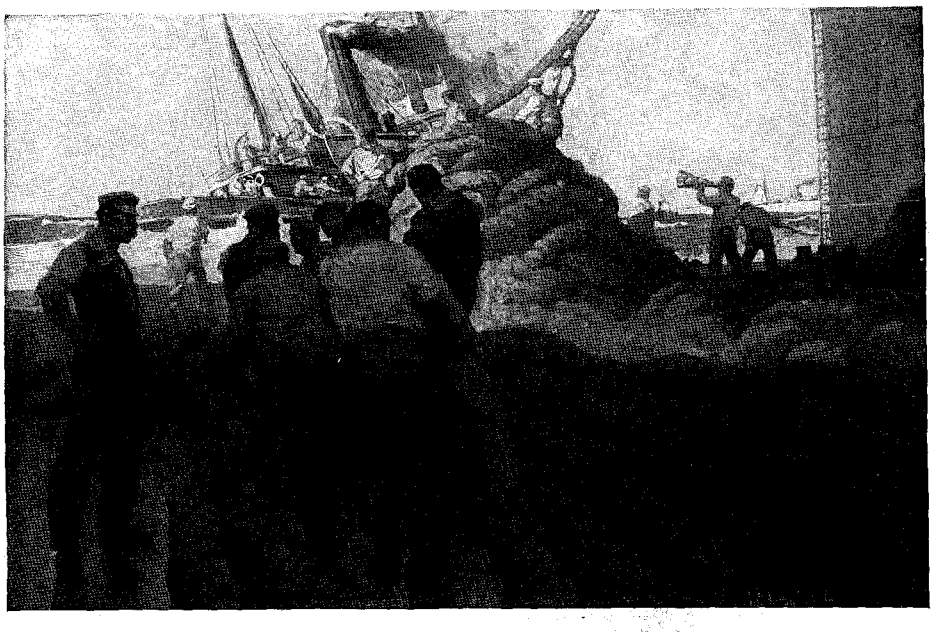

Passing the line to the *Potomac* from the Dry-Dock.

came that the dock itself was cutting rivets and loosening securing bolts that bound the pontoons to the main section, owing to the constant unremitting working in the seas. So with casting off and making the most of the chance when we were hooked up again, the colliers really doing most of the towing, we went our weary way. Much time that might have been spent in the towing column was spent in coaling the tug. She would rip off ash-chutes and things when brought alongside for the purpose, owing to the scandalous way she frisked about. No wonder there was talk forward about "hoodoos"; and sometimes it appeared when we fell to brooding over it that, like the *Flying Dutchman*, we were doomed forever to wander about the restless sea beating against contrary winds.

The Chinese sailors in the *Cæsar* seemed to have reached this conclusion and asked the captain's permission to banish the "devils" that were causing all the trouble. They brought their little joss up from his altar in the fo'castle and sought to propitiate him by having a regular Fourth of July celebration on deck for his enjoyment. While some were setting off the fireworks, others tossed colored bits of paper to the breeze. On these were written all sorts of courses to the fleeing demons so they would be helplessly confounded and unable to find the ship again. We all wished them success in their efforts.

But the worst was already over; and as we crawled toward the nearest port for repairs the weather cleared, and in a smooth sea, under a sunny sky, we headed for the Canaries. Our spirits—always responsive to the barometer—rose, and we could look back with complacency to where, in the heavy dark clouds astern, the lightning's flash told us the storm-god still reigned.

Out there were left what remained of three human beings that started on the voyage with us. Chinamen though they were, they were still fellow-men, and death, always a solemn, melancholy thing, is tragically so at sea.

With all the honors the ships could give they were buried. One funeral especially was impressive. During a lull it was, and the wind for once was still, barely toying with the ensigns at half-mast. On the long oily ground-swell the ships rose and fell with a dignified motion. The wheel, barely turning over, groaned and creaked dismally in its bearings, and the pent-up steam burst forth from its copper pipe abaft the funnel in a great prolonged, throbbing note, not unlike that of a pipe-organ. The bluejackets gathered aft, spoke in whispers, and all hands watched the group on the fo'castle of the ship astern. Up in the gray sky a soli-

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tary sea-gull circled about. Gathered about a shrouded white figure, on some very new rough planks on the *Cæsar* stood a silent group of Celestials, who, at a sign from a man with a book, lifted the planks to the rail, paused for a moment, then tilted it till the thing slipped with a grewsome splash into the sea. Long gaunt arms with claw-like fingers stretched forth as they tossed their offerings of bread and rice and paper prayers after their departed brother, to aid him on his way to the Chinese heaven.

In silver tones that floated away over the gently heaving waters the *Glacier's* bugler sounded the beautiful "taps," the engine throbbed, the wheel churned, the steam-pipe grew still, and the ensign went to the peak.

Aboard the *Dewey*.—The "bridge."

At last came the day when the lookout from his lofty perch sang out his glad "Land-ho-a." Like a tiny purple islet afloat in a sea of clouds was Palma's mountain peak. Our trip through the Canaries made up for much that went before. For days in a sea of deepest indigo we slipped through beautiful islands basking in a grateful sun. Over hill and mountain peak the cloud shadows stealthily crept, bringing out one hill in strong relief and softening another into the bosky shadows of a valley in which a tiny village nestled, so high up that it seemed to belong to the clouds. The sunsets on those rugged, peaceful mountains that rose from the azure floor of the sea were something to remember always. With the dying day their lofty peaks in a wonderfully rich, deep-blue sky took on a golden splendor that was dream-like in its almost unreal beauty.

From a delicate pink they turned to copper gold shot with green, then blushed a deep crimson, as they reluctantly gave way to the purple shadows stealthily stealing up out of the sea, till valley and hill and mountain-top resolved into a delicate distant silhouette cut in twain by a long thin and gray cloud afloat high in the clear air. All very pleasing to our eyes weary with the gray monotony of turbulent seas.

Under the protecting lee of majestic Teneriffe, "with her head in the clouds and her feet in the sea," the tow was shortened and made ready to go into Las Palmas. There was much fuss and bustle at our approach, busy little launches came a-dancing over the sparkling water, with pilot, quarantine officer, or perhaps *compradores* (with axes to grind). In the stern-sheets of one—a very smart one—flying the flag of the king's service, sat a gayly uniformed naval officer, cocked hat, epaulettes, and all. He was received by the executive officer and piped over the side with great ceremony. From his handsome dark bearded face down to his "high-water" trousers, white socks, and very dusty pointed shoes, he was distinctly Spanish.

With absurd self-importance an impudent little "puffing-billy" sort of a tug,

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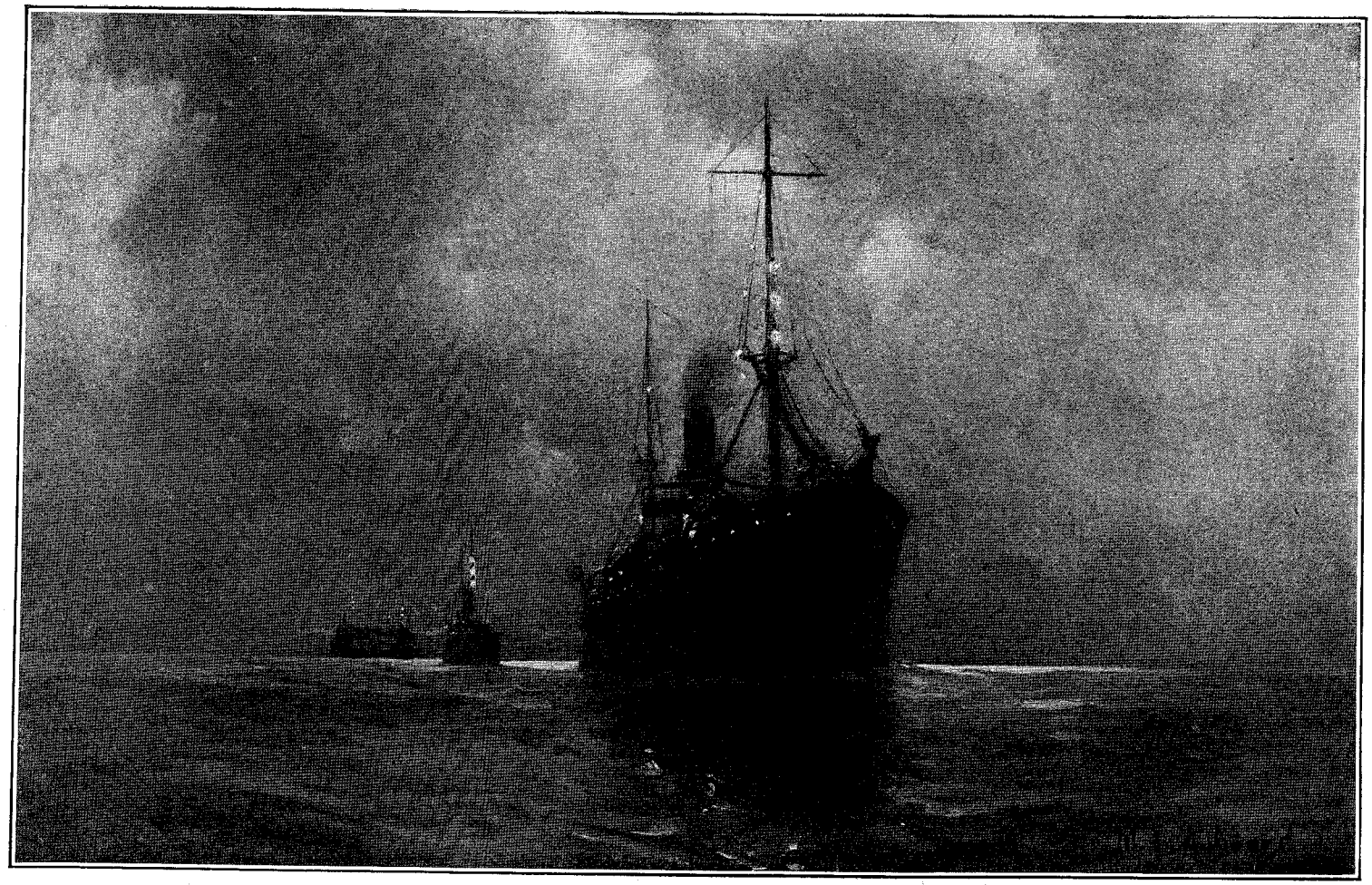

Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

At night the ships were gay with lights.

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Anxiety on the *Glacier* for the safety of the *Potomac*.
We felt a sickening fear lest the gamy tug should never come out of the sea that had just passed over her.

about as big as a good-sized launch, came alongside and hailed the bridge: "Will you be after having a tug, sor, to help ye in with the dock?" And its red-faced captain, in shirt-sleeves, leaning on the edge of his pulpit-like wheel-house, grinned broadly at his audacity. Nothing Spanish about *him*.

When we edged into the little harbor it seemed so crowded that, as a jacky put it, "You couldn't spit over the side without hittin' a ship." Though it may not have been literally true, you would be very apt to "hit" a bumboat. They swarmed about the ship till the cool green water was fairly covered with a gay medley of color, out of which here and there rose with graceful poise a dark-eyed, olive-skinned native who with beguiling smile tempted the ship's company with the good things of the soil.

How good it was to see them in all their freshness—bananas, oranges, figs, dates, and nuts—while above all the jabbering and bargaining, from the throats of a myriad of gay little songsters poured forth a glad welcome in joyous melody. There were parrots, and monkeys, of course, and looking down on the mass of color full of life and song in its setting of clear limpid water, one could not help thinking that the sailor's bumboat was worthy of a better name. Beyond all this was the busy life of the harbor, with its huddled coal-lighters, water-boats, launches, and tugs; like a wood of graceful saplings the spars of the fishing fleet almost obscured the low warehouses along the stone quay, and above all was the hill and its fort and church. From the one came the sweet notes of a Spanish bugle; from the other the angelus tolled, as the sun dipped below the sea and the stillness of twilight settled over us all below in the bay. The smell of the land was good.

The days that followed were pleasant, but the time came when the *Dewey* sailed away again, and the islands, in their setting of turquoise fringed with pearls, sunk into the sea.

Before she cleared the harbor, though, she scared half the ships into conniptions. A breeze sprung up after the moorings were cast off, and as the dock went through the vessels it brushed very close to a hulk, grazed the yards of a square-rigger along the mole, gave a big tramp a playful little bump, and wiped a lamp-post off the end of

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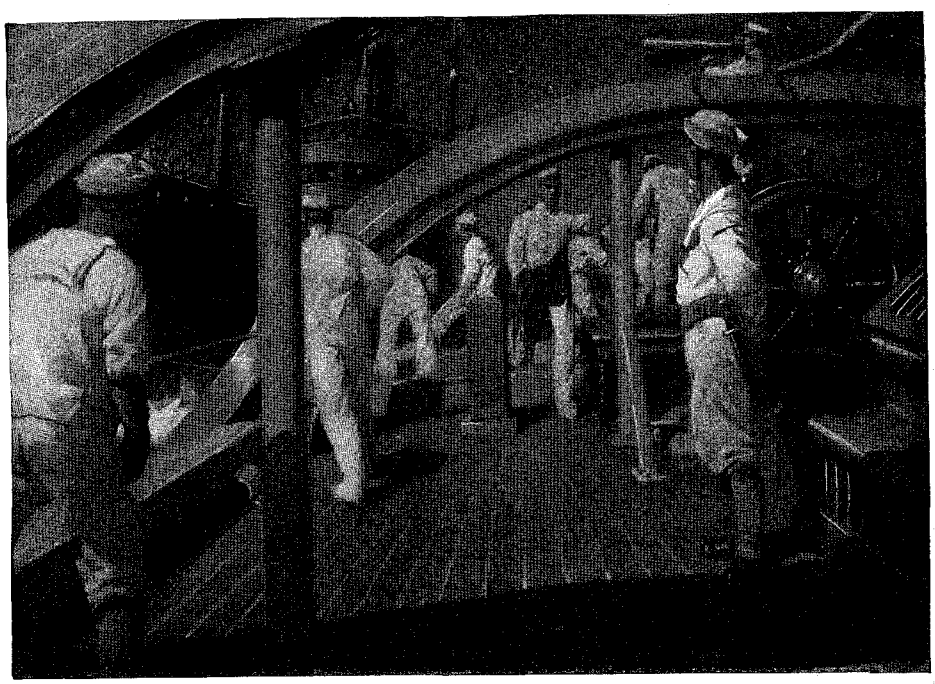

The *Glacier* after a blow in the Mediterranean.—Making up the tow.

the quay. The captain of the tramp rushed up and down his bridge, excitedly yelling: "You've 'it me! You've 'it me! The *Glacier's* launch swung around in a big graceful curve that brought it alongside the rusty tramp, Commander Hosley put his head out from under its hood and bawled sarcastically, "You're not sinking, are you?" "Well, no—it wasn't *quite* as bad as all that." "Well, keep still, then, and I'll come back and have a look at you."

A survey of the "damages" held later showed a bent stanchion or two and some scraped paint. "*Fifty pounds, sir!*" A claim for a few pounds was recommended by the board to the department at Washington. As it will take a special legislation on the part of Congress to pay it, his heirs may get it, perhaps. The same fellow, in conversation with Commander Hosley, asked: "What are they giving you for taking that thing out East? Fifteen thousand pounds, eh?" On being assured by Commander Hosley that he was doing it merely in the line of his duty, he replied, "Damned if I'd do it for a ha'penny less."

Almost before we knew it we were in the Mediterranean making tracks down it before a fair wind and favorable current. From Gibraltar's mist-wreathed "beetling brow" came the warning to look sharp for a "Levanter," which is only plain wind from the eastward under another name. But it never caught us, and till we passed historic Malta, with its memories of knights and crusades, all went merrily as a dream. Then we woke up and could easily imagine ourselves back in the sullen gray Atlantic. We awoke to the same old howling in the rigging, the same fusillade from the overworked towing machinery, the bos'n's pipe, and the hurrying feet, as they "walked back on Number One" or "came up on Number Two"; the same acrobatic stunts at meals, and, *of course*, the *Dewey* took a pleasant ramble on its own account in pastures new.

There was the same old rolling game as we watched the seas climb in frothy foam up its high glistening sides or felt a sinking, sickening fear lest the gamy tug should never come out of the terrible sea that just passed over her. But she did—always did, thank the Lord!—and shedding the foaming water from hawse-pipes and scuppers, threw her pointed little nose high in the air as saucy as ever. "Brave li'l" *Potomac!* "Flying Fish," they called her; more like a speckled trout she looked, as through her

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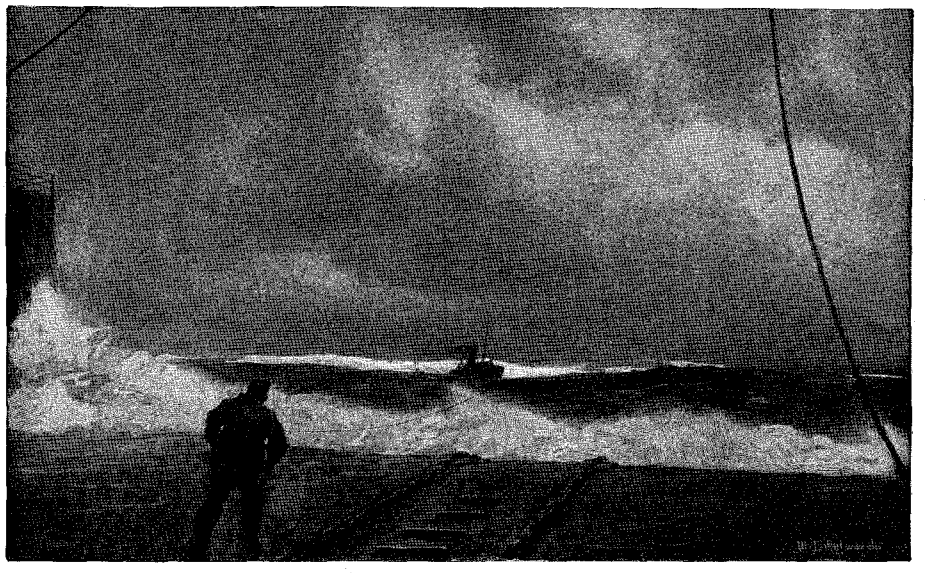
coat of black an under-coat of white showed in great leopard-like spots.

Just about when the swearing became general, and had the ring of sincerity to it, the wireless man "got the *Brooklyn*." Admiral Sigsbee was looking for us, he said, and was ready to render assistance and—"Where were we?" H. M. S. *Sutledge*, too, was coming our way and "would be delighted to be of service." But the lowering sky made an accurate sight well-nigh impossible, so when the *Brooklyn* came rolling in out of the mist she found the good old *Brutus* hanging on to the dock with a bull-dog grip, and the rest of us standing by.

cut for the passage of the dock. This was not pleasant news for the captain, who was very anxious to get into the Indian Ocean as soon as possible, as the south-west monsoon was already due.

After a quiet night in the roads the dock passed into the vestibule of the canal before the assembled motley crew that comprises the population of the place. Cheap, flimsy, shabby Port Saïd—an exceedingly inflated fake. About the wildest excitement in sight that night was a "moving-picture" show with alleged "comics." A "Ladies' Brass Band" was attached, and after every "Spiel" the ladies gave a sweet smile with



The struggling ships labored heavily in the big seas.
(As seen from the *Dewey*.)

In the beautiful moonlight night that followed the storm the tow was made up in the smartest sort of fashion, showing the result of long practice. The *Sutledge* never found us, and the silent stranger who hung about in the offing for a whole day, scenting perhaps, possible salvage, went away as mysteriously as he came. The *Brooklyn*, too, resumed her voyage, leaving the *Tacoma* with us. She brought us good weather.

In the roads of Port Saïd the canal officials boarded the ship and told the captain that, owing to incorrect data furnished by the Navy Department, a week's delay would be necessary to deepen the sidings that were

each plate contribution. Of course there is the Arab quarter, which a half dozen or so "Champagne Charlies" that follow you about are anxious for you to see; but nobody goes there after nightfall.

From down at the end of the dark, unlighted streets, like the murmurings of a stage-mob, comes the noise of the coaling of ships. All day and all night they coal at Port Saïd. The coal-imps, in "skoits" and turban or fez, keep step with pattering bare feet to a prolonged wailing yell, without beginning and without end, as beneath baskets of dusty coal they crawl out of the lighter up the high side of the ship. Under the flickering smoky glare of great torches naked

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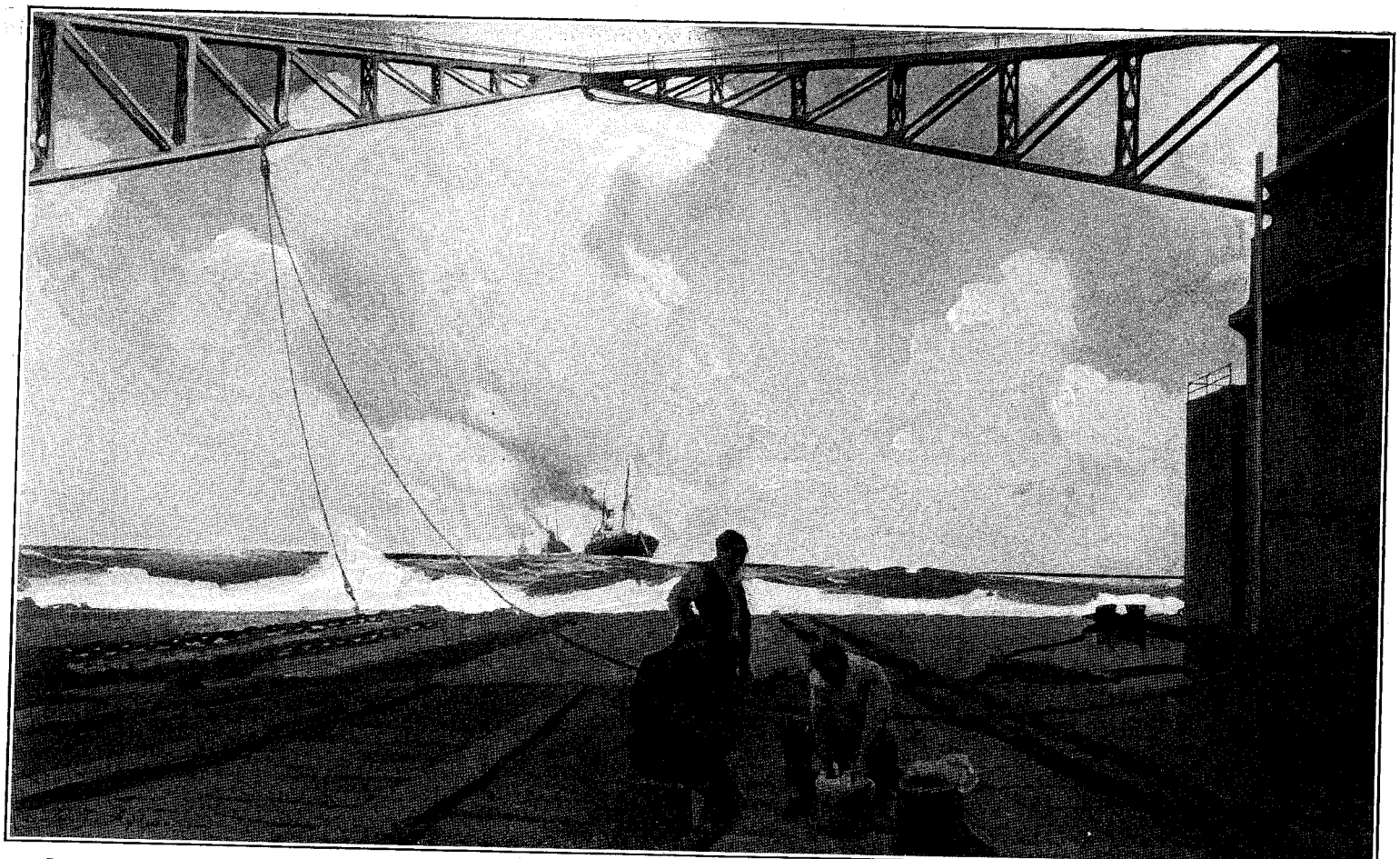

Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

On the *Dewey* in the Indian Ocean.

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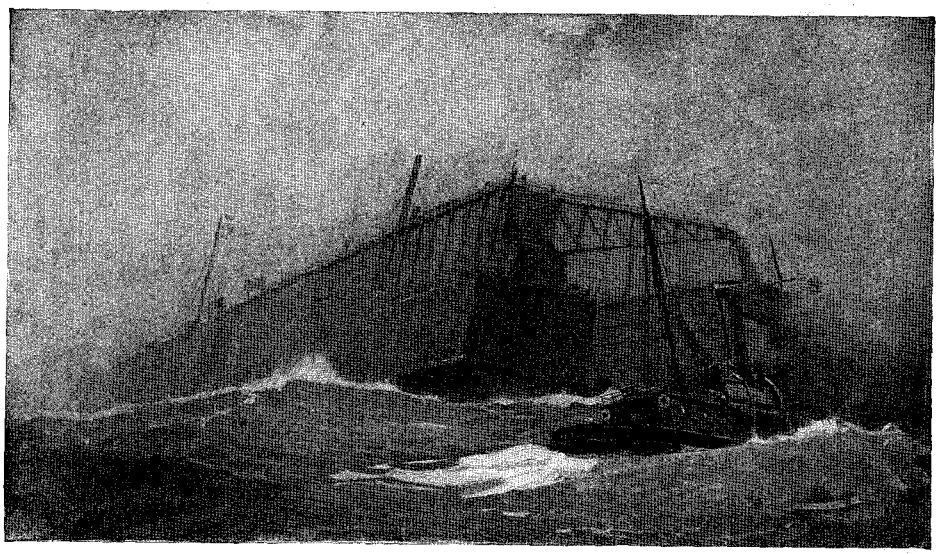

The *Dewey* wallowed off in the trough of the seas.

yelling figures fill the baskets of the endless chain that, to a weird formless chant, goes round and round, up the springy plank and back again.

As you look over the side, it needs no stretch of fancy to lose the sense of the grimy coal-dust, the smut and sweat of the toilers, and see instead demons in a darksome pit scraping, always scraping the darkness into baskets for the wailing line of their long, lean, and lank brothers, who hoist their burdens on naked shoulders and join the weird parade. In the ruddy glare of the torch, their teeth show white and their skins a dull red, only to be swallowed up in a moment in the dull orange glow that envelops all.

Fantastically, almost, the ship builds up out of the confusion below. Vaguely, masts, rigging, funnels, and ventilators are outlined or touched here and there with a delicate rosy light so full of subtle meaning that the entire fabric is built up by a few suggestive lights, while the whole is repeated in still dark waters beneath.

After a few days of inhaling coal-dust, one by one the ships passed into the canal, and when the week was up the *Dewey* followed. Between the long straight banks at its northern end all went well, but down where the channel twists and turns the trouble began.

Into the soft, yielding bank the sharp corner would dig and a thousand yards or so of sand would come tumbling down about it, while the other end swung across and did the same thing on the other side. Swift as a spider building its web, heavy lines would be flung out and secured to bollards on the opposite banks, and steam windlass and capstans would snort as they tried to drag the *Dewey* back into the channel. But if the lines didn't part the bollards were torn out by their much-ramified steel roots, while the *Dewey* stayed where it was.

Hordes of ubiquitous Arabs rose out of the desert, and with pick and shovel buried great spars ("dead men") in the sand; to these chains were led and something had to come when the strain was put upon them; so the *Dewey* came out of its bed of sand and went gayly on, having great sport plucking up buoys and depositing them miles from where they belonged—hundreds of them.

It was soon apparent that in the least breeze it was impossible to handle the dock with the nicety that the narrow channel demanded, so most of the *Dewey's* journey across the isthmus was in the voiceless, death-like stillness of the mysterious desert night. So intense and all-pervading was this sense of mystery that it crept up and cast its spell over the huge leviathan that stole stealthily through it, and the dock became as still as the desert itself—the silence was only broken by the soft murmur of the water against its forward end, and even that sounded like a prolonged h-u-s-h!

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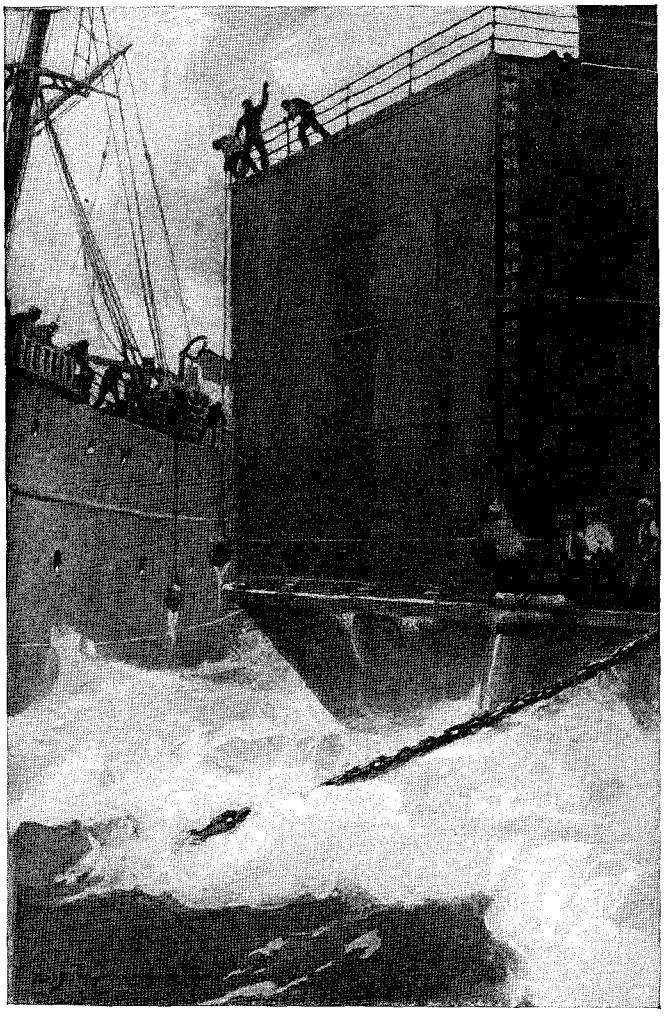
Perhaps as we went by a station a few sentences shouted in French would stridently pierce the dark, still night; a dog would bark or a jackal set up a mournful, prolonged howl in the distance; a solitary Arab, sitting by his little fire, screened his eyes from its glare as he tried to make out what manner of a ship was this, and went back to his lonely vigil—over what? The land was dead—dead as the men who ruled it thousands of years ago.

In the ashy gray of early dawn the banks awoke, and from the rough shanties there poured a noisy, jabbering, motley crew of Arabs. They squatted in huddled groups and discussed us and our craft, while here and there a pious Moslem knelt in devout prayer and with half-closed eyes bowed his head to earth again and again as he prayed toward his beloved Mecca; nor paid the slightest attention to the infidel crew in their queer ship, that looked down on him as it passed. They would form in a long line that made a most picturesque silhouette against the paling sky, as with pick and shovel they wended their way to work.

All day long they dig the sand and shovel it into the packs of grunting "oontz," who kneel and at the last shovelful rise awkwardly and disappear over the hill after the "oontz" that went before and before the one behind. Like their brother natives at Port Saïd, they formed an endless chain, only instead of nasty coal they carried nice clean sand for



There was a moment of suspense before the *Glacier* and the *Dewey* came together.

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the wind to blow back to where the wash from the ships would bring it down, so that the "oontz" may have a steady job packing it back again.

At the first light air in the morning that betokened the coming breeze the dock was secured in the most suitable place, while in a

The *Glacier* coaling the tug *Potomac* in mid-ocean.

stately parade miles of stalled ships would pass in a grand review. On they glided in a silent, seemingly endless procession in which all nations took part. Among the hundred tramps here and there would be a transport, gray, perhaps, with swarming Russian prisoners returning from their distant war. A bandaged head, an arm in a sling, a pale figure on a cot on deck, would tell a tale of hardship and suffering. Quite different from all this was a German troopship with band playing and crowded with troops fresh from home *en route* to the trouble in East Africa.

Then would come a smart P. and O. mail steamer, with brass-bound officers on a brass-bound bridge. Along its main rail were a line of pretty English girls in white, with a dangerous-looking battery of cameras trained on us. Back of them in an interested crowd here and there could be seen the pith-helmeted uniform of the East India service.

Then a French liner would float by, a Norwegian tramp, Italian gunboat, or perhaps an English transport with deck overflowing into the rigging, with "Tommy Atkins" in khaki, homeward bound. Tommy would "be blimed if the bloomin' Yankees would ever get *that* thing out East."

But at last they all went their various ways, and as the purple shadows of evening stole across the desert, bringing into strong relief the golden waves in a sea of sand, the *Titan* and *Vigilante* and *Dewey* resumed their journey along the smooth green road, and the *Potomac* came trailing after. "Our" tug was used as a rudder to the *Dewey*. The canal pilot aboard her was overzealous, and in spite of the earnest remonstrances from his chief, *in-*

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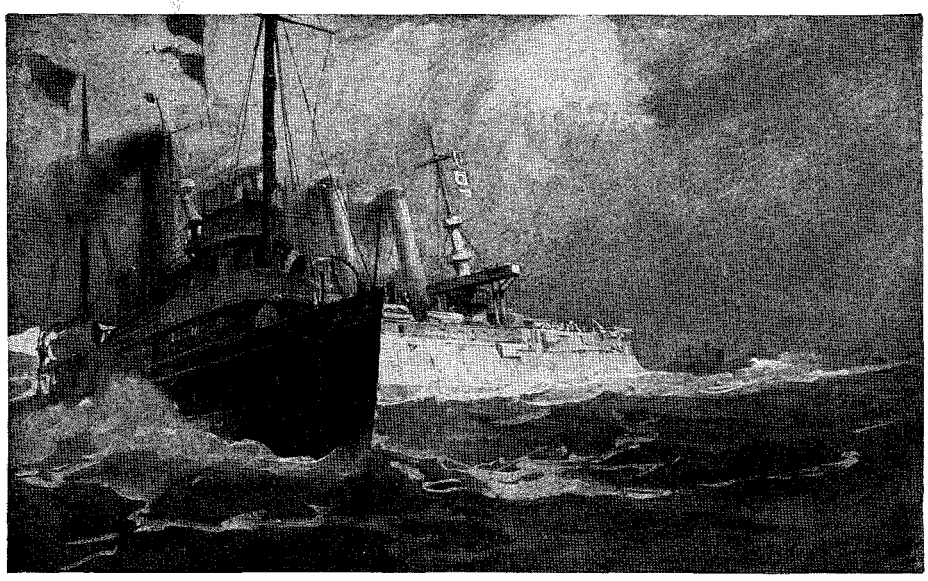

The *Brooklyn* offering assistance in the Mediterranean.

sisted on steering the whole dock, instead of keeping his end in the middle, as he was supposed to do.

After running the dock aground several times he was relieved, and under the direction of her own captain, Lieutenant Proctor, the *Potomac* accomplished its important duty admirably.

The *Dewey*, famous always for attracting all sorts of weather—save the right kind—lived up to its reputation even in the desert. A sand-storm does not last long, though—at least this one did not—and after filling our eyes and invading every nook and cranny on the ship it cleared off as quickly as it came in a golden splendor, as the sunlight sifted through it.

Toward evening on the fourth day in the canal the line of pale mountains off on the southern horizon told us that the passage across the desert was about over. There is something very appealing in a sunset across the limitless wastes of billowy sand. Then it is when one realizes the undeniable fascination of the desert. The mysterious charm of broad, unbounded space calls with the same subtle power as does its brother, the sea. Its cruel menace is even more veiled, as its white sands turn to gold and the long, cool blue shadows steal across it. Then one thinks not of the murderous treachery of this hot, heathless, uncharted dry sea, but rather what a fine thing it is to be an Arab, and live in a tent and keep a camel or two in happy freedom.

They saw us coming, in Suez. Over the flat sands the *Dewey*, with its four tall funnels resembled a factory roaming about looking for a site. The tugs could not be seen at all; their smoke only was visible.

The tables under the trees in the street along the bank were filled with the afternoon crowd, and all other available spots were filled by everybody else, all anxious to see the "big macheen." Like a very large horse led by two tiny boys, the *Dewey* slipped into the open water, and like a little dog the *Potomac* came trailing after—busy as ever.

There were many mutual congratulations exchanged, and the canal officials said with much satisfaction, "Having accomplished the *Dewey*, we fear nothing." They were glad, too, they said, "to have had the honor," but also expressed the hope that they would not have it to do again; which was a polite way of putting the sentiment expressed by the pilot in the Chesapeake when he said: "Glad to have been with you, but damned glad to have you off my hands!" Everybody felt that way.

A little incident at Suez showed the intense strain under which the pilot had been. At the lower entrance of the canal the channel is marked by some elaborate arc-light beacons. In broad daylight, with plenty of

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room, he walked the dock squarely over one of these expensive buoys. Nobody cared about that, though, for all minds were serene in the knowledge that the *Dewey* had "accomplished" the canal. Some minds were made serene in Washington, too, they say.

Twenty-four hours later the *Cæsar* and *Brutus*, like tired nags, took their positions, and once more were harnessed to their big burden, while the *Glacier* followed down toward the Red Sea.

It was dark when the *Potomac* came alongside for final orders and a last message. Hurried farewells were exchanged. Somebody (from Kansas likely) sent his "regards to Broadway," the big gong clanged in her hot, oily, smelly engine-room, and the *Potomac* shoved off. Across the widening waters were flung "three cheers and a tiger for the *Potomac*," and out of the warm darkness, from a dark blue with reflecting lights, floated back to us her answering cheer, thrice repeated.

The little *Potomac* was happy at last, for she was going home.

Then followed the dog-days of the trip; days of blinding, dazzling light, when from a pitiless sun there poured down a heat so fierce that it filtered through awnings and dripped to the deck like molten lead, till the pitch in the seams bubbled and sputtered as a caldron over the fire; of an oily sea that seemed to simmer in its glassy smoothness; of grotesque rocky cliffs that danced a fantastic jig in a brassy sky with a palm-tree perhaps a hundred miles away. The very ship seemed to pant in the breathless, tremulous air and poured its black smoke straight into the sky where it hung like a great funereal pall above it.

But bad as it was on deck, below it was a thousandfold worse; and the men in the fire-room were to be pitied. In its inferno-like depths they fainted at their task, and as they were brought on deck seemed more like a bundle of soiled rags than human beings. The voracious fires had to be fed, however, and others took their places.

The nights were scarce cooler than the days. There was no twilight to speak of, and

> The sun's rim dipped—out rushed the stars—
> At one stride came the dark.

The men lay listlessly upon the deck, seeking in vain some respite in sleep. Around and around, about the slow-moving vessel great sharks circled, leaving a trail of blue, silvery light after them in the dark waters, like the tail of a comet in an Egyptian night.

Commander H. H. Hosley, U. S. N., in command of the expedition.

Weeks it took, but at last came the day when Perim's forlorn, sun-blistered roofs and signal-tower hove in sight, and through the poetically named "Gates of the Weeping" we passed out of the Red Sea into the more grateful comfort of the Arabian. It was hot, of course, but not hopeless, as there was more chance of a breeze on its broad waters.

We began to miss the tug already, for Aden's ancient domes and towers among the rocky hills appealed to one's imagination of the old Arabian city, but there was neither chance for a "look-see" nor mail, now that the *Potomac* had left us.

With the mountains of unexplored Socotra just above the horizon to the starboard, we slipped along quietly while the slightest change in the sky was watched as a cat watches a mouse; every sea had its "bogey," and now it was the monsoon that was feared.

A canvass of the shipmasters in Port Said had been made, and though opinions differed (were there ever two sailors whose opinions didn't?) most of them agreed that there would be great risk in going into the Indian Ocean at this time of year with a thing like the dock.

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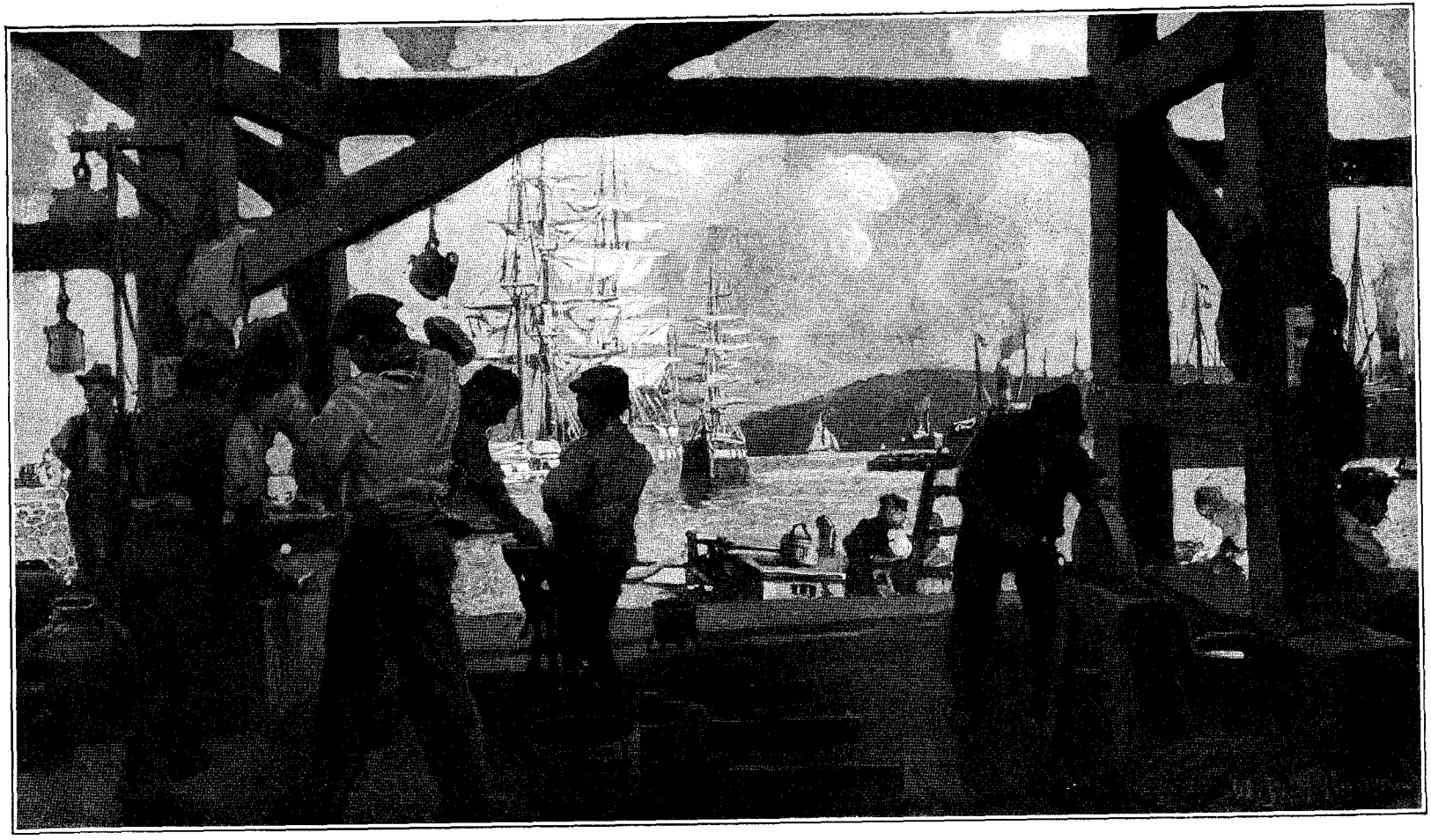

Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

A halt for repairs was necessary.
(On the *Dewey.*)

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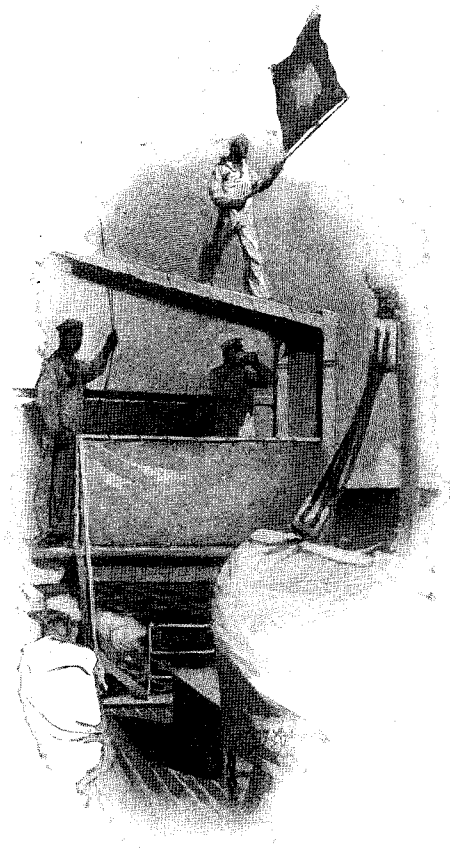
When the south-west monsoon breaks, it does so in a fierce gale, then settles down comfortably for a steady blow lasting for months. The grave difficulty was, in case of the dock going adrift, how to capture it again in the heavy weather that was sure to prevail. But on we must go, so no wonder the clouds were watched with anxiety. The weather, it was feared, was too good to last, and every day was so much to the good—a favor to which we were hardly entitled, as it were.

Day after day the big billowy clouds piled up in hills of snowy white and blue and gold till they seemed to fairly overwhelm the tiny vessels crawling over a sea of azure and pearl; a heavy downpour of rain that flooded decks and overflowed the scuppers, and all was serene and beautifully clear once more.

Again and again predictions were made and happily unfulfilled: "This time to-morrow—watch out" or "To-night in the mid-watch you'll have some rolling," and you'd double-lash your trunk and put loose things away before turning in, only to turn out the next morning to find the opening day as serene and beautiful as the one before.

So long had the weather-wise cried "Wolf" that it became a standing joke, and the monsoon, or "mongoose," as it came to be flippantly called, was reported *unofficially* "off the starboard quarter" or on the "port bow," due next week between the "mid-watch"—anything to break the monotony of the long trip.



Signalling.

During these golden days and his respite from toil Jack made the most of his time, for the word had been passed that those wishing to qualify for a rating would have every opportunity to prepare for an examination to be held at the end of the month. There was a run on the bos'n's locker at once, and in every available spot there were groups of ambitious young tars busily making the intricate knots, splices, and fancy-work dear to a sailor's heart. And studiously would he con the books on seamanship and memorize the deep-sea lead, or box the compass. Classes were held in the afternoon for those who wished to attend, and the look-out on the signal-yards, using his hands for flags, would practise the wigwag with the chap on life-buoy watch. The ship was a veritable school.

They received their rating, most of them, and they deserved it; for never did men in the service work harder or more faithfully with less growling than they. Many were mere boys fresh from the receiving-ship, but under the direction of capable officers did their work quite as well as more experienced men.

The Indian Ocean was not so lonely as other seas; we were more in the track of ships. They always dipped their ensigns gracefully and went out of their way to pass a pleasant word or two. It was amusing at times to see a fellow alter his course to come up and have a "look see" at the dock. Perhaps as he neared it, the *Dewey* would playfully swing toward him, and the stranger would list to a heavy helm as he sought an offing in a hurry.

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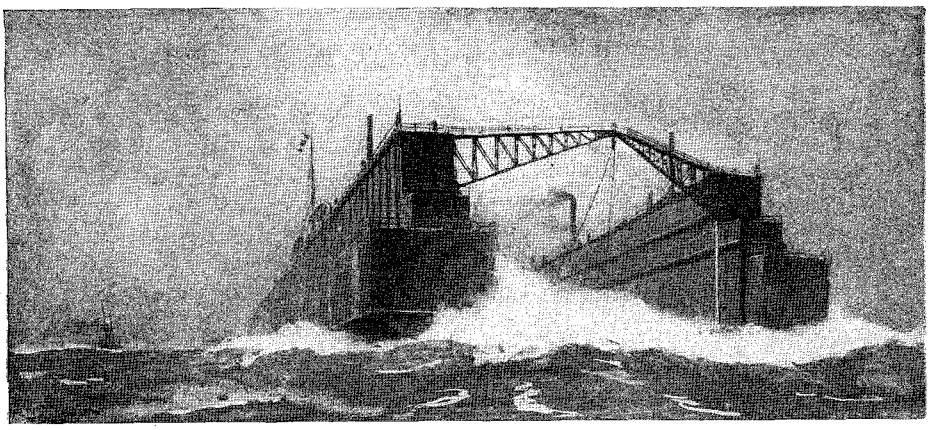

The dry-dock pounded and banged its way across the western ocean.

We heard later that the lascar crew of a British East Indiaman, making us out in the half-light of dawn, became panic-stricken at the sight of the sea-monster with many eyes chasing three ships that apparently could not escape. They routed their "medicine man"—or whatever they call him—out of his bunk and held weird, mystic incantations on the fo'castle to cast off the diabolical spell of the monstrous thing. On being told what it was, they decided the occasion called for a sacrifice of a sheep. As part of the sacrifice consists of a mess of fresh mutton for all hands, it was not a bad idea, after all.

Then came the time when the *Glacier* cast-off her line and hurried on to Colombo to send the good news to Washington and take on coal, and we gathered along the rail to see the water, that for months had crawled, go dancing by in great hissing circles of white as the good ship sprung into her thirteen knots. Long after the colliers were out of sight the *Dewey* still showed above the horizon, like a misty rock rising from the floor of the sea.

"No liberty at Colombo," was the word passed.

But the soft brilliance of a full tropical moon, the sweet enticing breath of "Ceylon's Isle," the open coaling ports, and numerous tempting shore boats formed a combination too strong to resist, and many a 'rickshaw that night carried a Yankee sailorman in dungarees through Colombo's tree-shaded streets. They reckoned not on the pitiless search-light, nor cared for the court-martial sure to follow. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," says philosophical Jack.

To Singapore seemed but a step—for what is a few weeks after months and months of slow plodding? Nothing at all!

In the six-hundred-mile stretch of open water that form the Straits of Malacca we began to feel as though we were getting out East. A derelict junk floating by in mel-

On the dry-dock.—The lookout.

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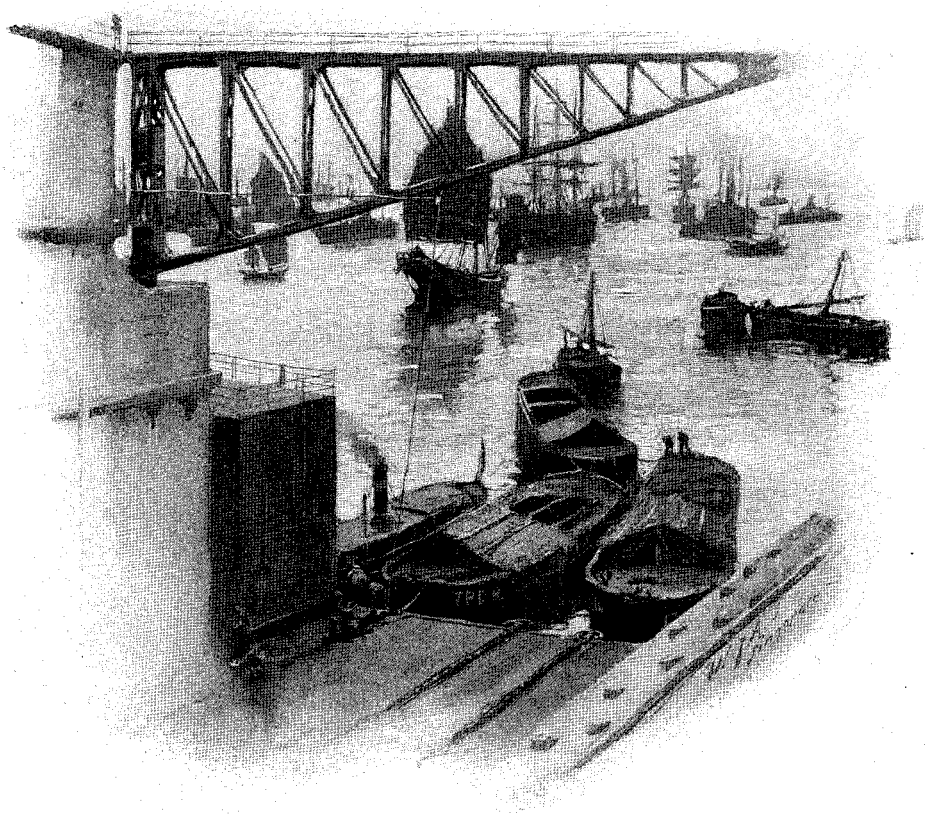
ancholy solitude, its two long shattered stern timbers held up like hands in mute protest, gave a touch of melancholy interest to the old haunts of the fierce Malay pirates. Now and then a little junk, its red sails glowing in the bright sunlight, appeared in the distance; then another and another, until they became a common sight, and came at last Singapore, the wonderful!

No matter how hackneyed a place may seem, it always has some surprises in store for you; something the other fellow has missed, you think. Singapore is full of surprises; yet you feel that it is just as you expected to see it—everything as it should be.

From the thousands of islands in the archipelago, from Sumatra, Siam, India, and China, from every part of the world, there come strange creatures in stranger costumes of all colors, of every caste, till the streets and wharf and harbor form one vast multicolored Babel in which human tongues speak languages as formless and unintelligible as that of so many animals.

If Port Saïd is the "gateway of the East," Singapore may well be called its very doorway, and ships flying the flags of every known nation—and some you don't know—are in waiting in the roads. To carry the metaphor still further, Johnson's Pier represents the threshold at which the Oriental meets his Western brother. He is there in all shades and castes, and the guide-book tells you here "Malay jostles Chinaman, Kling rubs shoulders with Japanese, Arab elbows Seedy-boy, and Bengali wonders as he stares at Javanese."

You pick them out easily—black Kling in his soiled red loin-cloth and sour countenance, bringing to mind Kipling's "rag



The *Dewey* at Singapore.

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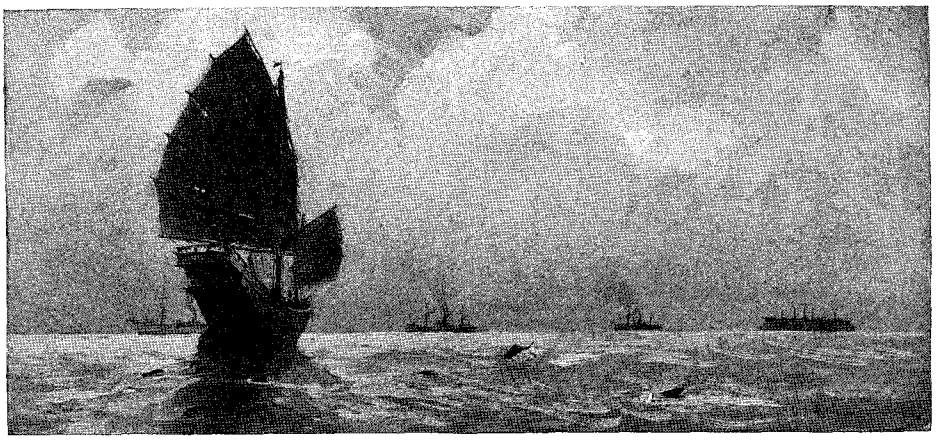

Towing through the China Sea.

and a bone and a hank of hair"; the rest is brilliant scarlet, yellow, blue, or gold. All but the "Seedy-boy," and try as you will you can't make him out in that throng. It must be a "beach-comber," you think—as an adjective it would fit him. Through it all moves the grave high-caste Hindoo in tightly fitting wrinkled whites, his dark handsome bearded face surmounted by an enormous turban of snowy muslin, or, perhaps, a trim pith-helmeted Englishman strolls along with the leisure that comes with a long stay in the tropics. You feel that you can well sigh with content and say, "Out East at last."

You are practically on the line in Singapore; and the sun, like a steady-going gentleman, rises at six every morning, but it does not "come up like thunder" in these parts. In the half-light of dawn, the coming day is hailed by a coolie who squats in the prow of his little sampan alongside as he chants low a monotonous "sing-song-dong" to its king. From the town on its sloping hill comes the musical sound of heathen gong, Christian church-bell, or, perhaps, the high call of the muezzin as from his tall minaret he calls the faithful to prayer. A big junk drifts by, its great high poop hung with baskets, and huge brown bat-wing sails just as they always were in the geography; again you sigh and feel that everything is as it should be.

The night before we got in, the dock made a spurt of ten miles an hour in the strong tide that runs in the narrow channel of the lower end of the strait; the excitement proved too much, and it foolishly went adrift. Adrift in possibly the worst spot in the world! There was some lively work and words of the most strenuous sort in making fast again. This was accelerated by a knowledge of the fact that all about were rocky islets between which crazy currents surged like a mill-race. The *Cæsar* caught her, though, and as it was only a few miles to port, was ordered to bring her in. The *Brutus*, with her half a mile of chain, hemp, and wire over her stern, which she was unable to haul in, hardly moved under a full head of steam as she crept toward the harbor. She didn't need to drop an anchor with that weight on the bottom.

We were already anchored when the *Cæsar* came in with the dock. In attempting to cross our bow the tide carried her down on us, and the two seemed inextricably mixed for a few minutes. She attempted to back out, but could not go far, as the hawser over her stern was in danger of fouling her wheel. On she came, neatly taking the bowsprit out of the *Glacier* and ripping out her own starboard rigging, boat davits, and bridge stanchions.

With the head-stays carried away, it looked as though the *Glacier's* top-mast would come down in the shock of the collision, but the prompt paying out of the cable saved the ship from further injury. The wooden gentleman in oratorical pose, under where the bowsprit had been, suffered the loss of an arm and nose and received a serious twist in his neck.

We were on the last leg now, and a couple of weeks more would settle the fate of the

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Dewey. It was the typhoon season in the China Sea, but they were too busy sprucing up the ship to give much thought to typhoons as long as the weather remained clear.

It did remain beautifully clear and all traces of the long trip were carefully removed; the ship was scraped and painted and varnished until it shone like a new pin.

It was the end of the long weary plodding trip; of slowly creeping across wide oceans with a burden that was the plaything of the elements; of making the most of every chance to advance and doggedly standing by till that chance came. Was "keeping at it brings success" ever better exemplified?

There was little excitement to break the monotony of the trip; no whipping spars or slatting canvas, no madly thrashing through briny spray, or chance to make a slant of a head wind and go around that which you cannot go through. There was nothing spectacular in this test of endurance; it had more of the characteristics of the ox-team than the race-horse; but the "race is not always to the swift." The *Dewey* won and the Britishers in Hong Kong lost their bets.

Now came the last night out. There was not much sleep in at least one of the ships that night—who wouldn't want to be in at the finish? The finish toward which we had been looking for over six months?

The sun had hid himself in a veiled mist on going down, and there were indications of a squall, but who cared for squalls? Nothing but a number-eight typhoon could hold us now, and we leisurely shortened up and slowed down to have daylight going in.

It began to look threatening toward midnight and anxious eyes tried to ascertain the weight of the coming storm. The ill-fated Durban dock was mentioned in low-voiced conversation—"only a few miles from port"—the sound of distant thunder rolled up from far over the water, the lightning's flash split the blackness overhead with a crack like a whole broadside. With the roar of an empty freight-train in a canyon came the wind and rain till we seemed to be in a cloud-burst; a fierce little squall—that was all.

It was the last fling of the elements at an outfit to which its anger always brought dismay.

The breaking clouds showed a serene moon, and off to port where was a streak of moonlight sky a sinuous twisting thing reached down to the black horizon. It suddenly straightened into a leaning pillar stiff as an iron bar and from the fo'castlehead came the hail,

"Water-spout off the port bow, sir!"

Before the search-light could be brought to bear it vanished in a hissing maelstrom.

"Light ho-a!" almost immediately followed.

"Where away?"

"Dead-ahead, sir!"

It was a far-flung American lighthouse. We had gone East till we came into the West; the *Dewey's* voyage was up.

The sun was just peeping over the beautiful mountains that surround Subig Bay as the *Glacier's* long white clipper bow slowly appeared around Grande Island at its entrance. They were on the lookout for us, and instantly there arose over the peaceful quiet of early morn the high crescendo scream of the "*Ohio's* siren as it passed the word to the other ships farther in. They, too, joined in the exultant pæan, and even the sleepy old hills awoke and sent back gun for gun amid the sirens' shrieks and the hoarse bellow of the more dignified whistles till the whole bay was filled with one glad, triumphant chorus, and launches and tugs chased about as excitedly as a fox-terrier at a fire.

With fluttering bunting the capricious *Cæsar* made her bow, and the good old wheel-horse *Brutus* took her honors, as she took everything else—as a matter of course.

But when the *Dewey* lumbered in it was given an ovation all its own; the steam about one of its tall funnels showed it was doing its best to be heard, and the great new ensign broke out in proud folds as it caught the bright morning sun; well it might, for the dock was home at last.

The *Glacier's* line came in for the last time, and as she swung about gracefully in a great figure eight, saluted Rear-Admiral Train in the *Ohio* and Rear-Admiral Dayton in the *Rainbow*. With a hearty goodwill the jackies "walked back on Number One" or "come up on Number Two."

The fellows in the fleet were watching; envious, perhaps, for, after all, *they* had not brought the *Dewey*.

Thus endeth the first voyage of the floating dock *Dewey*, and it is the earnest wish of all concerned that it may be its last.

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THE CALL OF THE WEST:
AMERICA AND ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND

BY SIDNEY LEE

I—THE EXAMPLE OF SPAIN

I

IN this series of papers I seek, within the limits of my capacity, to depict America in the process of revelation to the sixteenth-century Englishman, and to scan the shifting course of vague hope and conjecture, amid which the curtain slowly lifted. I hope to define what Shakespeare and his contemporaries knew of the New World; to track their information to its source, and to suggest something of the influence which the knowledge exerted on the current thought and feeling of the Old World. My survey closes with that *annus mirabilis*, 1607, when an English settlement in the new hemisphere first took permanent root at Jamestown, and the shadowy American scene at length assumed for Englishmen firm outlines, which justified sure hopes of the future.

The human mind is prone to pay closer attention to results than to causes, to success than to failure. To such tendency is chiefly attributable the gradual identification in the popular mind of all American history with the spread of the Anglo-Saxon race through the northern continent. Infinite industry has been applied to elucidating the course of that victorious march, until the details have come almost exclusively to fill the canvas of popular pictures of the New World's birth. The decadence of modern Spain and the long-cherished antipathy to her religious and political principles have contributed to obscure the pregnant and pervasive force of her example, and the dependence of the English pioneers on records of her teaching and experience. Every year sees smaller stress laid in popular manuals on fundamental facts which proclaim the wonder of the Spanish initiative. Even Columbus, the Genoese pilot of Palos, is at times relegated to the middle distance, and his rightful place of predominance bestowed on John Cabot, the Italian pilot of Bristol. It is doubtful if the words which Macaulay penned in 1840—"every schoolboy knows who imprisoned Montezuma, and who strangled Atahualpa"—still retain their axiomatic point. The current educational training seems scarcely destined to familiarize the rising generation with the details or significance of Cortes's conquest of Mexico, of Pizarro's invasion of Peru, and of the numerous expeditions by land and sea whereby Spain with tragic heroism riveted her hold on both northern and southern continents.

Especially has theological bias justified neglect or facilitated misconception of Spain's rôle in the sixteenth-century drama of American history. Spain's initial adventures in the New World are often consciously or unconsciously overlooked or underrated in order that she may figure on the stage of history as the benighted champion of a false and obsolete faith, who was vanquished under divine providence by English defenders of the true religion. Many are the hostile critics who have painted sixteenth-century Spain as the avaricious accumulator of American gold and silver to which she had no right, as the monopolist of American trade of which she robbed others, and as the oppressor and exterminator of the weak and innocent aborigines of the new continent who deplored her presence among them. Cruelty in all its hideous forms is indeed commonly set forth as Spain's only instrument of rule in her sixteenth-century empire. On the other hand, the English adventurer has been credited by the same pens with a touching humanity, with the purest religious aspirations, with a romantic courage which was always at the disposal of the oppressed native.

No such picture is recognizable when we apply the touchstone of the oral traditions, printed books, maps, and manuscripts con-

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cerning America which circulated in Shakespeare's England. There a predilection for romantic adventure is found to sway the Spaniard in even greater degree than it swayed the Elizabethan. Religious zeal is seen to inspirit the Spaniard more constantly and conspicuously than it stimulated his English contemporary. The motives of each nation are barely distinguishable one from another. Neither deserves to be credited with any monopoly of virtue or vice. Above all, the study of contemporary authorities brings into a dazzling light, which illumines every corner of the picture, the commanding fact of the Spaniard's priority as explorer, as scientific navigator, as conqueror, as settler. Not merely is the resourceful Castilian perceived to have explored a great part of the new continent in face of fearful odds three-quarters of an eventful century before the Englishman even dimly thought of sharing the work with him, but with a rapid prescience which is no less difficult to parallel, the Spaniards are seen to have created and elaborated machinery for governing the great Indian empire of the West the best part of a hundred years before any conception of the kind dawned on the English mind. The briefest study of the course of early colonization of America by Europe reveals Spain as master of a field in which England tardily joined her as a disciple, learning her lesson very slowly and very stubbornly. Little by little the Elizabethan caught from Spain his earliest colonial enthusiasm. It was in Spanish books that he first studied colonial experience. It was in Spanish charts and Spanish treatises of navigation that he sought his first adequate directions for traversing the tracts of ocean which lay between his own country and the New World.

The Elizabethan was a mighty assimilator of foreign ideas. Although he had the faculty of bettering his foreign instruction, so that he ultimately outstripped his foreign teachers, yet the harvest that the Elizabethan reaped in almost every field of effort owed much to seeds born of foreign soil. Elizabethan literature is permeated by forms and ideas of foreign origin—from Italy, France, and Spain. Similarly, foreign theory and practice fertilized Elizabethan activity in the New World. To France and Italy the debt of the Elizabethan adventurer in America was large, but it was to Spain that he was under the heaviest obligation. The Atlantic Ocean lay within almost as close hail of English shores as of Spanish. It was open to England to have sown the seed that Spain first planted in America. One need not speculate whether, in the absence of the Spanish initiative, the English would ultimately have become the dominant people of the New World. It is sufficient to point out that Shakespeare's countrymen pursued at a long interval the tracks that Spain had devised, and that Elizabethans, when their vision was clear of racial and political prejudices, frankly acknowledged the all-powerful spell of "the constant travail and valiant mind" which gave the cue to Spanish effort.

II

A FULL statement of the Elizabethan debt to the colonizing effort of Spain involves exhaustive study of the one hundred and fifteen years that separate the discovery by Columbus of the West Indies in 1492 from the settlement of Jamestown in 1607. The issue practically involves all that during that extended period was happening on the globe's surface from Labrador to the Magellan Straits, from the Philippine Isles to the Bermudas. No such survey will be attempted here. I merely invite attention to a few neglected or misapprehended points in the story which plainly signalize the Spanish inspiration of Tudor Englishmen.

The first series of episodes which calls for notice has the negative value of proving England's unreadiness to appreciate the significance of Spanish energy. There is an apocryphal story—a late invention—to the effect that Columbus, when designing his first voyage across the Atlantic, sent his brother Diego to solicit the aid of King Henry VII, and that the English king delayed granting the request until after the sovereigns of Spain had acceded to it. The earliest authentic incident in the narrative resembles this familiar fable in carrying the moral of a great opportunity missed.

Mystery still overhangs the career and fate of John Cabot, whose exploits are credited with creating England's title in North America. But recent research shows that Spain was responsible alike for the inception of the adventure, and for the bestowal on it of a distinctive place in history. It is from the private correspondence or published writing

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of contemporary Italians and Spaniards, it is from Spanish maps, that John Cabot's precise experiences can alone be gleaned. There he stands revealed as an avowed disciple of Columbus, and a native, too, of Columbus's city of Genoa, whence in early life he migrated to Venice. At Lisbon and Seville he studied those theories of the Atlantic voyage, which led Columbus to discover the West Indies in 1492. Cabot shared that great captain's belief that the West Indian islands were stepping-stones to Cathay, the fabled Asiatic empire of gold and spice. The differentiating feature in Cabot's scheme was his choice of a northerly instead of a southerly course. The result of his voyage was the hoisting of the flags of England and of Venice side by side on the ice-bound shore of Labrador. Cabot's triumph lay in touching the inhospitable coast of the North Atlantic eleven months before Columbus, on his third voyage across that ocean, discovered in sunlit Venezuela the *terra firma* of South America.

The alertness of contemporary Spanish cartographers whose work is extant has alone preserved due record of Cabot's route. The map which he himself drew is lost. Like his Genoese master in the Spanish service, the Italian mariner in the English service imagined that he had reached the gate of golden Cathay. For a moment great hopes of wealth and glory were alive in the country of his adoption. A second expedition on an ampler scale brought Cabot farther south on the coast of the New World, and he scanned from the sea the great expanse of territory which, lying between Newfoundland and Florida, was destined to fall under English sway more than a century later. He vanishes from view while he is glancing from afar at the promised land.

There were none, at the moment, capable of wearing Cabot's mantle. Some Bristol merchants, in the years that followed, sought to pick up his clew; again they relied on foreign co-operation, and took into partnership traders of Portugal, the nation which had already brought West Africa and the islands adjoining within the scope of European civilization. But these Anglo-Portuguese ventures effected nothing.

The next half century is a barren and depressing tract in Anglo-American history. Three small English expeditions set out to explore Labrador or Newfoundland, with results that meant either disaster or futility. During the same period some smacks from English ports fished for cod off the North Atlantic banks. But the fishing fleets of the Normans, Bretons, and Basques were larger and more active than those of the English, and it was French, and not English daring, which first planted a European settlement on North American shores.

In more southerly latitudes it remains to recall the voyages made about 1530 by William Hawkins, of Plymouth. He thought merely to trade with the Portuguese settlers and the aboriginal tribes of the West African coast of Guinea. But, in a spirit of enterprise rare among his English contemporaries, he made a first English essay in that commerce in negro slaves, of which the invention belongs to Portugal, and the initial developments to Spain. Hawkins kidnapped African negroes and, crossing the Atlantic, sold his human cargo among the Spaniards of the West Indies, or the Portuguese of Brazil. A century later an immense amount of English energy was absorbed by this commerce, in which Hawkins was the first Englishman to engage. In the first half of the sixteenth century England's incursion into the slave trade of Portugal and Spain alone gave explicit promise of her future intercourse with America.

III

MEANWHILE Spain was flying far past all comers in the momentous race. Before England had learned her colonial alphabet, the colossal Spanish empire leaped into being. The barriers of American coasts quickly yielded to the Spanish invasion, and mountains and plains offered the aggressors untouched stores of gold, spice, and pearl. The Isthmus of Panama was soon crossed and Spanish eyes rested on the boundless expanse of the Pacific. The ancient empires of Mexico and Peru, with their mysterious civilizations, extending over areas wider than the whole of Europe, were converted in the twinkling of an eye into provinces of the Iberian Peninsula. With dogged heroism the Spanish conquerors were soon forcing paths across the trackless territories to the north and south of Mexico and Peru, and were planting chains of settlements. Great part of the Central American map was

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quickly inscribed with the Spanish names of explorers, or of their patron saints, or of their native cities in the home country. An adventurous lover of Spanish romance christened the mysterious sea-girt land to the extreme west of the northern continent California, after the fanciful title of an imaginary island in a popular contemporary work of fiction. On the eastern side of the northern continent, in Florida—named from Pascha Florida, or Palm Sunday, the day of its discovery—a succession of courageous explorers was facing tragedy; while companions of theirs were moving westward to prospect the banks of the Mississippi and view the ridges of the Rocky Mountains.

In the Southern Continent, north-west of Peru, the newcomers were hunting for the golden city of Eldorado, and meeting death in the foaming torrents of the Orinoco and the Amazon. South of Peru not only did Spain struggle to assert dominion over Chili, but she was marching over the boundless plains of La Plata to the pleasant breezes of the port of Buenos Ayres. Meanwhile, expeditions by sea were surveying the Pacific coasts from California to Tierra del Fuego, and were bringing unsuspected islands within the limits of Spain's empire. Infinite energy and heroic suffering were spent in the search for a trade route to Europe from the western coast of Mexico through the Southern Ocean. Men ready to endure every imaginable peril crowded vessels of all shapes and sizes in both Spanish and American ports, and in growing numbers, year by year, they pushed the quest to remoter bounds.

The incentives to the Spanish conquest were many; some of the conquering host lusted for gold, some for reckless adventure and the practical testing of fancies of romance, others for the exhilaration of change of scene and a larger liberty. But the Church of Rome had blessed the enterprise, and no call to the West sounded more impressively in the Spanish voyager's ear than the appeal of the priest to bring into the true fold the pagan peoples which were known to be scattered over the new-found territory. On numberless hills and headlands fronting both the Atlantic and the Pacific shores, pious Spanish hands raised, very early in the sixteenth century, substantial symbols of the Cross, under the shadow of which Spanish priests, monks, and friars preached their faith to the natives. Throughout the bold exploration and masterly settlement of America by Spain, alike during the first and the second half of the sixteenth century, very potent aid was continuously lent by secular and regular clergy; until at length the Church of Rome came to rival the temporal power of the invaders not merely in the great cities, but in the remote villages of the new continent. The whole territory was rapidly distributed into archbishoprics and bishoprics, archdeaconries and parishes. The chief towns had their cathedrals, with their deans and chapters. Every monastic order soon inaugurated its province in the New World and could boast a network of conventual establishments.

Millions of aborigines accepted the teaching of the Christian pilgrims, and if the pagan instinct were rarely crushed altogether, the new religion brought in its train much educative influence. Besides churches and monasteries, hospitals and schools spread over the land under the sign of the Cross. Priests, monks, and friars set themselves to stem the devastating epidemics which were always threatening the native peoples. The Roman clergy were enjoined to learn the native languages and, as soon as they could, to preach in tribal tongues. From monastic pens came a long series of native grammars and vocabularies, which bear witness to the Spanish authors' aptitude for their missionary vocation. It was by means of the religious organization of the Roman Church that Spain finally clinched her hold on the American continent.

At the same time a vast machinery was, as if by magic, created at home in the earliest days for the secular government of the new empire. Within ten years of Columbus's landing on a West Indian island, a West India House of Trade (*Casa de Contratacion*) was established at Seville for the regulation of commerce with the new country; for the issue of passports to settlers; for the orderly accumulation and co-ordination of new geographical knowledge; for the construction of charts and maps; for the education of seamen in the science of ocean travel; for study and research in every department of knowledge which was calculated to improve the art of navigation. The conviction that scientific method was the key to the earthly paradise of the West quickly conquered the Spanish mind. At Madrid, too, there was formed a Council of the Indies

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under direct royal control which framed and executed schemes of colonial administration in its highest branches. The Council instituted an hierarchy of colonial offices, a fiscal system of exceptional intricacy, and a policy for the treatment of natives which accorded on paper with the noblest Christian principles. The Madrid Council of the Indies closely resembled that Council of India which rules from London England's great Asiatic dependency. But the history of the two institutions presents this startling contrast. The London council was created more than two and a half centuries after English adventurers first set foot on the East Indian continent. The Madrid council came into being within fifteen years of the first Spanish debarkation on the American coast.

It was under the auspices of this precocious council of Madrid that both civil and religious institutions of Europe were transplanted to the Gargantuan provinces of Mexico and Peru. Courts of law and ecclesiastical synods, vice-regal palaces and spacious cathedrals, churches and town halls, roads and bridges, public gardens and drainage works, universities and schools, sprang up in "New Spain" across the ocean at the Council's bidding or with its sanction. The extant municipal records of the city of Mexico begin in 1524. That fact bears significant witness to the method of the Spanish advance.

No instrument of civilization was excluded from the Spanish-American settlements of the sixteenth century. The ceremonial pageantry of the Old World was transferred to the New. The viceregal courts of Lima and Mexico were distinguished by a brilliance only second to that of Madrid. In 1571 "New Spain," or Mexico, celebrated the jubilee of the downfall of the Aztec Empire, and the spectacular display is said to have surpassed any European precedent. Printing-presses were then at work in the chief cities of Mexico and Peru, mainly producing manuals of devotion in the Spanish, Latin, and native languages, but also sending forth codes of legal enactments and some literary prose and poetry. As early as 1551 the University of San Marcos opened its doors at Lima and was soon afterward installed in an ornate home. In 1553 a university was founded in Mexico on which was bestowed by a royal order the constitution and privileges of the University of Salamanca. Colleges for the higher education of the sons both of settlers and of the better class of natives were afterward instituted alike in the northern and southern continents. Colleges for sons of Incas at Lima and Cuzco, in Peru, taught the latest developments of European culture. The Spanish conquerors neglected nothing that was likely to guarantee the civilized progress of the New World on the best models known to the Old.

Colonizing and exploring energy on such a scale and method has no parallel in history. It continued without cessation throughout the sixteenth century. It is commonly assumed that with the establishment of the two great viceroyalties of Mexico and Peru within the first half of the century, the heroic age of the Spanish conquest of America ends. Daring of an epic type colors the exploring exploits of Spain in America both by land and sea through all the years of Shakespeare's lifetime, while European civilization marched onward without a pause.

There was a dark side to the picture, a blot on the scutcheon, of which the future was to disclose the full significance. But the historical perspective is ruined if the shadows are painted too dense a black. Spain's marvellous triumph over the forces of nature justified a blind faith in her strength, and it is no matter of surprise that she long deemed herself impregnable in the New World. A source of weakness lay in her overconfidence and in her self-sufficiency, which would tolerate no stranger within her gates. She overlooked the dangers inherent in the hugeness of her colonial territory, which rendered barely possible either a well-knit internal government or coasts and frontiers that should be fully defensible from external attack. She neglected the warnings of early raids by Frenchmen. Indeed, the comparative ease with which she repelled French assaults exposed her to the fatal error of underrating the boldness of Elizabethan buccaneers. Yet far into the seventeenth century Spanish America nourished great powers of recuperation. The chief ports, to which Drake and his countrymen set fire, rose from their ashes while the ruins were still smoking. Despite the superior alertness of Elizabethan privateers and their activity in depredation, treasure fleets from the Spanish main long succeeded in cross-

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ing the Atlantic Ocean with only occasional loss for two hundred years. Misfortune and misgovernment bred disaster for the mother country in Europe, but it deprived her by slow and at first imperceptible degrees of her predominance in the Western hemisphere. In the result, Spain retained her hold on the colonies which she founded at the end of the fifteenth century for a far longer period than England retained her hold on the American colonies which she founded in the seventeenth.

Very various economic and industrial difficulties from the first confronted Spain in the New World, and in view of their complexity, the permanence of her hold may well intensify the sense of wonder which her whole experience evokes. Her failure to solve satisfactorily the fiscal and labor problems of her new empire cannot be made merely matter of reproach. No colonizing nation has yet regulated the discovery of immense mineral wealth in a new country so as to obviate tendencies to corruption among both the settlers and their friends at home. It was an inevitable "dropsy of covetousness" (in the words of Peter Martyr, the first historian of Spanish America) which infected Spanish-American rule, and, with heroic exceptions, contaminated the political hierarchy, from the king at Madrid to the pettiest officers of Mexico and Peru. Official extortion, vexatious taxation, open traffic in fiscal and judicial offices, were among the economic evils of the Spanish-American empire for which cure was sought in vain.

The first aim of the conquerors was to secure for themselves absolute possession of the country's treasure, and the only road to this goal lay through the dethronement of the native kings and chieftains, the expropriation of the native occupiers of the land, and the compulsory employment of the native peoples in the mines. A modified feudal land tenure, with its taint of serfdom, was imported in haste from Europe. A vast and heterogeneous native population, of which only a very small portion was physically strong enough to persist in forcible opposition, lay at the mercy of the conquerors. There is little that is unexpected in the hateful incidents of cruelty which marked the Spaniards' subjugation of the natives. Such are invariable features of the association of a race which is high in the scale of civilization with a race which, being low in that scale, is at the same time possessed of property of value to highly civilized life. The normal vice of the situation was exaggerated by the mental or bodily defects of the aborigines, which unfitted them for hard or regular work, and by the inability of the European settlers patiently to tolerate habits or usages which were strange to them and out of harmony with their religious and social traditions.

But the native affairs of Spanish America had a saving grace. The American Indian never lacked Spanish champions, who loudly pleaded for his humane treatment. In the first half of the century the Mexican bishop, Bartolomeo de las Casas, roused in behalf of the natives an agitation which bore fruit in a long series of merciful enactments. Till the end of the century the Council of the Indies impressed on every viceroy of Mexico and Peru the duty of guarding the American Indians from barbarous usage. These Spanish laws for the due protection of the American natives were resented and evaded by a majority of the settlers. But it is an error to deny to the colonial policy of Spain the consciousness of humane obligation.

The Church's imposing claim to bring all the aborigines into her fold failed to procure them a satisfactory social, political, or economic status; yet it served materially to alleviate their hardships. More could hardly have been anticipated of the dominant clerical temper. In spite of the physical courage and spiritual earnestness of the Catholic clergy, their chieftains, with glorious exceptions, cherished corporate interests and ambitions, which exposed them to every worldly temptation. The vices that come of power and wealth infected the ecclesiastical rulers. During the latter part of the century the Church strengthened her position by importing the degenerate and brutal disciplinary machinery of the Inquisition. But it is only right to point out that great as was the suffering inflicted by the Inquisition at Lima and Mexico on European settlers and European captives, the natives were exempted from tortures of the holy office. They were treated as catechumens who were not liable to the rigors of adult discipline. The Inquisition left the native difficulty untouched for good or ill.

It was the intricacy of inevitable conditions which refused the principle of mag-

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nanimity free play in the government of the American native. Las Casas, the passionate agitator who sought to redress native suffering, recognized that a vast supply of mechanical labor was essential to the development of the new country, even if the aborigines were unqualified to provide it. His suggested solution is difficult to reconcile with his principles, but it defines the situation. Las Casas recommended the importation of negroes from the west coast of Africa, and the recommendation was adopted. Quite illogically, the black color and great physical strength of the Africans appeared to justify their enslavement, while the lighter complexions and the weak physique of the native American forbade a state of servility.

The economic and industrial constitution of Spanish America was finally based on Las Casas's foundation of black slavery. Some curious results followed. The native American slowly dwindled in numbers, while the negro rapidly multiplied. Yet the two races freely intermingled and a new racial blend which proved sturdy, although morally unstable, came into being. Similarly the Spanish settlers themselves lacked that sense of physical repugnance which has restrained the Anglo-Saxon colonist from intermarriage with native races. The Spanish conquerors of Peru of the highest rank wedded from the beginning the daughters of the Incas, and their example was imitated by their humble followers. In all ranks of society racial intermixture produced in course of time new ethnic types of unsteady temperament, and therein lurked fatal seeds of degeneracy.

IV

WELL before the sixteenth century reached its meridian Spain was setting Europe an example which might well excite emulation. Yet England, sunk in slumber, gave no sign of emotion. Tidings of the Spanish triumph flooded the European Continent. Not only at Madrid and Seville, but at Rome, Basle, Paris, and Vienna the strange news absorbed attention. Reports of American adventure were penned by versatile Spanish explorers, whose gifts often included vivid power of narration, and their stories were printed almost simultaneously in their author's language, in Latin, French, German, and Italian. At all the leading Continental universities, especially in Germany, geography was restudied and revised in the light of the Western revelations. England alone stood aloof from the stir. The flowing streams of intelligence scarcely touched her shores.

During the early part of the sixteenth century only one English author, Sir Thomas More, bears witness to the intellectual impulse that was generated by the American discovery, and he learned his lesson, not in England, but in the cultured cities of the Low Countries. A visit to Antwerp gave him the suggestion of the "Utopia," which was written there in Latin, and was published at Louvain. The romance owes its foundation to the Italian letters of Amerigo Vespucci, the Florentine contractor of Cadiz, who crossed the Atlantic many times as Columbus's disciple. It was Vespucci's Christian name, instead of that of his master, which, through the freak of a Lorraine geographer, was permanently inscribed on the new continent. More is the sole Englishman of the period who made specific mention of Vespucci's reports, which were circulating in scores of editions and in half a dozen languages outside impenetrable England. Yet More ignores all other contributions of his time to the budding history of America. The names of Columbus and of his companions were securely enshrined during More's life in the literature of Spain, Italy, France, and Germany, but he gives no sign that they had reached his ears.

More wrote of Vespucci and America in Latin. Between 1512 and 1519 three contemporary writers in English (whose work reached the printing-press) made shadowy allusion to America and the triumphs of Spain, but their meagre inaccuracies serve to make the English darkness the more visible. With a confused mention of "the land America called after Americus," in a rudimentary English drama published in 1519, there fell on English literature a complete silence respecting the New World for four and thirty years. Portugal, France, Italy, Germany, and the Low Countries were in that interval eagerly recording the glorious Spanish advance in books, maps, and globes. Yet England slumbered on in ignorance or incredulity.

Happily there were English merchants abroad who were absorbing the foreign enthusiasm and felt shame for their country's lethargy.

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Seville, now the centre of the American trade and the home of nautical and geographical research, had long harbored an English trading settlement. From Seville came to England the first direct and reasoned appeal to recognize her Western opportunities. Robert Thorne, a Seville resident, who was son of an enterprising Bristol merchant, forwarded to the English king, Henry VIII, a strongly worded admonition to take the Spanish example to heart. Even if South and Central America had permanently passed into Spanish hands, North America still awaited its conqueror. But Thorne's stirring message from Seville fell on deaf ears.

Yet productive enlightenment was destined to come at length out of Seville. An effective pen was at work there in the interests of England within the very walls of the Seville House of American Trade, which was a storehouse of geographical learning. John Cabot had vainly incited England to adopt Spain's American design when in its embryonic stage. His son, Sebastian, grown disgusted with the sloth of his father's adopted country, placed his services at the disposal of the Spanish pioneers, when their efforts were maturing. Cabot secured a berth in the West India House at Seville, and finally, in the capacity of "pilot-major of Spain," controlled, for more than thirty years, the navigation of the Atlantic. One of his chief duties was to keep a great standard map of the New World, called the *Padron Real*, abreast of returning captains' reports of American expeditions. On the surface of this great chart every discovery was entered as soon as it was attested and every known error erased. Sailing directions and treatises of navigations were licensed by Cabot and his colleagues of Seville. He developed a system of naval instruction. Under his auspices lectures were given to would-be pilots and sailing officers, and a mode of written examination was inaugurated. Cabot's curriculum of study embraced all branches of mathematics, astronomy, and the use of the globes. Extant syllabuses and examination papers show that his methods of naval education fall little short of modern standards. The Seville teaching came to promote naval efficiency throughout Europe.

At length, when Edward VI's reign opened, Cabot, whose distinction lay in his power of organization and research, went to London and placed the massive experience, which he had acquired in Spain, at the disposal of the English Government. The last ten years of his long life were spent in the English capital, where he preached unceasingly the priceless value of the Spanish example.

Although he was worn by age and a long life of toil, Sebastian's persuasive obstinacy caught attention in England. A new "mystery" or company of London merchants was formed under his leadership for "the discovery of regions, dominions, and places unknown." The shadowy paradise of Cathay, which was imagined to lie at the back of America, was once more the stated goal. But the perils of the Atlantic, which the Spaniards regarded as their own waterway, were to be avoided. Cabot advised a north-east passage to Cathay, which the geographers of southern and central Europe guessed to exist and to be navigable.

England, after more than half a century's hesitation, was deliberately to join Spain in the exploration of the unknown world. The first-fruits belied expectation. No golden paradise of the West was discovered, but the northern shores of Russia, which none had yet penetrated. Sebastian Cabot's earliest exploring essay under English auspices seemed to founder, like his father's original exploit, amid snow and ice.

None the less the English had begun in earnest to learn the Spanish lesson. Not the least notable feature in Cabot's organization of his North Sea fleet was his official directions to the seamen. They followed models which he brought from Seville. For the first time in English maritime practice, strict order was given for the keeping of daily reports of the ship's movements. Immense value was set upon the maintenance of a strict discipline among the sailors, and of a lofty standard of piety and morality. Prayers were to be said publicly twice a day; blasphemous language, quarrelling, and above all, gambling, were prohibited under heaviest penalties.

The later history of these directions of 1552 prove to what future purpose Cabot assimilated the method of Spain. Their form and spirit took root in England. Frobisher's regulations for his stirring ventures twenty years later practically repeated them word for word. They were reissued to almost every exploring party that left

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English shores for the American continent through Elizabeth's reign.

English historians, under the stress of insular prejudice, have often described the official exhortations of the Elizabethan Admiralty to piety, to morality, and to careful record of geographical and nautical data as a peculiar outcome of English Protestantism blended with colonizing aptitude. No misconception could be greater. The piety and religious observances, no less than the scientific study, which were officially enjoined on ocean-going fleets were institutions of Spain long before England had need of them. The Spaniard made provision for his spiritual welfare in every relation of life, and he was not likely to forego it when facing the mysterious perils of unknown seas. The solemn injunctions against blasphemy, gambling, or drunkenness aboard Elizabethan ships on the Atlantic were primarily the invention of the devout Iberian.

Meanwhile, Cabot's unquenchable enthusiasm bore richer fruit than North Sea discovery or an improved naval discipline. Amid the stir of preparation for the Arctic expedition a humble clerk in the Treasury at London, by name Richard Eden, caught the infection and offered his fellow-countrymen for the first time an account, in their own tongue, of the new Spanish cosmography. Eden devised an English rendering of a German professor's description of "the new found lands and islands of the West." In an original preface Eden bade sluggish Englishmen mark "the sudden strangeness or greatness of the thing." For the first time, albeit vaguely and imperfectly, there was told in English the story of "Christopherus Columbus, a gentleman of Italy," and of the Portuguese captain, Magellan, who passed through the labyrinthine southern straits. But Eden's German compendium was behind the quickly advancing times. Of Mexico and Peru there was no hint. A mere fringe of the curtain was lifted. Not through Germany, but direct from Spain could the full news come.

V

An unforeseen alliance of the English and Spanish royal houses lent new and unlooked for impetus to Cabot's aspiration. The English people were to learn something of the meaning of Spain's American endeavor at their own doors. A mirage of Mexico and Peru was to frame itself in English skies. Through London streets there was to pass a hero of the Mexican empire and Spanish guards were to draw pledges of Peru's silver harvest.

In Prince Philip's nuptial retinue came to England a little army of Spanish grandees, some of whom had already won fame and fortune in the New World, and were destined to return thither to seek more. The name of Queen Mary's chief Spanish guest conjured up a splendid memory of Spanish achievement in the West. Martin Cortes, Marques de Valle, was part and parcel of the most thrilling episode in recent Spanish-American annals. Born twenty-one years before, in the city of Mexico, he was the son of Hernando Cortes, conqueror of the Mexican kingdom. The father, one of the most heroic figures among the *conquistadores*, had recently died, worn out by bitter rivalries with colleagues. But he had bequeathed to his son, Martin, a princely appanage in the empire of his conquest. The youth was distinguished among his compatriots at Queen Mary's court by his fine physique and the gorgeous pageantry of his equipment. When, a few years later, he returned to his Mexican home, the luxurious magnificence of his household exposed him to the suspicion of aspiring to an independent throne, but after vindicating his innocence, he lived quietly in his Mexican palace till his death, just after the Spanish Armada —an event pregnant with ironical comment on the circumstances of his visit to London.

If Martin Cortes's presence at Queen Mary's court first spoke to English ears of the promise of Mexico, another of Don Philip's company was an eloquent representative of recent experience in Peru.

On October 2, 1554, a Spanish ship unloaded in the Thames a mass of silver bullion valued at £50,000. This was a gift of the Spanish prince to the people of England from the mines of Peru and La Plata. Enclosed in ninety-seven little chests, the treasure was drawn through the streets of the capital to the mint at the Tower in a procession of twenty carts, under the convoy of Spanish halberdiers. Never before had so much silver been seen in London. Tangible proof was offered the London populace of what Spanish adventure in Peru was worth.

Augustin de Zarate, the official in whose

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charge the metal reached the Tower, proved an efficient missionary in the American cause. A man of versatile accomplishment, he had lately returned from Peru, where his experience was long and varied. There for many years he had superintended the working of the mines. Once more in Spain, he was made auditor of the royal mint at Madrid. Endowed with the literary faculty which was characteristic of the Spanish official, Zarate owed the full scope of his influence on English effort in America to the fact that he devoted his leisure to writing a history of the Spanish discovery of Peru and of the kingdom's subsequent fortunes. The volume was published in Antwerp in the year after his visit to England.

Twenty years later Zarate met an English merchant, settled in Spain, on the highroad outside Toledo, and they fell into familiar discourse. The friendly encounter moved the Englishman, Thomas Nicholas, to turn into his own tongue a great part of Zarate's book, and the translation, which came out in London in 1581, remained for Elizabethans and for a generation of their descendants the sole English source of information concerning Peru.

Such was minor English fruit of the coming of the Spaniards to England when Philip wedded Queen Mary. In America, too, the episode left its mark. News of the marriage quickly crossed the Atlantic Ocean. Philip announced it in an autograph letter to the Viceroy of Mexico, which was read aloud in the council chamber there. In the southern continent a new-born Spanish settlement, now known as Tucuman, near the northern frontier of Argentina, was, in honor of the auspicious event, christened for the time New London. Moreover, by an unhappy coincidence, a crisis in American affairs distracted the attention of the Spaniards in England before the wedding festivities ended. Just before Philip landed in England the hardy natives of Chili—the liberty-loving Araucanians—routed in open fight an invading Spanish army of seasoned troops. General Valdivia and his officers were slain. The disaster threatened Spanish prestige throughout the American empire, and of it Philip first learned during his honeymoon in London.

Without delay, the Spanish prince gave orders for the immediate despatch of re-enforcements. Many of his retinue volunteered for the service, and left Mary's court for the distant seat of war. One of these London volunteers, a royal page, Alonzo de Ercilla, deserves individual mention. Not only did he distinguish himself on Chilian fields during the long-drawn campaign which followed, but he also described the desultory fighting in an epic poem of greater length than Homer's "Iliad," and in the south of Europe hardly less renowned.

The Araucanian struggle for freedom lasted to the end of the sixteenth century and beyond. It ran its course throughout the period of Shakespeare's career. It is a curious accident that should have associated with English soil Spain's resolute entry into the most persistent of her wars with aboriginal Americans. It was an ordeal which was strangely prophetic of much English experience of the future.

Yet the most effective incitement to English endeavor in America which sprang from Philip's marriage remains to be told. Richard Eden, the humble treasury clerk, who had already translated a half-informed German compendium of the new cosmography, comes anew upon the scene as a bearer of the light. He sought intercourse with the Spanish visitors. Encouraged by old Cabot, he sent to press, in readable English, an encyclopædia of the recent Spanish record of America. The bulkiness of his manuscript appalled the London printers, who put it into type under protest. Germany and Italy had already set the pattern of such ample historical reports of the opening act of the New World drama. Eden's originality solely lay in his naturalization of a foreign type in England.

Eden's effort gave the English people in their own tongue information of America, which they alone among civilized European nations had lacked hitherto. In a dedication addressed to Prince Philip Eden took a just, if somewhat highly colored view of Spanish effort. He extolled the *conquistadores*, likening them to Hercules and Saturn, "and such other which for their glorious enterprises were accounted as gods among men."

Henceforth the Spanish histories of Peter Martyr, the friend and patron of Columbus, Oviedo, the first official chronicler of the Indies, and Gomara, the secretary of Cortes, were recognized as treasuries of argument and information for English no less

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than for Spanish projectors of settlements in the new continent. English versions of them all won popularity in Shakespeare's youth. Eden's book was the precursor and the model of the more exhaustive collections of Hakluyt and Purchas, which repeated his impressive appeal to England to emulate the Spanish example. A disciple of Hakluyt, Michael Lok, by profession and descent a foreign merchant, rendered Martyr's inspiring "Decades of the Ocean" at full length from the Latin into English. Addressing the English reader, the merchant-author bore witness to the stimulus which the Spanish record exerted on Elizabethan effort in these pregnant words of advice: "We Englishmen," runs the suggestive counsel, "are chiefly to consider the industry and travails of the Spaniards, their exceeding charge in furnishing so many ships, their continual supplies to further their attempts, their active and undaunted spirits in executing matters of that quality and difficulty, and lastly, their constant resolution of Plantation. All which may be exemplary unto us to form the like in our Virginia."

VI

THUS the demons of ignorance and blindness which withheld the English from the American quest seem to have been exorcised by the presence of Philip of Spain and his friends at Mary's court, by Sebastian Cabot's persistent advocacy in England of the maritime methods of Spain, and finally by Eden's English presentation of the Spanish histories. Yet England still hung back, and not before the course of secular and religious politics in Europe had sown an implacable enmity between England and Spain in the Eastern hemisphere did the former country give active proofs of any fixed resolve to adopt the aspirations and methods of Spain. The boldest Elizabethan might well quail at the thought of matching what Spain had achieved, not merely in the early years of the sixteenth century, but in the period which lies between the dates of Philip's marriage to Queen Mary and the end of Elizabeth's reign, when Elizabethan energy was at its zenith. Year by year, church and state on the Old World model were taking firmer root in the Spanish-American empire. Year by year, the limits of Spain's settled rule in the New World were expanding. Callao, the port of Lima, the capital of Peru, and Vera Cruz, the port of the city of Mexico, had become the richest and the busiest ports of the world. Mexico and Peru, were ringed about by prosperous provinces. Failures of the past had been retrieved. A first plantation at Buenos Ayres, which came to nothing, was in 1580 replaced by another, which flourished and was lasting. The bay and county of Monterey preserve the name of the Spanish Viceroy of Mexico who early in the seventeenth century specially distinguished himself by his confirmation of Spain's hold on California. In the seas of the far north and of the far south Spain was continually pressing forward. Her fishing fleets now sailed year by year to the Newfoundland coast, and the Basques of San Sebastian were inaugurating the whaling industry off Greenland and Iceland. The Pacific islands, called after the king of Spain the Philippines, were a flourishing Spanish settlement; the foundations of Manila, the capital city, were laid in 1564. The South Seas were threaded in 1567, and a landing effected on the Solomon Islands, where the ruins of the Jewish temple were located by fanciful theologians. Three daring expeditions within the next forty years pursued the like course and came near bringing Australia under the Spanish flag. The familiar name of Torres Straits, between the most northerly point of Australia and the island of New Guinea, preserves the memory of a Spanish mariner who sought to proclaim in the early years of the seventeenth century Spain's dominion of the south pole. Very puny seem even the most imposing achievements of Elizabethan England compared with those wherewith her chief teacher was putting the finishing touches to her mighty work.

Gradually Elizabethan literature on the subject of America grew voluminous. For the most part it consisted of translations from foreign languages, in which French held a place only less prominent than Spanish. But the Spanish books had a far larger experience to divulge than those in any other tongue. Full accounts of the marvellous triumphs of Mexico and Peru were extracted from the authentic works of Gomara and Zarate. Las Casas's piteous appeal on behalf of the American Indian stimulated hostility to Spain. The long series of original English tracts advocating earnest

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pursuit of American colonization, which was initiated by Sir Humphrey Gilbert, was liberal in reference to foreign authors like these.

But more serviceable was Spain's scientific literature concerning America, which was now also made available for Elizabethans in their own tongue. Of the English versions of Spanish manuals of navigation the earliest was the industrious Eden's rendering of the standard work by Martin Cortes, which was carried out at the suggestion of an English sailing-master. There were at least ten English editions of the book in Shakespeare's lifetime, and it was only one of a series of Spanish books of the kind with which Elizabethan seamen were familiar. Sir Martin Frobisher carried with him on his first expedition to Labrador the "Arte de Navigacion" of Pedro de Medina in the original Spanish; the first English translation appeared five years later. By that time Englishmen had begun to write navigation manuals for themselves. But it was not till the extreme end of the century that men of the mathematical acumen of Edward Wright and John Davis advanced on what the foreigner had done. Even when the Elizabethans were bettering the instructions that the Spaniards had given them, they liberally acknowledged the services that their masters had rendered them. John Davis, whose name is writ large in the map of the world in Davis's Straits, between Labrador and Greenland, expressed a universal sentiment when he remarked in his "Seamen's Secrets," the greatest of all Elizabethan contributions to nautical science: "For what hath made the Spaniard to be so great a monarch, the commander of both the Indies, to abound in wealth and all nature's benefits, but only by the painful industry of his subjects by [study of] navigation."

Richard Hakluyt laid fully as much stress as John Davis on the need of studying the scientific methods of navigation which prevailed abroad. He urged the English Government to establish lectureships at Oxford and London on the model of those at Paris and Seville. On all foreign teaching he set a high value, on that of France and Italy as well as of Spain. But he frankly avowed that he learned most from "his extreme travail in the history of the Spaniards." He eagerly purchased Spanish manuscripts, Spanish charts, and Spanish sailing directions. He interrogated Spanish sailors who were brought to England as prisoners by the Elizabethan fleets, and closely scanned the papers and letters which were found in Spanish prizes. Scarcely a printed book in the Spanish tongue which dealt with the geography or natural history of any part of the New World escaped his eager eye, and every piece of information that he himself acquired he freely placed at the disposal of those of his countrymen who were bent on an Atlantic voyage.

VII

THE full history of Elizabethan exploration of America or of Elizabethan navigation in American waters falls outside the scope of this paper. For my present purpose it is hardly necessary to distinguish between the two kinds of Elizabethan exploits in America—between the expeditions which were undertaken as acts of war against Spain, and sought the destruction of Spanish shipping, or the capture of Spanish treasure, and the expeditions which were despatched for purposes of discovery or colonization. With the former endeavors the names of Sir John Hawkins, Sir Francis Drake, and Thomas Cavendish are chiefly to be associated; with the latter the names of Sir Martin Frobisher, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, John Davis, and, above all, Sir Walter Raleigh. But all these men have this in common that they acknowledge in word or deed the value of Spanish example. All studied Spanish charts before embarking on the Atlantic Ocean, and most of them sought the services of foreign pilots. It was a Portuguese pilot who accompanied Drake on the most difficult part of his voyage round the South American continent, and it was his capture of a rich collection of Spanish charts in a Spanish ship off Peru which encouraged him to shape his course homeward across Spanish tracks in the Pacific, and thus to complete his circumnavigation of the globe. The chief distinction between Elizabethan attempts at colonization and those of Spanish predecessors or contemporaries lay in the many failures of the English before a permanent lodgment on any part of the American continent was effected. Where there was greatest originality there was least practical fruit. Sir Martin Frobisher's three voyages to Labrador, which he called *Meta Incognita*, brought him to lands and seas

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which the Spaniards had not visited. His design of reaching Cathay by a north-west passage through the Arctic Ocean was familiar to French mariners, but no Frenchman gave the scheme so thorough a trial as he. John Davis, another Elizabethan, pushed Frobisher's exploration to farther limits. Frobisher's and Davis's original contributions to geographical knowledge rank them with the heroes of the world. But their resolve to plant an English colony on the northern road to the fabulous empire came to nothing. They named bays and straits and headlands after English persons or places. Frobisher christened a Greenland cliff Charing Cross but this terminology, which followed Spanish precedent, carried with it no practical fulfilment of colonial aspiration.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert's succeeding adventures in the more southerly regions of Newfoundland led to little more substantial result. Although Spanish ships were regularly visiting Newfoundland coasts, Spain had planted no settlement there. France, however, had secured a firm foothold. She surmounted difficulties which the Elizabethans found insuperable.

A somewhat larger measure of success attended the Elizabethan endeavors in the more southerly districts of the northern continent. There Spanish adventurers had been before them and they had set their experiences on record; Florida, or Terra Florida, the name conferred by the Spaniards on an indeterminate region in the south-east corner of North America, had been the scene since 1512 of some of the most desperate exploits of Spanish explorers. The beauty of the scenery, the fineness of the climate, the richness of the soil, had fascinated the earliest European visitors. Very early in Queen Elizabeth's reign English soldiers of fortune had played with the fancy of emigrating to this paradise. But nothing came then of the aspiration. The barbarity with which the Spaniards expelled from the country French Huguenot settlers illustrated the value Spaniards set on their exclusive ownership and seemed to promise little scope for English ambition. But as the Spanish and French descriptions of the fascinating country were more closely studied by Elizabethan Englishmen, the conviction grew that some part of it lay beyond the practical range of Spanish influence and might well be destined for English occupation. Hakluyt, in the early days of his geographical researches, strongly urged his fellow-countrymen, on the faith of French and Spanish testimony, to make a colonial experiment on the luxuriant soil of Florida. Sir Walter Raleigh caught the enthusiasm, and he organized the costly series of expeditions to that section of the Spaniards' vaguely bounded "flowery land" which he christened Virginia. For a time there seemed a likelihood that the Elizabethans whom Raleigh sent thither might plant there the seeds of an English empire. But the settlers were unable to hold their own. Those who voyaged forth to dwell there disappeared and eluded all efforts to rescue them. Thus far the Spanish lesson had been imperfectly learned. Yet the Virginian scheme was never completely abandoned, and there issued from it, after many failures, the final triumph of Jamestown. There at length, in 1607, arose an English settlement which bore lasting fruit. But as often as that fact is recalled, the philosopher should remember that the courage which enabled the Elizabethans to persevere in the Virginian design was fostered by close study in Spanish books of the reports and experiences of the Spanish explorers of Florida. In order to maintain the spirit of his countrymen in their Virginian endeavors, Hakluyt rendered into English a Spanish volume which he significantly named "Virginia richly valued, *by the description of the main land of Florida, her next neighbour*." The book was a full description of the Spanish discovery of Florida and of "the comodities of the said country" according to Spanish testimony.

Sir Walter Raleigh, the virtual founder of Virginia, is the presiding genius of the embryonic English empire on American shores. Politically, he was Spain's relentless foe. He was ambitious for his own country to share, if not to crush, Spanish dominion of the New World. The indifference of his fellow-countrymen to the opportunities which America offered them roused in him an angry disdain. Raleigh's nature was a mingled yarn. Intellectual strength was intertwined with lawless passion. A genuine love of learning and speculation kept his powerful prejudices within bounds. Jealousy of Spanish power and of Spanish wealth never blinded him to the significance of Spanish methods in the spheres of exploration and colonization. No Elizabethan studied Span-

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ish-American experience with greater zeal, and none admitted less equivocally the value of its example.

As a school-boy Raleigh had eagerly imbibed tales of Columbus and his companions, of Cortes and of Pizarro. As a young man he had interested himself in the first researches of Hakluyt, and purchased Spanish manuscripts for him at a high rate. His organization of the Virginia expeditions from 1584 onward were the first fruits of his Spanish studies.

His interest in Spanish effort was signally stimulated by a curious experience which befell him in the year 1586, the year, as it happened, when Shakespeare in all probability first came to London. The episode brought home to Raleigh, and through him to many another Elizabethan, the meaning of Spanish methods of explanation.

On September 11, 1586, Raleigh's cousin, Sir Richard Grenville, who shared many of his colonial aspirations, arrived at Plymouth after an Atlantic voyage. He had been sent out to Virginia at Sir Walter Raleigh's expense on one of those many expeditions which accomplished nothing. On the return voyage he seized a Spanish ship off the Azores, and brought home her officers and cargo. Chief among Grenville's prisoners was Don Sarmiento de Gamboa, who deserves to rank with the Spanish heroes of the New World. He was of the school of Columbus and Cortes. Raleigh claimed the right of guarding him, and for seven weeks the two men, whose aims and temperament were nearly allied, were in continuous amiable intercourse with one another. The jailer became the eager pupil of "the worthy Spanish gentleman" who was his prisoner.

Sarmiento's career and experience fitted him to be an efficient instructor. Now well over fifty, he migrated, when about twenty-three, to Mexico. Soon settling in Peru, he travelled up and down the country seeking information of the dispossessed native peoples. Of the expedition to the Pacific Ocean which resulted in the discovery of the Solomon Isles, Sarmiento was the moving spirit. His main energies were thenceforth devoted to the observation of coasts and oceans and to the making of maps. His maps and chart betray a mathematical accuracy and artistic skill which won the admiration of all subsequent navigators of scientific aptitude.

It was in the Straits of Magellan that Sarmiento rendered his chief service to nautical knowledge. Sir Francis Drake's heroic voyage through the straits had excited Spanish fears. Only expeditions in the Spanish service had accomplished or attempted that perilous passage before. The Englishman's triumph led the Viceroy of Peru to proclaim that the safety of the American empire required the future exclusion of all foreigners from the waterway between the Atlantic and the Southern Seas. Thereupon Sarmiento undertook to fortify the straits. With that end in view, he for the first time surveyed and described them in a narrative that enjoys standard rank in geographical literature, and his memory still justly survives on the shore of the straits in Mount Sarmiento. But Sarmiento was not content with these scientific triumphs. He induced the authorities at Madrid to entrust him with a share in the planting of a colony of Spaniards within the straits. That design ended in disaster, and it was while on his way to Spain in search of help that he fell in with Sir Richard Grenville, and became Raleigh's captive in England. In sociable intercourse with Raleigh he communicated much of his knowledge, and deepened Raleigh's conviction that precise cartography and scientific navigation were indispensable implements for empire builders.

Encouraged by Sarmiento's genial teaching, Raleigh continued his studies of Spanish exploration. It was under their influence that he had conceived his earlier design on the northern continent. Now he turned to emulate more precisely Spanish efforts in the South. The expedition to Guiana was an exact counterpart of Spanish experience. The spirited narrative of this enterprise which Raleigh published on his return was introduced by a full and particular account drawn from Spanish sources of the whole history of Spanish exploration of the country about the Amazon and the Orinoco throughout the sixteenth century. In this first English attempt to gain a foothold in South America, Raleigh relied on personal intercourse with Spaniards as well as on his reading in Spanish books and manuscripts. His relations with Don Antonio de Berreo, governor of Trinidad, who was his prisoner while he refitted his fleet at that island on his outward journey, were almost identical

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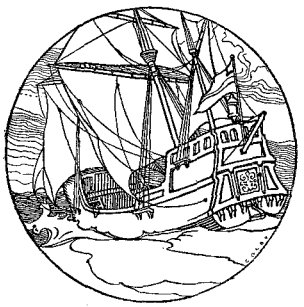
with those he had already enjoyed with Sarmiento in London. Don Antonio had seen much exploring service both in the north-east and north-west of South America, and he had married into the family of one of the *conquistadores*. From Don Antonio's lips Raleigh learned of his "proceedings past and purposed," and the information gave Raleigh invaluable guidance.

Raleigh failed in the attempt to plant an English settlement in Guiana. But his arguments and experience lent new impulse to the nation's growing conception of the meaning of Spanish achievements. Raleigh's friend and companion, Laurence Keymis, bore witness to the force of Spanish example with even greater plainness of speech than Raleigh himself. Englishmen had long suffered, he averred, for their refusal to believe the story of Spain's discoveries. Let them at the eleventh hour acknowledge the truth, and perceive that labor and industry had given the bare-legged mountaineers of Castile command of an empire which their ingenuity had first brought to light. Well might England pray Heaven to grant her the sagacity and the energy which should impel her to follow in the footsteps of Spain.

When in the days of his adversity Raleigh surveyed the history of the world, and was narrating the wondrous fortunes of the ancient empires of the East, he glanced involuntarily at the victorious march of Spain through America, and with a philosophic calm, which was purified of prejudice and rancor, recalled the persistent purpose, the scientific curiosity, the heroic suffering, on which Spain's triumphs were built. "I cannot forbear," he wrote, "to commend the patient virtue of the Spaniards; we seldom or never find that any nation hath endured so many misadventures and miseries as the Spaniards have done in their Indian discoveries; yet, persisting in their enterprises with an invincible constancy, they have annexed to their kingdom so many goodly provinces as bury the remembrance of all dangers past. Tempests and shipwrecks, famine, overthrows, mutinies, heat and cold, pestilence and all manner of diseases, both old and new, together with extreme poverty and want of all things needful, have been the enemies which everyone of their most noble discoverers at one time or another hath encountered. Many years have passed over some of their heads in the search of not so many leagues. . . . Surely they are worthily rewarded with those treasuries and paradises which they enjoy, and well they deserve to hold them quietly, if they hinder not the like virtue in others, which perhaps will not be found."

Raleigh's concluding expressions of doubt whether the Spaniard would willingly suffer others to share the profits of their labors were well justified, but he offers the best excuse that could be suggested for a policy of exclusion. The Spaniards had honestly earned their reward. Raleigh's eloquence enshrines the impression which the occupation of America by Spain was calculated to make on the intelligent, dispassionate Elizabethan observer. The statement imputes to Tudor Englishmen the reproach of tardiness in realizing their destiny. The Spanish example was, in its broad features, no unworthy one to follow, and it is to the credit of the Elizabethans, and to the advantage of their descendants, that, late as was the hour, they came to recognize its true value.



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THE BAND-MASTER

By William Lucius Graves

ILLUSTRATION BY W. T. BENDA

AH! At last,
Shaking and shimmering,
Up goes the curtain;
And see,—quiet, impassive,
Deaf to the roar from the house,
Sit all the dark-eyed musicians
Waiting the maestro's coming.
Sudden, he's there,
Bowing a languid response
To the instant sharp storm of applause,
Broad-browed, startlingly pallid,
A mane of sleek, black hair
Falling across his eyes.

Gently the theme
Unfolds at the wave of his baton.
Ever the fluttering hand
Soothes or commands or entreats,
And the body in rhythmic sway
Follows the swing of the music.
Mellow-sweet horns
Answer a look; and the oboes
Whimper response to an eyebrow.
See!
Now as the symphony builds
Intricate glory harmonic,
Flooding the theme
With a spread like the inrushing tide,
Struck with frenzy,
Drunken with sound, the master
Crouches and leaps and mutters,
Urging, forbidding, beseeching,
Driving the music upward
Into a mighty crescendo.
Scream all the clarionets,
Thunder the kettle-drums;
Harp and viol and piccolo
Mount with the cymbal's wild tingling
And the brilliant high blare of the brasses,
Till out of dissonance splendid
A sudden magnificent major
Crashes and ceases!
And lo,
There, in the tempest of bravos,
Pale, exhausted, he stands,
Bowing, wearily brushing
The hair from his drooping eyes.

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Drawn by W. T. Benda.

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THE EYES IN THE BACK OF THE GENERAL'S HEAD

By Frederick Palmer

Illustrations by F. C. Yohn

I

ALIGHTING on the quay from the Kobe train one morning soon after the battle of Liao-Yang was an old-fashioned country squire, carrying a two-handed ancestral sword. He paused in the bustle as if uncertain which way to go. The click of the wooden clogs on the stone flagging drowned his voice and he spoke a number of times before one of the hurrying crowd, a rice dealer of Osaka, overheard him and stopped to answer his question.

"I live far in the interior and this is the first time I have ever been on a railway train," he said with simple dignity, more in pride than by way of excuse. "Will you augustly condescend to show me the way to a steamer to Dalny, which is the port where you land, I believe, if you wish to travel on to Liao-Yang, where our army is?"

There were no merchant ships to Dalny. Influence or fortune could not purchase for a civilian that precious slip of paper with the red seal of the General Staff which would open the way to that sanctum of a secret society—the army's base. The rice dealer was on the point of telling the inquirer as much, but being a busy man without imagination he only directed him to the transport bureau, where the ancient *samurai* asked matter-of-factly for a ticket by the first ship.

"Your pass," said the automaton at the window, with a foreign lack of politeness.

"A pass! Since when does a man need a pass to fight for his country?" cried the applicant. "A pass, indeed!" He laid his two-handed *samurai* sword athwart the window ledge. "There is my pass, young impudence!"

The automaton giggled and his fellow-clerks looked up grinning from their work at this antique from the backwoods.

"Do not stand there grimacing like apes!" the old man stormed. "Do you think when Hideyoshi invaded Korea in ancient days that a gentleman in his army had to stop and ask such as you for permission? Go to your superior, sir, and tell him that a *samurai* who would fight with a sword and not with a pencil as you do wishes to join the army."

The automaton giggled again, and there is no telling but that the venerable *samurai* might have used his sword there and then if the chief of the bureau, who was in control of all the coming and going of transports in that busy harbor, had not overheard the conversation.

"The worst fool is he who laughs at his betters thinking that he is wiser than they," he said sharply to the automaton, and himself, with a sympathetic courtesy, opened the outer door, invited the strange visitor into the private office, and offered him tea and cigarettes before giving ear to his story.

"It is only of late that I have learned," the old man said, "that one may still fight as a gentleman fought when I was young. Otherwise I should not be here. I would be dead of shame. When they told me that the European tricks were the only tricks to beat the Europeans and save Japan, I submitted to the wisdom of our rulers, who said that the sword of our ancestors had survived its usefulness. I loved the old ways too well. I would not learn the new ways. This I left to my son. I sent him to the best school. For the new ways were to be of his generation—thus had the Emperor decided. Through them, I told myself, he shall be as brave and loyal and useful to the Emperor as each of my ancestors has been in the ways of his time.

"My son was at the front, but—but he did not join in the battle," the old man continued stonily. "You will not ask me why, for that is my sad affair. Ours is a family of warriors. It was not fit that in the greatest war of all none of us should shed his blood. I had only one son. Besides him, I alone was left, and they told me you could not fight in this strange new way unless you were young and had been drilled like actors

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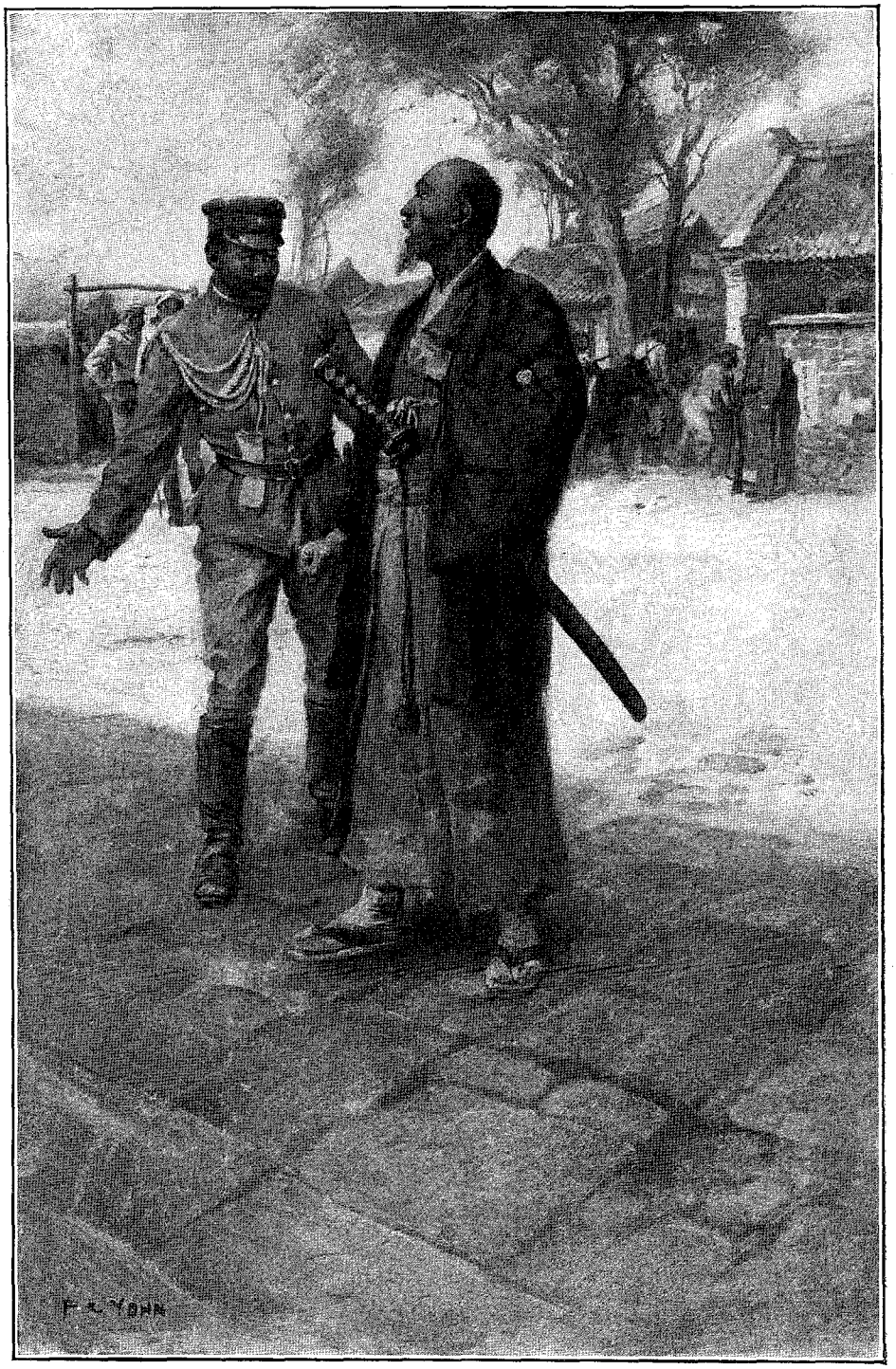

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Yes, coward!" the old man repeated.—Page 560.

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in a troupe instead of like brave men. It was better in the hour of our common happiness over the Emperor's victory that I end my misery and humiliation and give the proof of my willingness to die for my Emperor, though I die not in the field. Then I read and read till I knew it was true——

"Ah, then I read that the Thirtieth—my son's regiment—had fought with cold steel, after all the foreign nonsense about bullets that will carry death a mile. My veins, their blood grown sluggish, became singing rivulets. I went to the sword-rack and selected the oldest of all the blades my ancestors wore. I went into the garden and I did the fence of youth. I clipped off the heads of the peonies and I was a little child again in the joy of a sword-arm that was still true.

"'It needs no foreign goose-step in order to fight hand to hand!' I cried. 'There is still room for me!'

"And I took my sword and some of the tea from my own plantation and I came. The clerk there at the window says I must have a piece of paper in order to die for my country. As a matter between gentlemen, you—you will give me the chance to win back the honor of my family?" The old man bowed low, pleading.

"That power in this modern machine," answered the transport officer—"this strange modern machine—rests in Tokyo. If I violated it I should violate the modern *samurai* faith as surely as you would have broken the ancient if you had yielded your sword to an enemy without a fight."

The old man glared at him angrily and uncomprehendingly.

"I will telegraph to Tokyo," continued the transport officer, smiling. "Although such a request is quite unusual, I will ask permission for you to go. Your name? It is—is—" he explained apologetically, "a necessary formality."

"Kato."

"Kato—Kato," the transport officer repeated musingly, "and an only son. Not Jujiro Kato?"

"Yes, a name borne by many brave men in our family."

"And he is the Jujiro Kato who is the great General's aide?"

"Yes, the same," the old man answered grudgingly.

The transport officer smiled in spite of himself. Then he started to explain.

"Why, of course he was not in the fight. It is not for such as he to risk his life—not in this modern machine where you use your brain so much. Naturally he was not with the Thirtieth, to which he belongs in the same way that every staff-officer belongs to some regiment. Why, he is known throughout the army as the eyes in the back of the General's head. He——"

Old Kato held up his hand sternly in interruption. All this he had heard before. It was obnoxious—a Europeanized veneer to his shame.

"You will ask for the pass?" he said politely.

"Yes, of course," answered the officer. What else could he say?

He stepped into the telegrapher's room with the message. As it was clicked over the official wire to Tokyo and he waited for an answer, a Japanese proverb about the folly of a year's explanation compared to an hour's experience ran through his mind. He had asked that the pass read only to headquarters. It would be murder to let this fine old spirit reach the fighting line.

"You see, I took no time at all," he said, when he returned to the old man. "It is as easy with the telegraph to talk with Tokyo as to talk with my assistant in the next room."

The old man blinked sceptically. He thought that the officer had only adopted a ruse to shift the responsibility for a refusal. When, instead, he was told that he might go, his face broke into a smile of the deep and abiding happiness of one who sees the end of his day's toil soon to be honorably finished. He almost forgave the transport officer for being at the rear.

"How soon?" he asked simply.

"There is a transport leaving in an hour and another this evening," was the answer. "But I was hoping that you might stay to dinner."

The traveller thanked the officer with all the courtesy of an ancient Japanese gentleman and humbly begged to be excused.

"I am old," he said, "and time is precious when you are old and have a duty to perform."

The officer saw him settled aboard ship, equipped with the magical pink paper bearing the red official seal, and was loath to part with him. In his own breast the incident had aroused strong racial emotions

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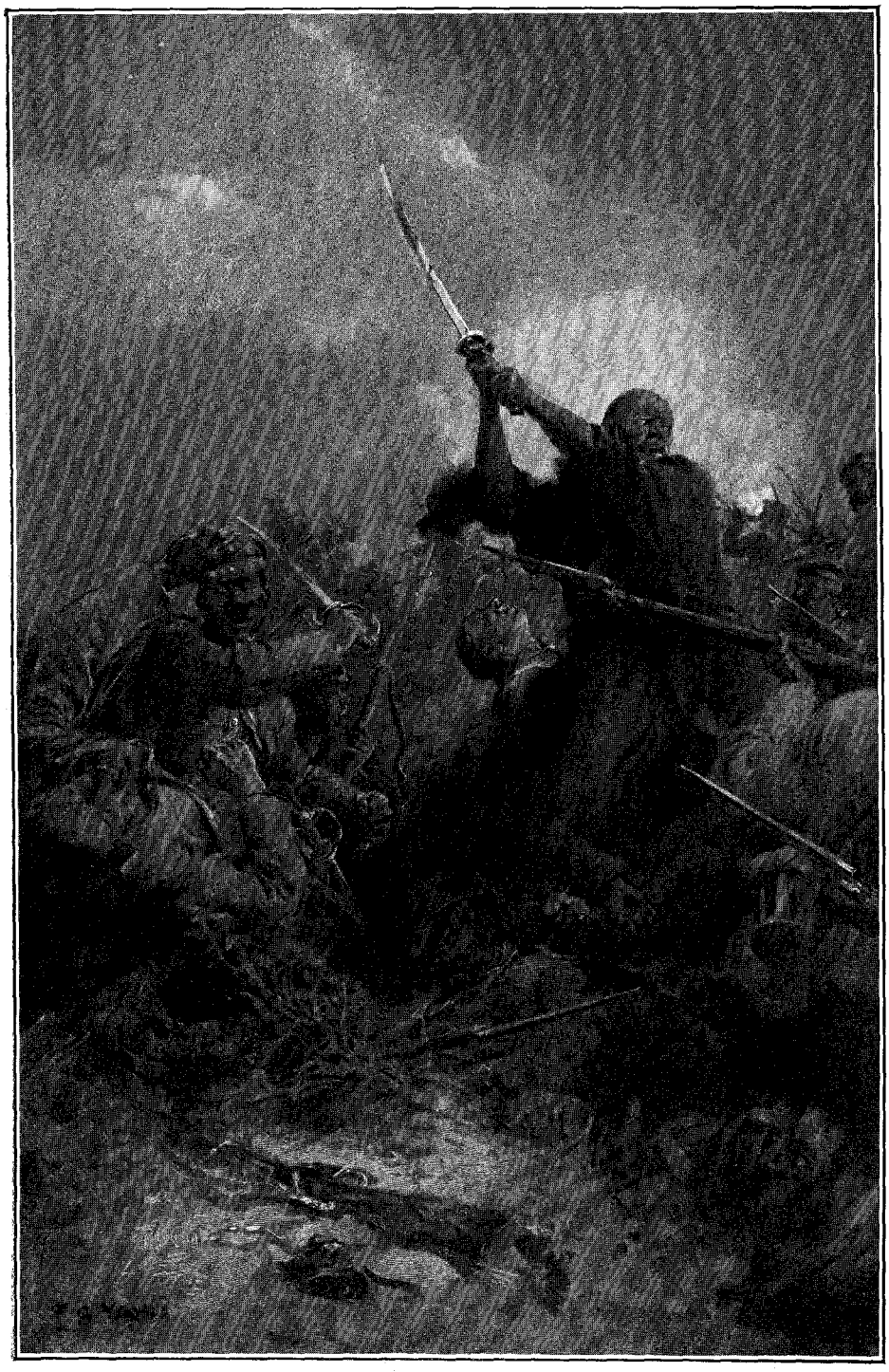

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

With the battle-cry of his clan he swung his blade.—Page 564.

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against the steel-meshed bureaucracy which kept a man with red blood behind in a harbor town. Back in his office, he picked up a stick in both hands and began fencing in pantomime, according to a style that Richard Cœur de Lion, of Palestine, would have better understood than the late Count von Moltke, of Potsdam. Nothing could have embarrassed him more than to have had a foreigner catch him at such heathen antics.

Before he returned to work he looked longingly for a moment out of the window at the transport carrying the old man on his first sea voyage and his journey of exploration. But the old man, though of the most inquisitive of races, was not interested in the power that made the ship go any more than he was in the power that made the train go. He classed this as a part with the other wonders and magic he had seen that day. They did not concern him and his simple duty.

On a clean mat on deck he made himself a place apart. He had no baggage except a tiny bundle. Had not Hideyoshi who invaded Korea in the ancient days lived off the country? It was enough for a *samurai* to have his two-handed sword and tea from his own estate.

II

"KATO!" called the Mind of the Army.

Jujiro sprang in from the anteroom.

"Kato!" The Mind of the Army made a mark on the map before him. "Kuroki is here." He made another mark. "Nodzu is there." He joined the two with a third mark. "The Hammamura brigade lies between.

"To-morrow! To-morrow, eh, Kato?" The General looked up at the dandified aide, who saluted without taking his eyes off the map. "What then?" He chuckled for the first time in many days and offered the aide a pencil. Kato took it and drew another line of his own.

"You see—you see!" The corporate part of the Mind of the Army shook with the heartiness of his appreciation.

"If, Excellency, if——" Kato, stiff as a ramrod, pulled at his *Kaiserliche* mustache, which was the product of his study days in Germany when, a chosen cadet, he had been sent abroad at the Emperor's expense. The mustache amused the Mind of the Army. It had no more to do with the choice of Kato as aide than the style of fringe on the hem has to do with the warmth of a skirt.

"If, yes—if——" pursued the General quizzically.

"If, Excellency," Kato observed, "if, Excellency Kuroki can take that Tai-tse Hill in the charge to-night. Then if Excellency Oku can straighten his line, then—why, then—" Kato made an encircling movement with his fingers around the Russian positions.

"Good! You not only see, but you see far. Tai-tse we must and will take. I have telegraphed to Fukaki that I want no further word from his division until it *is* taken. Thus we may expend five thousand lives in a night and thereby save a hundred thousand, which a Fabius would have lost. So the worry for this evening is with Fukaki, and the slaughter at Tai-tse will be with the Thirtieth Regiment."

The lot of the Thirtieth never fell in soft places. At Nanshan it was cut in two. The ranks were refilled with the reserves which were decimated at Liao-Yang. This regiment seemed to have a soul of its own—some infernal guiding spirit which incarnated every man who wore its number with the ferocity of the tiger and the cunning of the fox. For two days now it had been crawling by night and burrowing by day for cover until it was almost in bayonet reach of the enemy's position.

"The Thirtieth does the impossible," continued the General, "and it is your old regiment, is it not, my eyes?"

"*My* regiment," said Kato proudly, in behalf of its officers and men whose privilege to die for their country he might not share. In order to participate in that charge to-night he would gladly have accepted the rank of a common soldier forever. But he would no more have asked permission than he would have deserted. The law is the law in war and one man is a forgotten atom.

"The 'make-trouble men' (correspondents and attachés) have sent a telegram," Kato reported in the line of business, "from Excellency Oku saying that they are allowed to see nothing. I answered that you wished them to see everything, and to Excellency Oku himself to provide them with another aide and guard their valuable lives with care."

"Good!" responded the General. "And, Kato, there is a civilian coming in by the

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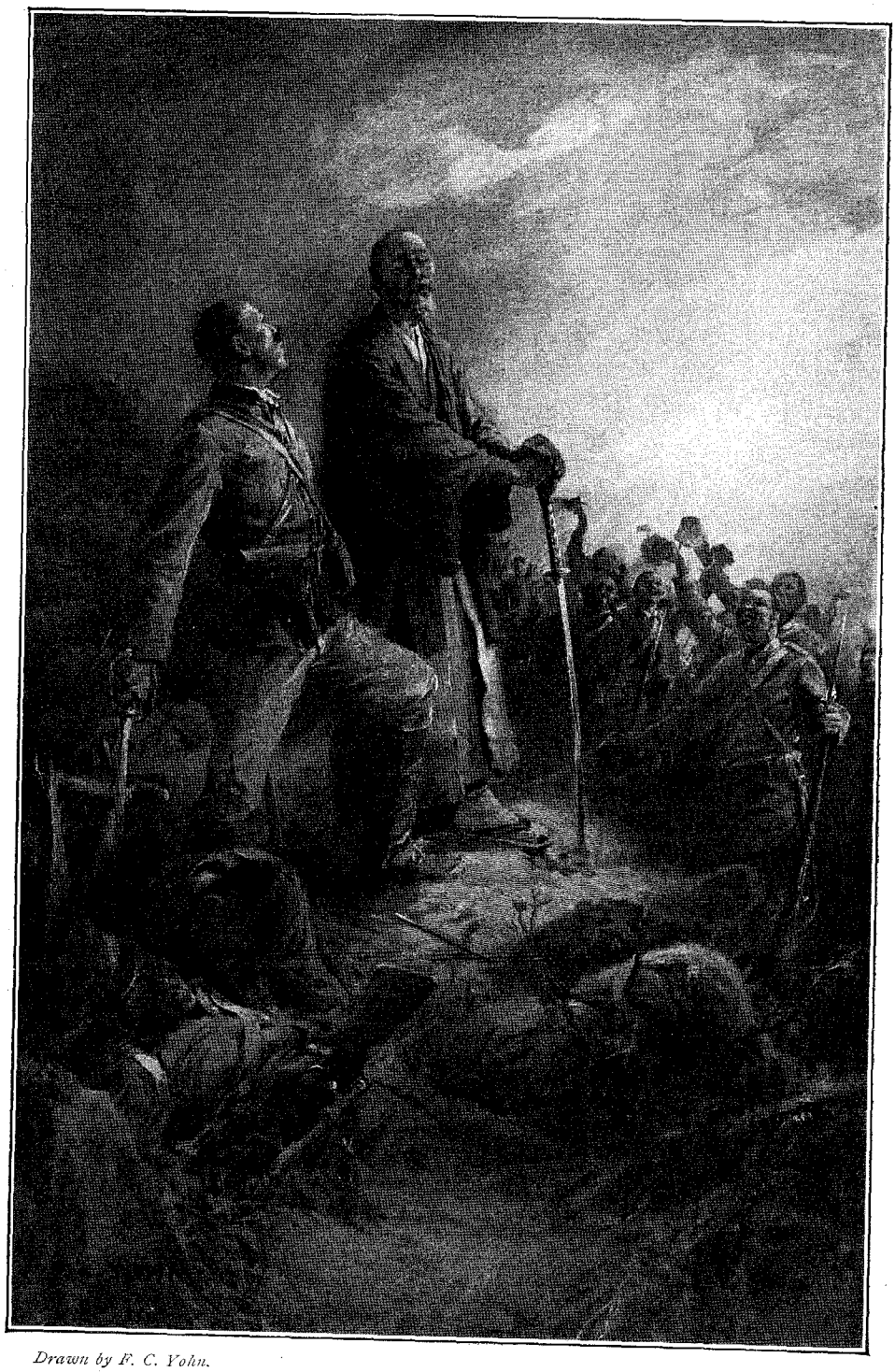

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Romance is not Europeanized out of the world yet," said the old man.—Page 565.

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afternoon train. His name is the same as yours, Kato, initial J.; that is all the telegram from Tokyo said. Who and what is J. Kato? If anyone wants to come to the front the Tokyo Staff sends him on, thinking I can look after him here in Manchuria with five hundred thousand men on my hands! Will they never learn that the chain of military secrecy is only as strong as its weakest link? One fool and a few words might give away our dispositions. Keep watch of your namesake, J. Kato. And what else?"

"The local governor is outside with a complaint that——"

"Mollify him!" cut in the Mind of the Army, "and let him know who is master, too."

Kato withdrew. Speaking as good Chinese as he would have spoken French to a French attaché, with the politeness of induction he put the fear of the Lord into the local governor. He watched the governor's chair being borne away, and still he stood thoughtfully at the General's door.

In the distance was the crackle and purr of countless rifles filling the spaces between the broken roar of thousands of guns. Behind him in the row of captured Russian administration buildings which the Japanese Staff had occupied the peace was as profound as in some vast commercial house on a late afternoon of a drowsy summer day.

Out of the windows came only the clicking of the telegraph keys and the scratching of matches to light the invariable cigarette. Scores of clerks were at work over the detail of an organization which takes years in upbuilding, but which may be destroyed in a day. The king documents of all, on which every filed sheet was an attending page, were the maps which told of the variations of a nation's fortunes; while in one man, far out of danger, sitting at the ends of many wires, was vested the direction of all the thunderbolts being hurled on the plain. He was the very axis of things.

Jujiro was turning on his heel to go to his own room when he saw crossing the courtyard of a modern army's headquarters a figure which might have leaped into China from an old Japanese screen. It was as distinct from any other on the fashion records of the ages as a Roman centurion from an American cowboy. Singularly erect and stiff of carriage, this strange visitor carried in the sash of his robe a two-handed *samurai* sword. He was old but vigorous, and his steady stride had the firmness of a great resolution. Jujiro advanced a step or two questioningly and then he could no longer doubt the identity of the ancient *samurai*.

"Father!" he cried.

Old Kato halted, and his forbidding manner made his son stop in his tracks.

"Father! What are you doing here?" young Kato gasped.

"You—what are *you* doing *here,*" was the question in answer, "when the battle rages yonder? I have come to know the truth and I have found it. The sight of you makes my eyes burn in their sockets. You, my son! You, a Kato! In spite of your foreign ways I still hoped that you were a Japanese in heart. I did not think that Europe could steal away the soul of a *samurai* in a few years. When all the thousands of soldiers had fallen, when the Yalu had been fought and Nanshan, and you still remained in Tokyo——"

"I was with the General," Jujiro said helplessly. "He stayed in Tokyo until he could talk better over the wires to all his forces from some point in Manchuria than at home."

The old man, his eyes blazing and the lines of his face cut in flint, gave a slight and contemptuous indrawing of his breath.

"Yes," he said, with soft and prolonged emphasis. "And after you came? My neighbor, Mitaka, who had five sons to give, lost two at Liao-Yang. My neighbor, Sugiro, who had one son wounded at the Yalu, had his eldest killed at Port Arthur. I who had but a single son to give—I waited and paced my garden, still hoping. And what came? A post-card which the whole village might read! A post-card from you yourself, saying you were not in the fight—you only heard the thunders! Yes, you heard the thunders as you hear them now. And possibly at this moment, while you simper like a carpet-knight, your regiment is struggling—you *coward!*"

"Coward!" Jujiro gasped. "No, no—please—I beg!"

"I want no explanation. I have had enough. Yes, coward!" the old man repeated.

In that word of shame—of shame which is without psychological excuse in Japan—of shame, naked, degraded, outcast, all the voices of the bold ancestry of a mountain

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clan spoke in the single voice of the dying generation to the soul of the rising. Jujiro stretched out his hands piteously and met still the contempt of his father's gaze.

"Coward!" the old man repeated again.

The thing was unbearable. It tapped that individualism which age-old custom makes dormant in the race. It transcended the law of the army. There was one who could explain the modern reason to the ancient faith and who must be believed—the one whose orders the army obeyed. Jujiro threw open the General's door and beckoned his father in.

"Excellency!" he cried, "my father has called me—" Jujiro could not repeat the awful word—"my father has come to see why I do not fight with my regiment."

The General had just received bad news. This bold intrusion was unprecedented and it came at a moment when, for the first time, he suspected Jujiro of deceiving his superior.

"So this is J. Kato!" he said sharply, touching the paper in his hand. "I have just received a letter from Tokyo saying that they sent him at your request, Jujiro."

"That is not so," said the ancient *samurai*. "It was the fiction, I fear, of that very courteous gentleman, the transport officer, who fights his country's battles with a pencil."

The Mind of the Army squinted through his brows at the old man. His expression softened. He thought he understood, but he was too preoccupied to be really sympathetic, let alone explanatory.

"Your son is everything to me," he said. "He is of more service here than at the front. He is the eyes in the back of my head."

The father had to endure that hateful phrase in excuse of cowardice meekly this time. For his little piece of pink paper with the red seal permitted him to go only as far as headquarters, and the railway seemed to him to have been lined with officers and soldiers who had nothing to do but look at his pass when they ought to have been fighting. Although the leader of the Emperor's army did sit smoking cigarettes in the midst of the battle and did all his fighting by telegraph and telephone, the ancient *samurai* knew that a loyal Japanese must obey his orders in the field; for his orders, good or bad, were the Emperor's orders. Therefore, an ancient *samurai* desiring to conceal his real destination must be polite to the General.

"I thank His Excellency for his reassurances," said the old man, with a low bow, "which he condescends to make to an humble country gentleman."

"You will stay with us and be my guest," the General added. "We will talk of the Choshu wars of old, when the battle is over."

Alone again with Jujiro the old man's first manner returned.

"Sir," he said, for he would not call Jujiro son, "you have a sword of ours two hundred years old which is set in one of your foreign scabbards. That sword has been in every war where our clan fought. You will return it to me now."

The family blades belonged to the family's head. Such was the law. Without a word Jujiro brought the precious thing from his room.

"You may keep it on condition," the old man said, "that now, outcast in your shining boots and foreign mustache and monkey's uniform, you cross that courtyard and go straight to your regiment."

Jujiro heard the General calling his name.

"I cannot," he said, as he hastened through the door.

The old man was shown to a room by an orderly. His duty had never been so clear as at this moment. Jujiro's blade he wrapped in paper and left it where it would be found in the morning. "This true servant of the Katos and all my blades I leave to my home temple of Bishamon," he wrote on the outside. Then he unsheathed his own blade and ran his hand over it lovingly.

"It is you who win our battles in spite of the foreign tricks," he told himself, "with which cowards excuse themselves to the Emperor for staying in the rear. I know now."

When dusk had fallen and night was ushered in by the flashes of the last gun-fire of the day, an ancient *samurai*, with his two-handed sword and tea from his own estate, stole out of his quarters, intending to follow the road northward until he grappled with a Russian or death overtook him.

III

"At dawn Oku will telegraph me," said the Mind of the Army to Jujiro, "if he has his first division across the river and Kuroki will telegraph me if he has taken Taitse Hill. Should both succeed, they need only move fast in order to get the meat out

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of the nut they will have cracked. Neither may advance farther without the other has succeeded or without my word. If our line of communication should break at dawn —what a calamity! It is by a thread, after all, that the fate of a modern army hangs."

However, the Grand Headquarters wire had never been broken yet. It was carefully laid, and the penalty for touching it without authority was instant death.

"So the mind has done all it can," the General went on cheerily, "and waits on the body. We may pause long enough to realize that we have not slept for four days. Nor have we dined for four days. Let us eat here in proper fashion, with a taste of the foreign devil's champagne, and have your father in. He will be better than champagne —the pure Japanese vintage undefiled."

It was already late, and the table was laid before they found that old Kato had gone. In answer to inquiries the servants only knew that they had not seen him go.

"He is out for a stroll, looking at the town and the Chinese," explained the General. "Come, let us set to."

But Jujiro had no appetite. The few morsels he ate he swallowed with difficulty. The words of the father whom he so deeply loved stood in burning letters before his eyes and kept repeating themselves in his ears. It was not his place to make observations unasked on any subject to his superior. But he did find a way of saying diffidently that his father had called him a coward because he was miles away from his regiment.

"Pf-f! Did he? Excellent! Excellent!" said the General. "The old Japan still lives. But he does not think so now, I am sure. He had it from me that I could not get along without you."

Laughing himself into still better appetite, the Mind of the Army bent to the business in hand. Glancing up, he saw that Jujiro was looking away from the table, his thoughts far from his meal. The glow from a lamp fell fairly on the aide's face. Although he was suffering the deepest humiliation the son of a Japanese father might know, there was no moisture in his eyes. A Japanese does not know how to weep; or, perhaps, he is born without tear-ducts. Jujiro's quivering lip and his stony expression, however, were significant enough of the emotion which he held under control.

"Kato," queried the General, "what is on your mind?"

"My father took away my sword, saying I was unworthy to wear it unless I started to the front immediately," Jujiro answered.

"A stiff-necked generation, indeed," mused the General.

"I was thinking I know him well," Jujiro went on. "I fear he has gone out to fight himself."

"Nonsense!" was the response. "If you are uneasy we will send an orderly. Come, come, eat your dinner!"

The General was abrupt in a way that indicated he was thinking. Not another word did he utter throughout the remainder of the meal. He was comparing himself to a man who had to decide whether or not he could get on without his glasses and he gave the question more thought than he frequently had given to the tactical disposition of a division.

"Kato," he said, after the cigarettes, with an air of sacrifice, as he turned to a bundle of papers, "it is very easy and glorious to die for your country. The man with an enlarged heart may not have the privilege. No more can a man with an enlarged brain, if the brain be an organizer's. In one case, one's duty to his Emperor is paid by simply dying. In the other, he may live to suffer over the thought that his error lost an action. My eyes, you are young, and you are a Japanese. I am denying you too much. Your regiment will attack to-night. Join it!"

Kato shot to his feet. His spurs jingled with the clinking together of his heels. As he saluted, his *Kaiserliche* mustache stiffened to the brittleness of steel on his martial lip.

"Excellency, forever I thank you!" he said. And he was gone.

The Mind of the Army looked at the fluttering white cotton portière over the door through which Kato had fairly leaped.

"Shall a man knock his own crutch out from under him when he is crossing a road in front of a running team?" he asked himself. "What have I done? What if he should be killed? Who, then, will mollify the 'make-trouble men' and make them think they know all and yet tell them nothing? Who will be the sword of my protection from insignificant things? Who will never forget details or commands? Who will guess my very thoughts and act upon them? Shall I depend upon that fool Tokaji, who

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fears to do anything without asking me and who, when he does attempt to do something without asking me, does it wrong? Yes—if Kato should be killed! Have I any right, in order to gratify his pleasure, to let a bit of lead fired by a Russian peasant rob my country of a future commander? No! Kato! Kato!" he called impetuously.

Kato retraced his steps and saluted, ready for work again. But one of the reasons why the General commanded all of the Emperor's armies was that he never changed his mind after he had given an order.

"Kato," he reminded his aide, "you have no sword. Wait." He stepped into his apartment and was back instantly with his own ancestral blade. "I wish I could go with you," he said, his eyes twinkling. "I am sure it would cure my headache, *Yoroshiku!*"

IV

THE orderly sent to apprehend the father on the outskirts of the town never overtook him. In his impatience to clear his family of shame the old man had travelled fast. A mile away he had met a Chinese coming from the front on a mule. His were not Hague Conference ideals, which stopped to parley with the owner of the thing you needed on the march. Did not Hideyoshi recruit his cavalry off the country? So he had good precedent for taking the mule without explanation to the Chinese and turning it in the opposite direction with a new master astride.

In the soft moonlight, back of the two vast modern armies asleep on their arms with their fingers at each other's throats, waiting to renew the struggle on the morrow, the ancient *samurai* in his robe, bareheaded, bearing such a sword as was used in the quest of the Holy Grail, proceeded in joyful anticipation. Passing wounded and transport men smiled at him. They had not the strength to do more. When he came to a part of the road that was at present quite deserted his saddle-girth broke. Try as he would to mend it, he failed. He knew not at what hour the charge was to take place, and time was flying. After some difficulty he succeeded in mounting bareback, but the mule obviously understood the situation, or at least the old man's inability to maintain his seat in rough weather.

"If I had a piece of rope, or anything that I could use for a girth, I would soon teach you, you low Chinese brute!" the warrior said, as he rose from the dust.

He had about concluded to advance on foot, when he noticed a Russian engineer's axe lying by the wayside where it had been thrown in flight. This would have played no part in our tale if it had not been that he saw at the same moment a thread of copper glistening in the dry grass. Utterly concentrated on one idea, he took no more note of the fact that the wire seemed endless than of any other wonder in this false age of wonders.

It was easy with the axe and a stone to cut out a section long enough to suit his purpose; and his girth mended, he continued his journey. He was riding on till he met a Russian and, therefore, quite unconscious of the fact, when he began passing the guns and ammunition trains, that he was near the hill which was the centre of the position. Suddenly the summit of this hill was outlined with a thousand flashes, and a thousand bullets went whipping over the old man's head.

"So they call this war!" he thought. "Who will be hurt by those magic fire-flies on the hill and these magic whispers in your ears? It is like the Chinese way. They beat gongs and throw stink-pots."

Still the bullets went singing by and still he jeered at them. Another line of flashes broke out so near the first line that the two seemed like two chains of winking electric bulbs, one above the other, on the same hill-top. Between them lay the zone the possession of which would decide the battle. Old Kato set out to ascend the hill, which soon became so steep that the mule could go no farther.

At one side in a ravine he could see a vast mass of troops—the reserves. It was far from his thought to wait on them or anybody. He was going straight in among those fireworks to demonstrate the folly of such nonsense against cold steel. Dismounting, he began the rocky climb which would bring him into the sheet of fire as surely as going upstairs would bring his head above the line of the second floor. He was laughing at the ridiculous spectacle of two armies scratching matches at each other when something went so near his head that he dodged.

"The devil!" he said, under his breath.

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Another something grazed his cheek and he dodged again and felt a thrill which none of his ancestors had ever felt. Now he knew that the whistle did not travel empty-handed; that it carried a thing that would kill, and that it was so malicious in its killing that, fiendlike, it travelled faster than its call. Something strong as the hand of fate—the flight of death unseen in the air—bore him down on his stomach. Arduously he crawled on, hugging his sword, the blaze of the fire blinding his eyes. His fingers slipped on something smooth, soupy, moist, and warm—the blood of a dying man. Ahead of him was the front line of Japanese, their crowding figures flattened behind rocks and little piles of stones they had scraped together. Some were using the bodies of comrades for breastworks. Above him soughed the steady stream of nickeled pellets with the sound of wind through the trees.

"I wish I had one of those bullet sticks myself," he thought.

He saw red. He wanted to strike back in kind and realized his powerlessness to do so. Surely his ancestors had never commanded him to leap into a furnace door or to fence with death that was unseen. The foreigners' was not a gentleman's kind of warfare, he had known all along. So he lay still.

Yes, he lay still for the time being. He hoped that a way for him to die fighting would show itself. If not, the knowledge of his son back with the clerks of the staff told him he must do his least. He could rise and yield his life to the bullet devils, praying that his ancestors would accept his ineffectual will for the effectual deed. Why not now? Why not end the misery of a broken old warrior out of joint with his age, facing a power which he could not understand?

And the son he thought a coward was only a few yards away from him, one of the dim figures behind the Japanese line of flashes. Jujiro had searched in vain for the old man. Then, in the fear that his father might be killed and go to his ancestors before the son had redeemed the family name, he had ridden madly out to his regiment.

"We shall go in in a minute," the old man heard a private whisper. "Then we will give them a taste of cold steel."

His spirits revived. That meant he would not be executed like a criminal; he would fall charging with a rush, in such a way as he had known in youth. He rubbed his cheek lovingly against his unsheathed blade, which lay under him.

Now came a moment like that when you wait for the strike as the minute hand of the clock points to twelve. The Japanese stopped firing. A score of figures sprang up from the Japanese line. For an instant they were silhouetted against the flashes before they sank into heaps of bloody flesh; but they did not fall until the hand-grenades they flung had burst in the ranks of the enemy. They were all Arnold von Winkelrieds, who did not advertise. Over their bodies, with the rush of a super-adroit, super-trained mob, sprang the Thirtieth, bayonets set, and as they came they uttered no sound except the low, fiendish, racial guttural of the Japanese in a life-and-death action.

Leading them was little Jujiro Kato, with the General's *samurai* sword set in a foreign hilt, as every officer's was. He was no longer a member of the staff, no longer a nut, a bolt, or a screw in a machine. He was a man. His soul held only one ambition—to die for his country in a way to win the praise of his father whom, next to his country, he loved most. For his country, you see, was his Infinite Parent.

As for the father, his limbs were old. Even a young heart could not make them quick. Before he could rise the others were on their feet and charging. He found himself struggling in the rush of the second line, which overtook him. Ahead he heard the slashing of steel—the sound of the kind of war he understood. After all his journey, within a few yards of his heart's desire, was he to be borne down by the crowd on the very edge of the arena? But room was made by the killed and wounded. The ranks around him broke apart, and with the battle-cry of his clan he swung his blade over his head.

No flashes of fire now! Only the cutting of flesh, the warm smell of blood and a scuffle. Twice the Japanese gave ground, stumbling backward over their corpses, while the reenforcements crowding out of the ravine bore the attackers over the crest of the hill whether they would or no. But one piece of the line had not given at all. It had made a citadel out of the bodies of its dead under the unspoken command of a single personality. Jujiro's prayer that the strength and cunning of all the battles he had missed might be incarnated in one had been answered.

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When dawn broke, and the surviving Russians were in flight, the father saw standing near him his son, dishevelled, bloodstained, his clothes torn, but his mustache still at a stiff angle; and the soldiers, in recognition of the dominant spirit of the fight, gave a cheer for Kato San, the younger. Then they gave a cheer for Kato San, the elder.

"It was good! It was good! Romance is not Europeanized out of the world yet," said the old man.

But neither the fight nor the story ends here. After he had greeted his father Jujiro had become the staff-officer again. While the son noted the troops and their positions from the altitude where he stood, while he saw in being what he had seen heretofore only in reports and knew each part in relation to the whole as only the General himself could know, the old man, seated on a stone, resting his tired bones, became garrulous.

"And I found a wire and cut a piece of it out and fixed my girth," he was saying, when he came to this part of his narrative.

"A piece of wire? Where?" Jujiro asked. He who had been only half listening was alert now.

"Oh, by the roadside—copper, I think it was."

"Reports just going in!" Jujiro gasped. "The General ready for them—when it is a matter of minutes—when the policy of the day is to be decided!"

He bounded down the hill to his horse and told his father to return by the road by which he had come.

Time and tide and a retreating army wait for no man. "The eyes in the back of the General's head" had seen, lying as fair as a green valley before the pioneer struggling over a divide from a desert, an opportunity which waited only on the clicking of a telegraph key—an opportunity which would be lost by a few minutes' delay. An hour or more must pass before the wire could be repaired.

Kuroki, having no word from the General, must stand still. The General, having no word from Kuroki, would not know what to do on the left with Oku. The left? The left? If he only had word from the left, Jujiro thought. Had he, one of ten thousand captains, the right to submit the fortune of four hundred thousand men to the hazard of his opinion that the left, too, had won? Confidence grew with his flying ride to Kuroki's headquarters.

"Do one thing or another, but *do* it!" he remembered a saying of the General's.

It was the Mind of the Army itself that spoke from his foaming horse to the staff of an army corps. He did not wait on counsels. His rôle was that of an aide who brought orders. His directions for the advance and the manner of it given, he asked for a fresh horse. He felt that he could not stand by and wait for the word which the wire, when it was repaired, would bring. From the General himself he would hear the result of his daring.

Ahead of him on the road as he drew near to Liao-Yang he recognized afar the figure of an ancient *samurai* with his two-handed sword. When overtaken, old Kato looked up at his son lovingly and proudly. His thoughts had been running on some means of apology, until a new possibility came into his mind out of a growing conviction that his own prescience and perhaps even the prescience of his ancestors was not faultless.

"You see, it was the only way to reach the fight in time," he began tentatively. "I —I didn't do anything wrong, did I, Jujiro, in taking a piece of wire I picked up by the roadside to make a girth for this low Chinese brute?"

Jujiro was looking straight ahead, stern of visage. A second only he considered his answer. Was he to weight that brave old soul with the conviction of the supremest crime conceivable to the mind of the modern soldier? He turned smiling to his father.

"No, oh, no. It showed how well a Japanese soldier will adapt himself to circumstances."

The old man beamed with the joy of a terrible fear succeeded by a compliment. His radiance passed, however, with the sudden change of Jujiro's demeanor.

"Father, you do not think I am a coward, now?"

"My son! No, no!"

"And you believe in me in the face of all?"

"I do!" was the fervent answer.

Jujiro thanked him and again looked straight ahead as a strong man will when riding on the razor's edge between the Abyss and the Above. The wire was up by this time, he knew. In another minute, he told himself, as he rode into headquarters, he would learn whether or not he had done a thing of indelible credit or indelible shame. As he dismounted before the General's door,

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the General himself appeared in the doorway. Jujiro saluted stoically.

"I never want to suffer such an hour again," said the General, "as I did in that hour while the wire was down. Yes, the left won, too. You—you—what can I say to you? You were the eyes in the front of my head and my mind, too, this time. You did all that I could have done—my Kato!"

"Aw! The wire!" observed the old man, bowing low to hide his consternation. It was a long bow, which gave him time to conclude that for the honor of the Katos he would never part with a certain secret.

"And you, Father Kato, have you solved the riddle that puzzles the 'make-trouble men'?" observed the General. "Have you seen that even as a *samurai* blade is set in the modern hilt, so it is the soul of Japanese courage set in modern organization that wins our victories?"

As he sits on his mat, drinking tea from his own estate, a certain phrase runs ever more pleasantly and frequently through old Kato's mind with his growing years. If his neighbor, Mitaka, had had a thousand sons fall, our ancient *samurai* would still say proudly that he had only one son, but that son was "the eyes in the back of the General's head"; and he would tell you that you might understand what this meant only when you had been at the front yourself in the great war, as he had.

THE RAILWAY HIGH-SPEED MANIA

By B. B. Adams

THE most striking impression that has been made on the average traveller by the numerous and extreme increases in railroad speeds during the past ten or fifteen years has been that produced by the quicker click of the wheels in crossing over switches and frogs; and only by reproducing this sound in the reader's ear can its significance be made really appreciable. At seventy-five miles an hour, which now is a very common speed for stretches of a few miles, a train travels 110 feet each second; and a passenger in such a train, sitting near the end of a car, where he can clearly hear the movements of the four or six wheels under him and those of the truck under the adjacent end of the next car, will notice as he rushes past a crossing of the track of another railroad (two rails about five feet apart) a sound which begins like a heavy rumble—the rumble of a hundred thousand pounds' weight dragged over a somewhat uneven surface—but which is all over in about one-fourth of one second—the two hundred and fortieth part of a minute. That is the length of time between the passage of the first wheels of that group over the first rail of the crossing and that of the last wheel over the last rail of the crossing. Such a sound—or aggregation of sounds, crowded together incredibly, like the impressions of a troubled dream—affords some idea of the lightning-like speed at which the train is moving. Before the advent of two-hour trains between New York and Philadelphia and eighteen-hour trains to Chicago experiences of this kind were to the ordinary traveller so rare as to be practically unknown; though high speeds were made even then, but only on rare occasions. The ordinary speeds over such frogs were not over half the rate named. The increase of 100 per cent. marks a costly and impressive change.

But is this wide-spread change really the result of a "mania"—an ungovernable craze? I have used the term in my title because it is common, and often seems justified; but let us see.

A speed of sixty-eight miles an hour was made on the Great Western Railway of England in 1848. That road was able to beat all others because it had the seven-foot gauge, allowing room for a wide fire-box—and it is the fire-box that gives us our speed. A mile a minute was made repeatedly fifty or sixty years ago, when Presidents' messages were carried by special engines. A rate of eighty miles an hour was common

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on the Reading road thirty years ago. Speed *per se* is not a new thing; the difference is that it has now come to be common. The increase in the number of fast trains and the introduction of such trains for longer distances has been in response to a real public demand. If there is anything like a mania —a demand beyond the bounds of reason— the railroads themselves must be mainly to blame, for the public has no definite knowledge as to what the bounds of reason are. Surely, the great majority of people who travel, whatever they may ask in the way of speed, mean to ask also for safety. Have the railroads increased danger by meeting imaginary needs?

The demand for high speed comes mainly from three sources: First is the man whose aim is sport. He uses a devil-wagon on the beach in Florida, and rides two miles in a minute—faster than anything ever moved on the face of the earth, except the electric car in the German Government trials, between Berlin and Zossen, in 1903, which made 125 miles an hour. That, by the way, may almost be classed as sport, as the experiment really throws very little light on the problems of business railroading. Speeds above eighty miles an hour become very costly by reason of the wind resistance alone, not to mention other elements.

Sport, or semi-sport, must be the classification also of the fast run made by the special train over the Pennsylvania line from Pittsburg to Chicago in October, 1905 (Crestline to Clark Junction, 257.4 miles, at seventy-four and one-half miles an hour; four cars, weighing 520,000 pounds), for the officers of that road were really making an exhibition for the entertainment of railroad officers from other parts of the country, who were guests on the train. The train had no responsibility to the general public other than to avoid colliding with other trains in which passengers might be riding or with wayfarers at grade crossings. Racing purely for sport has never been developed on the railroads, because the obstacles are too great. Few locomotives have been built solely for speed, and none at all in late years. There would be little interest in a race of less than fifty miles, and no straight and level course for even that short distance is available. Nobody believes it worth while to build such a race-course, and every regular railroad is devoted to the public service, from which it cannot be withdrawn, even for a half-day, except on Sunday. Engines of different makes are so evenly matched that the power differences between rivals have to be measured in seconds, and the strife between different designs can never be made a spectacle. All engines (even the fastest) being built primarily to draw loads, no test for speed alone has been made for many years. If the railroad locomotive were to be "stripped" of all unnecessary weights and retarding conditions, as are bicycles and road motors when racing, there is no telling what improvement it might make on its present record.

The second demand for high speed comes from the business man. Here, if anywhere, is the legitimate demand. Scores of men must go every day from Philadelphia to New York, returning the same night, or *vice versa*, and many of them can afford to pay the railroad well for saving a couple of hours' time. Such a man can even afford, in many cases, to pay two dollars—which is about what ought to be asked for a dining-car meal—to be saved the time required to eat breakfast or supper. A business man starting from New York to Chicago in the afternoon can often save a whole day if the railroad will save him four or five hours —the difference between a fast train and a very fast one. There are enough passengers now who can afford this to warrant running eighteen-hour trains between these two cities every day. Some "business men" may be stock gamblers, and therefore useless to society; but the railroad cannot distinguish between good and bad, and both kinds together now make up a class which fills the fast trains at rates 40 per cent. above the regular fares. The extra fare charged for this unusual accommodation—ten dollars—is, no doubt, reasonably low; though, of course I do not expect to be supported in this statement by the two-cents-a-mile advocate.

Certain fast mail trains—New York to St. Louis, Chicago to Omaha, and on other lines, are run as fast as the fastest passenger trains; but the Government does not ask for anything better than is given to passengers. The railroads do give the mails a preference over passengers, as is required by law. Undoubtedly this is to the interest of the public generally. It is due partly to the fact that the pay received by the railroad from the

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Post-Office Department for this service is quite liberal. Naturally, very good care is taken of a goose that lays golden eggs.

The third man who asks the engineman to urge his steed to its utmost is the passenger agent; and if there is any "mania" he is the man to look to. He is the only tangible impersonation of the indefinable "public" which is supposed to ask for more than ought to be granted. He tells the locomotive superintendent and the civil engineer (who must find the money and skill to make a perfect track) that if the company does not run its trains on such and such fast schedules, the net earnings will go to the dogs—that is, the competitive passenger traffic will go to rival roads. Of course, he tells the operating officer to deny his request for an increase of speed if it is not safe to grant it; but so does the merchant instruct his salesman not to bribe a railroad purchasing agent, while at the same time supplying him with the money necessary to pay the bribe. If the general manager tacitly approves the passenger man's demand, it is complied with. If the speed is really risky these three men divide the responsibility for the risk on the basis of some occult reasoning by which each one throws half of it on each of the other two! What the public interest requires is, of course, a single competent officer who can be reached and who cannot shift any part of the responsibility.

This, then, is the issue: Do operating officers, to satisfy the passenger solicitor, who wishes to give the public all that it wants and a little more, run trains faster than is safe? "Operating officer" is the proper term, for the locomotive is only one element in speed. The stability and excellence of the road-bed, the keeping of other trains out of the way, and the training of conductors and their assistants to the highest efficiency are all essential factors. The superintendent is the active operating officer. There is one for each division—say six or eight between New York and Chicago. This is the man who decides how fast we shall travel. What has he been doing during the past ten or fifteen years?

Given a straight and level course, the four main elements of safety at high speed are a good track, a good engine, a clear road, and a clear-headed man on the engine. Concerning the first two there is little to say. Track fit for ninety miles an hour—trains seldom run above eighty—is common on all our best lines. The steam locomotive is a wonderfully perfect machine, the electricians' assertions about its out-of-dateness to the contrary notwithstanding. A clear road means clear for a mile or more ahead, for the momentum of a train increases as the square of its speed, so that two and three-quarters times as much distance is required to stop from seventy-five miles an hour as from forty-five. To assure the engineman *constantly* of a mile and a half of clear track demands elaborate signal arrangements such as few railroads have yet provided. Other obvious elements in the maintenance of a clear track will occur to the reader.

The clear head in the cab is the most difficult thing to provide, for the "personal equation" baffles systematic treatment—unless we can have an expert psychologist, with fabulous powers, in every superintendent's office. Our best trains have the clear heads, but they are born, not made. It is only on the engineman's vigilance and skill—not on anything in the way of automatic apparatus—that we can have safety at high speed on curves and descending grades.

The superintendent has increased the speed of some trains, has increased the number of fast trains, has made trains heavier by putting on more dining-cars and observation cars—which produce no revenue—without increasing the fare, and at the same time has done many things to make train movement safer. His superiors have abolished, at the cost of many millions, grade crossings at the streets of cities and villages, so that the danger of a palatial train being wrecked by a ten-dollar mule-team has been greatly reduced. Two-track lines have been made four-track, thereby removing dangers and delays at way stations. The old time-interval system, with its dependence on red flags, torpedoes, fallible watches, sleepy flagmen walking over ice-covered bridges, and other uncertain factors, has been superseded by the space-interval or block system, which prevents collisions without the aid of these wabbling props, and which, when rightly managed, safeguards trains better without than with them. Cars and engines have been so improved in strength and in other features of design that, in spite of greater weight and greater speed,

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the number of breakages of wheels, axles, and running gear has proportionately decreased.* Trains have been running between Philadelphia and Jersey City, ninety miles, in about one hour and fifty minutes for thirty-one years, and the number of such trains has been gradually increased until now there are more than thirty of them every day. New and more powerful engines have been built year by year, so that now six heavy cars are hauled on these two-hour trains with the same ease that at first they took four light ones. There is no doubt that these trains average as few accidents and delays as any trains in the world. We are obliged to speak of averages because accidents are so rare that only by taking the records for a long series of years could we make any comparison at all.

The Empire State Express of the New York Central, which runs 440 miles at an average of fifty-three and one-third miles an hour—which means a mile a minute most of the way and a mile and a quarter in favorable places—has now been running every week-day for fifteen years, and is universally regarded as one of the safest long-distance trains in the world. There are now two other such trains, one east and one west, only a trifle slower than the original. No passenger has ever been killed on the "Empire State."

The trains which make such remarkable time between Camden (N. J.) and Atlantic City (sixty-eight miles an hour for the whole fifty-five miles every day) have now been a settled feature for nine years.

Year by year all of these fast trains have been made heavier by putting on additional cars, and yet the speeds have been maintained or improved.

In England during all these years a similar but less marked improvement has been going on. And, for a really magnificent exhibit of regularly maintained high-speed service—one which provides a decided public benefit—England leads us a few points; for her populous cities afford a dense passenger traffic to support such service which has no counterparts in America, except in a few places. To take only one or two from dozens of examples, the number of daily trains between London and Birmingham (113 miles) over the London and North Western, making over fifty-six miles an hour, is seven; between London and Exeter, over the Great Western (194 miles), the number running at a rate over fifty-five miles is four. One of these latter trains makes the 119 miles between London and Bristol in one hundred and twenty minutes, in each direction, every day, and does this with remarkable regularity and punctuality.

For nearly two years now the eighteen-hour trains of the Pennsylvania and the New York Central, the most notable trains in the world, have maintained their remarkable schedules between New York and Chicago. A record of the Pennsylvania train from Jersey City to Chicago for the first complete year showed that it arrived at the end of the journey on time 328 days out of 365, or 89.8 per cent. of the trips. These trains make trips twice as long as those of the Empire State Express, at a speed about equally as fast, and with nearly equal punctuality.

Records of trains between New York and Washington and New York and Boston show results as good as those which have been named.

In these great records of speed and regularity there is no evidence of increased danger. In the very few cases where the trains have been derailed no greater damage was done than in similar accidents to other trains. As before remarked, precise comparisons cannot be made; but every railroad officer will bear me out in this statement. The only possible conclusion is that on the straight and level portions of these lines the tracks are suitable for the highest speed of which the engines and cars are capable; and that for safety on curves and descending grades, where our dependence is on the good judgment and faithfulness of the locomotive engineers, the records of these trains are at least as satisfactory as those of any other trains. This is not an unreasonable view; for the "flyers" have the newest and best engines and cars and the most experienced men; and, in some cases, have the benefit of a rule requiring freight-train men to take more than ordinary care to keep out of their way. It is to be borne in mind that some trains run from city to city in less time than others, not only by running faster, but also by saving time in stops along the road, and by saving time

*On one prominent road failures of passenger locomotives on the road have decreased in five years 19 per cent. in the face of an increase of 20 per cent. in the number of passenger trains run.

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on the ascending grades, their loads being lighter.*

With such records for safety, is there any reason why the passenger traffic manager should not ask his general manager to run these trains? He may well be cautious when he considers whether or not his proposal will prove an economical one, for such trains are costly. Aside from the cost of high speed, which means powerful engines with light loads, there is the loss due to imposing delays on other trains so as to insure the punctuality of the fast train. It does not follow that road *B* should run a fast train because rival road *A* has established one, for the public service may need but one train; but if there is waste in this direction the question is one for the political or social economist, not for the engineer. Surely, in the cases of the trains named above, no blame can be laid at the door of the passenger agent, so far as can be discovered from the very low accident record. The disastrous derailment to one of the eighteen-hour trains, in June, 1905, due to a a misplaced switch, would have occurred just the same to any one of a dozen similar trains. The "Twentieth Century" was not going remarkably fast, and the accident is not chargeable to the speed. Some elements of the cause were very discreditable to the road, and prompt corrective measures were taken, but extreme or exceptional speed was not the cause. The accident to an electric train in New York City last February appears at this writing to have been due to some cause other than high speed. The "Pennsylvania Special" when derailed in February was running at a rate far below the top speed.

Yet there are two real elements of danger in our high speed. They are inevitable, and the only thing to do is to reduce them as far as it is possible to do so. One is the increase of traffic, freight and passenger, by which the chances of disaster are increased. A fifty-dollar freight derailment may at any time, by throwing *débris* upon the passenger track, wreck a train carrying 500 passengers; and on a four-track line the chance that this will happen is greater than on a double-track line. On single-track this danger is almost entirely absent. Our fastest trains, however, do not run on single-track lines, and no one has suggested that single-track lines be built exclusively for such trains.

On the New York division of the Pennsylvania between Jersey City and Philadelphia—a typical high-speed line—freight trains are now decidedly more numerous and are longer and heavier than they were ten years ago, and the danger of a passenger-train wreck is an appreciable percentage greater. The danger is a small one, relatively, but still it is a danger. If a passenger making this journey notices the click of the wheels of the long freight trains as he meets or passes them, he will find that he is thus meeting or passing a train perhaps ten to twenty minutes out of the two hours occupied in making the journey. Five years ago the number of meets probably was not much over one-half as great.* The other trunk lines would show similar changes in the volume of traffic.

The other inevitable danger is that due to mistakes of judgment on the part of expert enginemen. (The danger chargeable to negligent or incompetent locomotive runners is another question.) One may

*The manager of a prominent road enumerates the following eight features in which his road has been improved in the past twenty years, making high speeds safer year by year: Elimination of curves. Elimination of grades, enabling passenger trains to make more uniform as well as faster time, and making the movement of long and heavy freight trains safer. Elimination of grade crossings; increased economy as well as safety. Automatic electro-pneumatic block signals, with complete equipment of distant signals in place of manual block signals. Complete ballasting. Stronger rails; stronger and better built cars and engines. Perfection and application of high-speed brakes. Thorough schooling of enginemen and trainmen in the use of high-speed brakes.

*On the New York division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Jersey City to Philadelphia, eighty-nine miles, the average number of freight trains run each week-day, east-bound, has increased in five years more than two-thirds. The number of trains in 1901 was 61; in 1906 it was 102. The west-bound movement increased in the same proportion. A third of these trains carry fruit, live stock, etc., and run at high speed. The length and weight of the trains have also been increased materially. The number of passenger trains has also been largely increased. This increase is shown in the following table, giving the number of schedules for an ordinary day. The table also gives an idea of the increase in speed. The average total number of trains each day, including both freight and passenger, both ways, was, in 1896, 556; in 1901, 590; in 1906, 701.

PASSENGER TRAINS ON NEW YORK DIVISION, PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

	1906					1901					1896				
	No. Trains	Fastest		Slowest		No. Trains	Fastest		Slowest		No. Trains	Fastest		Slowest	
		Hrs.	Mins.	Hrs.	Mins.		Hrs.	Mins.	Hrs.	Mins.		Hrs.	Mins.	Hrs.	Mins.
EAST-BOUND															
Fast	48	...	...	...	...	29	...	...	...	...	25	...	...	...	...
Total, through	55	1	34	2	21	36	1	47	2	23	33	1	50	29	29
Total, through and local	254	...	...	...	...	234	...	...	...	...	223	...	...	...	...
WEST-BOUND															
Fast	45	...	...	...	...	30	...	...	...	...	18	...	...	...	...
Total, through	52	1	28	2	17	38	1	45	2	17	33	1	49	2	16
Total, through and local	253	...	...	...	...	232	...	...	...	...	221	...	...	...	...

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listen by the hour to the enthusiast who advocates automatic appliances for stopping trains, and detecting floods and broken rails, and for doing other wonderful things by electricity or something else, and may admit most of his claims; one may also give all reasonable weight to the talk about the value of a second or third man as a monitor in the locomotive cab; but he will still find that in actual travel, in myriads of situations, the only dependence of the fast-train passenger for safety must be on the vigilance and good judgment of the engineman. That is to say, the engineman meets situations every hour, perhaps every mile, where he must unerringly—within the space of a few seconds—rightly regulate the speed of his train, or disaster will follow. Not for years, perhaps never, will the wonder-working inventor do much to relieve the engineman of this responsibility. Yet no engineman is perfect, and we may expect always to have lapses. Among the 50,000 enginemen required in America to make the 5,000,000 daily signal observations—a billion a year—can it be thought strange that lapses are heard of now and then? The faster the train is running the greater will be the likelihood that a mistake will cause disaster—the runner having fewer seconds or half seconds in which to correct any false move. So, therefore, we must count this as one of the elements in the problem of safety at high speed.

Other factors of danger which are often mentioned seem to have little real influence on safety. Trains running at high speed suffer worse when they collide with each other, and there have been some terrible examples within the last three years; but our fastest trains traverse lines which are pretty well protected from collision by the block system. Again, it is natural to suppose that a train running seventy-five miles an hour will suffer more if thrown off the track and tumbled down a bank than one running forty miles an hour; but experience so far has afforded little or no confirmation of that idea. The bodies of passenger cars are now made so strong, with steel frames and braces, that they withstand shocks better at high speed than the old cars did at low speed. One of the noticeable things in wrecks nowadays is the large proportion of passengers who come out uninjured or only slightly injured. Such escapes are called "miraculous," as they always were, and as they do, indeed, seem; but "miracle" is an elastic word, and in the modern passenger train it often means simply wise engineering. An illustrative instance was that of an express train which was derailed on a trestle bridge not far from New York City a year or two ago. The foremost passenger car stopped about two feet short of the point where it would have fallen into deep water, and no passenger was injured. This train was equipped with the very latest "high-speed" air-brake, which is designed for the fastest trains, and stops trains more quickly than the ordinary brake; and it was almost mathematically demonstrated that but for this improvement a car-load of passengers would have been tumbled into twenty feet of water.

Except in the features here named, any increase in the danger of passenger travel is due not to high speed, but to the abuse of speed. A railroad manager who runs fast trains at all—to say nothing of exceptionally fast ones, like those which I have named—and does not provide the best-known safeguards, abuses his authority as a custodian of passengers' lives. To advertise with fine phrases about the block system, when half the block signals have no preliminary warning signals, and thus preclude high speed when a fog prevails, is to deceive the public. The block system in such cases is suitable only for slow trains. To run trains at eighty miles an hour when the distant signals are set for a speed of forty miles an hour is to constantly skate on thin ice. To speak of a "complete equipment" of block signals when switches at the small stations have no connection either to control the signals or to be controlled by them, is a gross abuse of the word "complete."

To boast of the perfect service of the past, when by reason of the youth and insufficient training of the signalmen of the present (as well as of the past) it is known that the good records are partly the result of good luck, is about as bad as a lie. Some roads of quite fair reputation would have to plead guilty in this matter of poorly trained signalmen.

To run an old wooden smoking-car in the middle of a train of heavy Pullman sleepers and strong steel mail-cars, where the "smoker" will surely be crushed in even a

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light collision, is to risk the lives of the Italian or Russian emigrants who ride in the smoker; for no road running fast trains has yet found it possible to remove all causes of collisions and derailments.

To run a freight train with any less care than is given to a passenger train—difference in speed considered—is to endanger every passenger train which that freight may meet on the road, or by which it may be overtaken while it (the freight) is in motion. Such difference in care is observable, nearly everywhere, and it constitutes one of our greatest dangers. Needless to say, it affects ordinary trains with nearly the same force as the very fast trains. The details of this question, which are familiar to all railroad officers, cannot be gone into here. The crushing of old wooden freight cars between new steel ones and imperfect air-brake practice on freight trains are prominent elements in it. Two of our recent disasters were due mainly to the bad practice of carrying car-loads of explosives over busy passenger lines.

A superintendent on whose line a reckless engineman runs off the track when rounding a sharp curve at seventy miles an hour has a distinct moral responsibility for allowing such a runner to stay in the service. The fact that 95 or 98 per cent. of the men are careful does not excuse the presence of the other 5 or 2 per cent., if they could have been detected. The railroad officer who complains in the newspapers that labor-unions "bulldoze" him so that he dare not dismiss a reckless or low-grade engineman is, indeed, face to face with a difficult problem; but he should at least be able to show that he and all his lieutenants have made a bold, persistent, and open fight against the labor-union, if he desires the sympathy of the public; for a large percentage of the public will take the other side; will believe the magazine writers who say that the officer is so busy in Wall Street that he does not diligently attend to the cultivation of friendly relations with his employees.

With or without the knowledge of the officers, there are a few reckless runners. In a period of three years the Government accident bulletins recorded six derailments due purely to excessive speed—not to mention doubtful cases and mixed causes. These six wrecks killed eleven persons and injured sixty-eight, and caused something like $150,000 damage. In three of the most spectacular cases the wrecked trains were fast mails, carrying no passengers, and two of them occurred on what are called our best roads. In one, the engineman (who was killed) was to have resigned his position the next day, and he was currently reported to have said that he would on this final trip break all records—which he seems in one sense to have very successfully accomplished. From the fact that these were mail trains carrying no passengers, one naturally queries whether there is not among enginemen a pronounced spirit of recklessness which only a strong feeling of responsibility for passengers' lives can keep from going beyond bounds.

One acquainted with the exacting nature of the duties of the enginemen of fast trains can but feel a considerate sympathy toward such a man when he oversteps the bounds set by his iron-clad rules; for he is constantly under great tension in opposite directions. He must be intelligently and vigilantly cautious, which means loss of time, yet must be eagerly alert to embrace every opportunity — sometimes changing his mental perspective every minute, perhaps—to *make* time. He must strenuously watch the road ahead, while at the same time managing a dozen important functions on his engine, so as to run at the highest possible speed; this puts him into a habit of mind which easily degenerates into a state of excitement which leads him to take chances. Yet he must at the same time always be ready at a moment's notice to stop, or to slacken speed, as resolutely as though he were perfectly willing to finish his trip an hour behind time. As might be expected, many otherwise good runners never succeed in becoming thus mentally facile. They are either too cautious, and fail to satisfy the superintendent with their excuses for not coming in on time, or else become so ambitious to make a good record that they now and then take the risk of running fast, when they ought to run at a cautious speed. In some cases a lack of moral responsibility accentuates this last fault.

The most practicable thing to do to raise the standard of safety and efficiency in this matter is to get an ideal superintendent—which is a difficult problem. He must be high-minded and sympathetic, knowing his

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business, and a good disciplinarian; one who will constantly cultivate an *esprit de corps* which shall enable him to bring his ordinary and below-ordinary runners up to the level of his best. The need of good superintendents is general. There is no school for superintendents, and there are so few of the highest grade that they are constantly being promoted from one position to another. This leaves many positions filled by new men, whereas the need, on every division, is for a good man who is a fixture, at least for a reasonable term of years.

This elevation of the personnel is indeed the greatest need in railroad operation today. The railroads have improved their tracks so that they are safe for the heavier and more comfortable cars, and have built monster locomotives to haul these heavier cars; the most enterprising have introduced the block system and the others are at last waking up to the need of it. Fast trains are run with increasing frequency, and most roads seem disposed to increase the number of such trains fully as fast as the growth of traffic demands an increase. From the standpoint of the safety of the passengers in a fast train, as I have said, these improvements have been partly offset by the increase in the number of freight trains, and by the danger due to increased speed and increased frequency combined. But it is common knowledge that an improvement in the personnel would produce a more marked reduction in collisions and derailments than any other one change. Every railroad superintendent will agree with me, I think, in what I have said about the need of an *esprit de corps* in the service. The combination of railroads into large systems has killed this valuable element in some cases where before it existed.

I am not wandering from my subject—the danger of high speed considered by itself—when I thus speak of discipline in general, for the errors of enginemen and conductors on slow trains, and of signalmen in the towers as related to all trains, constitute one of the dangers that beset fast trains. Given a certain degree of inefficiency or unreliability in these men, the only way to protect fast trains from the danger thus produced would be to reduce their speed. I am not here charging any specific degree of inefficiency. No one denies that to fine enginemen, finely disciplined, are due these ten-year and twenty-year records of high speed on roads which in many parts were *not* perfectly equipped for the highest speed (and in some cases not even now). But the thing to remember is that a very small error sometimes produces a very great disaster.

While the roads running the fast trains which I have mentioned have attained a high degree of perfection—as the records of these trains show—their officers, if they spoke freely, would be the first to admit that there is still much ground to be conquered. On other roads, having less demand for high speed and smaller resources with which to provide it, the need for improvement is more marked. But these second-class roads are constantly tempted by the exigencies of competition to put on fast trains, and an examination of the accident records will show that it is on these lines that speed is oftenest abused. This is no new thing. For the last forty years roads not fitted for high speed have habitually taxed their facilities to the limit in trying to compete with those better equipped. Sometimes they go beyond the limit and are chargeable not with "mania," but with deliberate disregard of the simple rules of safety.

It will be seen that to generalize profitably about high speed and its risks is impossible without a mass of data about tracks, signals, engines, and personnel which no one has gathered, and which no authority except the Federal Government can gather impartially. In the two most prominent features of the problem—complete signalling and thoroughly competent engine runners—a few districts or divisions, on a few roads, stand very high. None probably could be marked 100 per cent. in both of these features, but on these best divisions the conditions in this respect are so excellent that the possibility of running into a freight-train wreck is probably the worst danger to which a fast train is liable; and this possibility can be averted only by painstaking endeavor in many different directions. There must be perfect freight-cars and vigilant inspection of running gear and of the loading of heavy loads; the training of the freight-train men to the standard maintained on passenger trains, and attention to other details which I have already touched upon. On roads or divisions less completely signalled, our dependence for safety is

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more on the men who manage the trains; and no precise measure of these men's efficiency has ever been taken; no measure except that which is to be found in the results. These results—freedom from collision due to enginemen's or signalmen's errors—are on many lines so good that one can readily figure out from the averages for a few years that he might ride a thousand miles a day on such a line and continue to do so for a thousand years before he would be likely to be killed in such a collision. The law of averages, however, is not a very satisfactory basis on which to rest one's peace of mind when taking a railroad journey, and the only proper attitude of the public is to demand that every important railroad shall surround its passenger trains with *every* practicable safeguard. If we are to put up with anything less than this, we ought to demand a moderation of the speed. Such dangers as beset our very fast trains in great measure beset the other trains on the same lines also; so that whatever ought to be done in the premises, either by the railroad or by the public, can be treated as a part of the broad, general problem of railroad safety. In this field the public—that is, the Federal Government—has a plain duty, that of investigating and making public the facts of all serious railroad accidents.

Our most enterprising railroad officers are doing splendid service, but some railroad men are not enterprising, and even the most capable are usually but parts of a great administrative machine which no man can control. Samuel Spencer was a great railroad manager, but his machine for managing his railroad broke down, and he himself was killed by its failure. Investigation by impartial experts has been a vital factor in the great record for safety which has been made on the railroads of Great Britain. It led to the universal adoption of the block system, which ought to be made universal in America. Some of our State governments investigate a little, but not very effectively. The Government could set forth and make prominent our best railroad ideals, and thus greatly encourage and stimulate high-minded railroad officers in their endeavors to attain those ideals.

AN OLD MINISTER

By Samuel McCoy

"*. . . for the prize of the high calling of God.*"

In hours when I review that one dear life,
The life of that one man whom most I owe,
And ponder whether rich or vain his strife,
His toil repaid with bitter wage or no,
If piteous harvest before winter snow,
His head unlaurelled, though his long race run,
By no strong son led where still waters flow,
Day hardly softened, though it be near done,

I cry in pity; yet the westering sun,
With glory not of earth, lights up his face,
And *Heaven* hallows him, as who has won
His earthly fight; far beyond power to trace
My helpless love; and peace rests in his eyes,
And God's high calling is his matchless prize.

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THE AMERICANIZATION OF ROLL-DOWN JOE

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. W. ASHLEY

THE latest development of American schooner came smartly to anchor in mid-stream.

From his perch in Crow's Nest, a cable-length abeam of the vessel, but mast-head high in the air, old Peter looked down on her with wonder and respect commingled. "The biggest mains'l ever swept past the Point! Look at the spread of it! Isn't that an ungodly armful to have to gather up on a jumping deck in a gale o' wind? Eighty-four-foot boom and fifty-two-foot gaff—you could sweep all the waters of the earth with all the search-lights of heaven and never a schooner of her tonnage would you find swingin' such a sail. And if you could find one, where but among American fishermen would you find a man would go outside a harbor in so much as a summer gale with that boom and that sail above it to be layin' out to looard of their rail?"

"But this man, Peter—he'll carry it?"

"Till all's blue. Eighty-four-foot boom! And I mind when they used to boast of their sixty-foot booms, and now the storm trys'ls of this one I expect'll lace to most that len'th."

"Portugee, ain't he, Peter?"

"Portugee-born," amended Peter, "but a good American citizen now."

"But isn't that surprising, Peter, his having the best out?"

"Surprisin'!" retorted Peter. "Meanin' because he's Portugee? H-m-m. A sensible remark that, when so far's any of us can learn this man's ancestors were sailormen—navigators and world-explorers—and a good many other things when your forefathers, or mine maybe, were tryin' to get up courage to visit the neighborin' mainland."

"But people new to this country."

"New people!" snorted Peter. "Man alive, where'd we be but for the new people? It's they puts the life into us. While the descendants of the old settlers are leanin' back in easy-chairs, brains and bodies all used up, not an original notion left in 'em—from overwork, or overworry, or too much fat livin', or whatever 'tis that's ailin' them—it's the new people are coming along and gettin' things goin' again. Look right here in Gloucester now—is it the new blood, or the old, that's mannin' the fleet? And this same Roll-Down Joe—this Portugee immigrant, as they call him—industrious, upright, sober, intelligent—as are all but damn few of his kind that ever I see—he's standin' simply for one of the dozen big nations that's made us what we are or will make us what we're to be."

"But how'd he get the name, Peter? Must be some story back of a name like that."

"It was while Joe was still but little known in Gloucester," began Peter, "but not so green that he hadn't managed to absorb a good many of the leadin' principles of the fishin' fleet, that him and Wesley Marrs were racin' home from the Western Banks one time, and after sixty hours of it Joe thought he needed a kink of sleep. So he started to go below, when the man to the wheel stopped him. It was blowin' hard then, the *Isabella* rollin' down pretty well under it. 'S'pose it gets worse while you're below, skipper, what'll I do?' asks the man to the wheel.

"'What you do? Why, keep her goin',' says Joe. 'Keep da *Isabell* goin', sure.'

"'But how long, skipper? There's a limit to everything—how long?'

"Joe studied a minute, then made a chalk line on the deck well up to wind'ard of the wheel-box. 'When she roll down to there, call me,' says Joe, and went below.

"'Cripes!' says the man to the wheel; 'when she rolls down to there, do you think you'll care whether you're called or not?'

"Well, I was the man to the wheel that time, and when I got to Gloucester I told the story, and ever since then they've called

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him Roll-Down Joe. He cert'nly promised even then to carry sail with the best of them.

"Well, 'twarn't long before people began to take notice of Joe. Most everybody, because there's always those who can never be brought to like those whose ways are different from their own. But the best people liked him. And you couldn't help it—he was so eager to win your good-will and he set such store by what you said, you couldn't help but like him. I don't know but what most people of the South seem to be like that, don't they—want you to love 'em whatever else you do. There was nothing this man wouldn't do to please you. Nat'rally the killers began to take to him, and nat'rally, too, what they said was law to Joe. That was about the time when nothing 'd do the killers but Oregon pine spars. Joe's were Georgia pine. 'What you want, Joe, is Oregon pine sticks,' says Wesley Marrs to him one day, and went on to demonstrate what beautiful implements his own were.

"Joe grew excited. 'I get dem,' he says. 'How mooch they costa—what? Fi' hundred dollar? No matt', I get dem,' says Joe. 'Fi' hundred, one t'ousand—no matt', I get dem. I wanta da ver' best.'

"'That's right, Joe—the best is none too good for you and me,' says Wesley; 'but don't go throwing away any five hundred dollars foolishly. Wait some day till you're out to sea and consult your almanac, Joe, and when them zodiac signs indicate a good breeze o' wind and a handy harbor, in conjunction, then do you slap everything you got to her, and—who knows?—it may be your lucky day, and maybe them spars 'll just nach'ally sag over the side o' themselves,' advised Wesley.

"Joe looked puzzled.

"'The insurance company 'll have to pay for 'em then,' explains Wesley.

"'Ah-h, da American way! Ver' good, ver' good,' shouted Joe, and a week later, in a howlin' gale of wind, he sailed the *Isabella* back and forth off Halifax tryin' to lift the masts out of her. But they were fine stout sticks and though they buckled like umbrella ribs they just wouldn't come out, so Joe went on the east'ard with the old sticks. But when next he met Wesley he apologized for not doing better. 'May-bee ten ton more bal-last and a leet' more win' next time an' I do eet,' he said to Wesley.

"Well, Joe, bringin' home the fish reg'-'larly as he did, was makin' a name for himself among the fishermen. And doin' his best to live up to it, too. 'Twarn't long before he got to where he shifted his drink from port wine to whiskey, and could smoke fifteen-cent cigars on the curb-stone like any American-born. Along about there he came to me one day and said, 'Peter, I moost be one ceet-zen, one American ceet-zen.' So I steered him up to City Hall, up to the proper grating in the proper room where was a clerk, who, after he'd finished puttin' just the exact point on his pencil and had manicured his nails once or twice again—and it didn't take him any longer to do it than it would take a smart trawler to bait a six-line string of gear, not more than twenty minutes maybe—he has time for us. I explained what Joe was after and Joe told his name, a good old Portuguese name, too; but it didn't seem to hit the fancy of this lad in the cage.

"'Do you expect me to spell or pronounce a name like that? Wonder you wouldn't take some good local name.'

"Joe was a bit cast down—he had a bit of sentiment about his name. But he was bound to be an American citizen, and thought if change of name was part of it, why he'd change his name. So he tried to think of a good American name and, recollectin' some of his skipper friends, 'Ah-h, yess, yess—O'Don-nell, Tom O'Don-nell,' he says.

"'W-r-r-h,' says the clerk. 'Look out the window at those signs across the street.'

"Joe looked, with an eye all the time for the fine big letters, and picked out the biggest sign in sight. It read:

BURNHAM
COAL AND WOOD

The Burnham part of it was only of moderate size, while the 'Coal and Wood' was in six-foot letters up and down so you couldn't go astray. The coal part, happenin' to be to wind'ard, Joe picked that out for his, and, after carefully copyin' it onto a piece of paper like a sign-painter, brought it to the clerk. 'One good American name, hah?' he says.

"'That's better,' says the clerk, who, by the way, warn't throwin' any dazzlin' reflections from any partic'larly bright side of his intelligence. 'But a wonder you wouldn't spell it right,' says he. 'C-o-l-e it should

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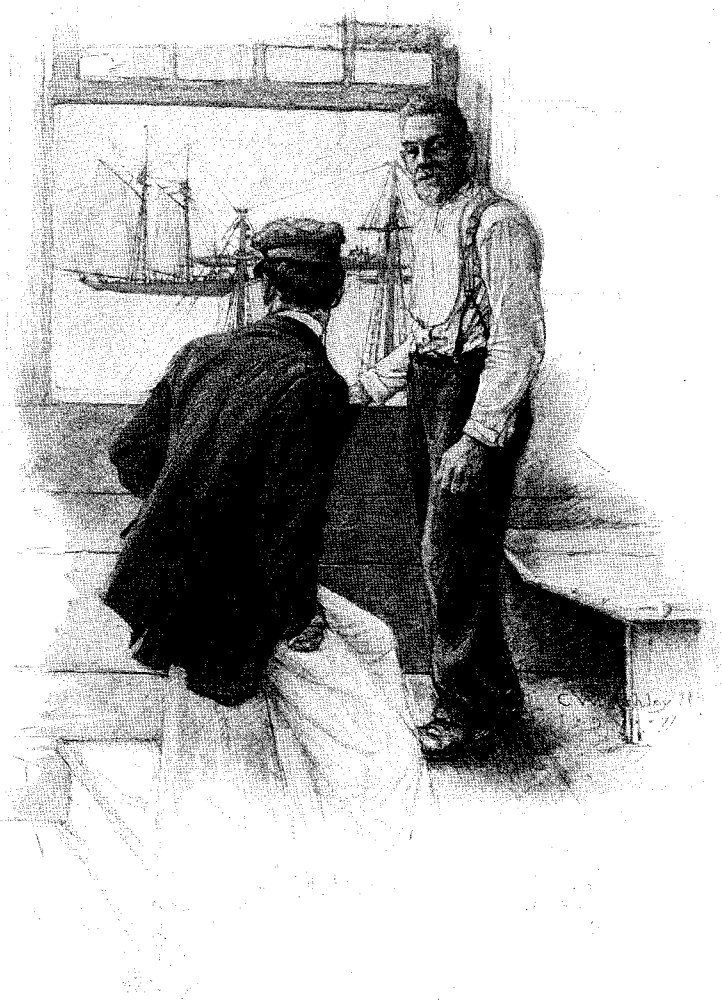

"The biggest mains'l ever swept past the Point."—Page 575.

be,' and made out a paper for Joseph Cole, native of St. Michaels, Azores Islands, Portugal, and——"

Peter, happening to glance out to where the talkative, gesticulating, but active and efficient dark-bearded men were putting the great mainsail in stops, came to a pause. Presently, his eyes twinkling, he resumed: "And I s'pose that a couple of hundred years from now the genealogy sharks will be diggin' up a fine Anglo-Saxon pedigree for Joe's descendants, if it happens they want to get into one of those Who's Who societies we read about in the papers, as all the time guaranteein' which is the sure-enough thing. Joe's descendants—and they'll probably be numerous, for he's got seven children of his own already—they'll probably discover some day that they're descended from some fine old Northumberland family, so named because of the coal-mining properties they owned, or maybe the pedigree experts will tell them they were so named because of their dark complexions.

"Well, Joe kept comin'. I saw him one night playin' duplicate whist in the Master Mariners' rooms, and he most burstin' with the things he wanted to say but couldn't, because some good friends told him 'twas against the rules to talk while you were playing whist, though everybody was talkin' around him. Says I, that's sure the finish-

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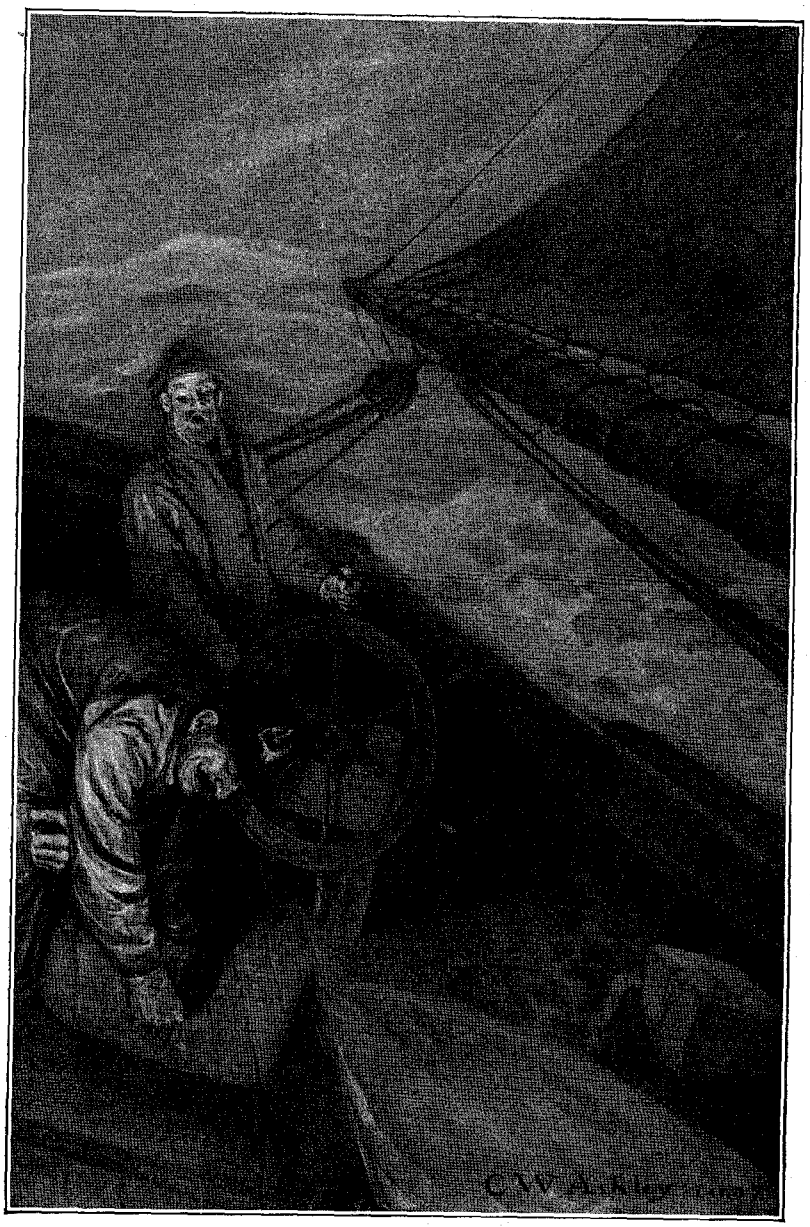
in' touch. But it warn't. He didn't put on the last little rag polish to his Americanization till about the time he was expectin' his final naturalization papers, the papers that'd give him the right to vote. He was haddockin' in South Channel then, market-fishin' into Boston. And that's the devil's own fishin', let me tell you—night and day, rain or shine, till you fill her up—with those old-country fishermen, Dungarven, Claddagh and Kincaid men to set the pace. You need to be an iron man to stand it. And their everlastin' racin' to market! For whoever hits the Boston market right in haddockin' he's sure the boy that shares big, and blessed little if you don't hit it right, for those Boston dealers they cert'nly want it all.

"So the competition there is pretty keen,



"'When she roll down to there, call me.'"—Page 575.

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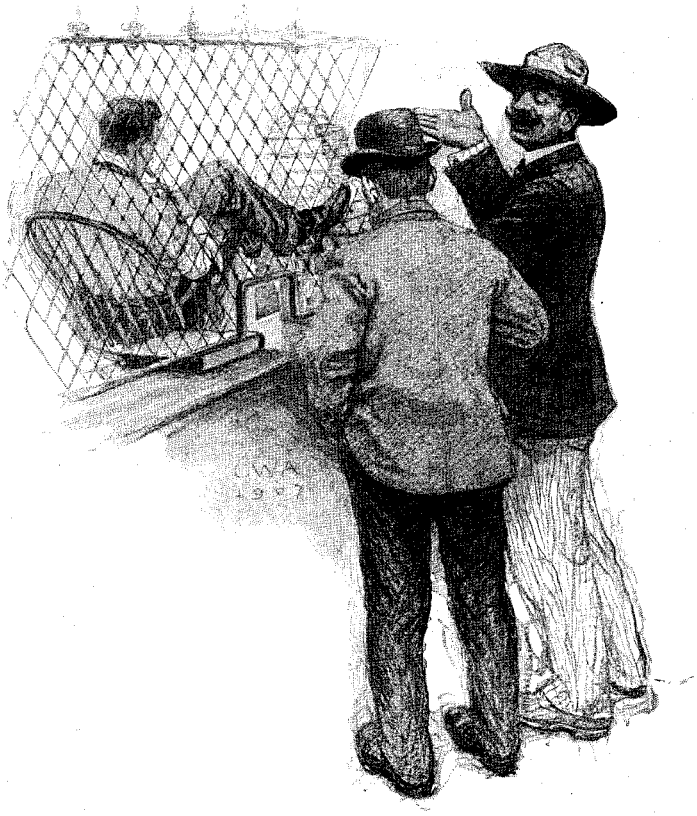

"After he had manicured his nails . . . he has time for us."—Page 576.

as you know, and nobody was any keener than Joe Cole to hold his own. We'd been hove-to under our fores'l for eight days waitin' for it to moderate so's we could get a chance to fish. A Tuesday morning that was, and not a vessel in the fleet, we felt sure, had a pound of fish in her hold. But such fishin' when we did shove the dories over! They must have been fair starved out down below, waitin' with their mouths open, and just over the right spot we must have been, for it was a fish to every hook. Next morning at five o'clock there was sixty thousand of fish iced below or ready to dress on deck. 'Sweeng her off,' says Joe, 'an' we mak' da market dees aft'noon.' 'Twas in Lent, and Joe could hardly hold himself when he thought of it. 'We ketcha da market dry,' says Joe, 'mak' plenta mon-ee dees trip, you see.'

"And the scheme did look good. It didn't seem possible that any vessel could have loaded up as fast as we did, and if we could get home that day, which seemed likely—a great sailin' breeze, with no more than a hundred and thirty-odd miles to the dock and twelve hours to do it in—it looked good. And of course if it *was* a fish famine after that long spell of bad weather, we cert'nly were in for a big trip.

"So off we went, across the channel and up by Cape Cod in good shape. And with the wind making all the time, we straightened out for a run across the Bay in fine spirits. Nothing, we thought then, could stop her from gettin' to T wharf, with hours to spare, nothing short of dismastin', and they bein' those same good old Georgia pine sticks that Joe had tried so hard to carry away off Halifax, we had no fear of that.

"We were belting along then, not ten miles from the lightship, the vessel 'hikin' everlastin'ly and the gang already spendin' their money—a couple up to the Boston Theatre; another looking over the bank-book with his wife—who just come back from depositin' forty dollars in the savings-bank, and that made three hundred and twenty-

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nine dollars and fourteen cents, not countin' interest due but not yet entered; another chap was being measured for a nine-dollar pair o' pants, the only thing worryin' him was would he have a blue seam—when came a squall that struck us fair. Over she went, with most of her deck under water. And stayed there for a while. But she was all right, she didn't quite capsize; only when she did come up we had to break out her topside plankin' with hand-spikes, so's the water could run off her deck before we could get her goin' again.

"And that would 've been all right, only away up to wind'ard ten miles or more—we could just make her out—was a three-masted schooner hove-down. Only differerent from us, she showed no signs of coming up. Well, there was nothing to it but go up to her. And maybe Joe didn't look back longin'ly at the lightship when we wore' round.

"It must have taken us two hours to beat up—not much sea, but wind somethin' desp'rate—and when we got alongside we had to be everlastin'ly careful in takin' them off, and particularly careful with one gent, a passenger, who turned out to be her owner. He'd been takin' a cruise along the coast in this vessel of his. A big, fine-lookin', rosy chap, though not too rosy when we took him off; but a pretty decent kind, except that when he got his courage back he developed into one of those patronizin' kind that get on your nerves, the kind that look you over and think because you hustle for a livin' you must have lost any nat'ral intelligence you ever had, if ever you had any. You know—one of those 'my good man' kind of chaps.

"'I'll do something handsome for you, you'll see,' he says to Joe. This was after we'd got him dried out and the rosy color came into his face again. And pats Joe on the back, which Joe didn't quite like, comin' from a stranger; but you have to make allowances for a man whose life you've just saved, though just then Joe warn't payin' too much attention to this lad's speeches. Joe was mostly worryin' would he get to T wharf before five o'clock that afternoon or not.

"Well, we didn't get there. The market had been closed ten minutes when we dove into the slip. And you would 'a' had to sympathize with the skipper if you'd seen him sittin' on the cap-log fannin' himself with his sou'wester. He was downcast sure enough. 'Haddock seex centa an' da cod eight centa da poun'. Dees trip good for four t'ousan' dollar if we been in one leet' half hour ago.'

"Knowin' just how he felt, I tried hard to cheer him up. 'It may be even higher in the morning, skipper,' I said. 'If no other vessel comes in it's sure to,' I goes on, 'for with a Friday in Lent ahead of them they got to have the fish to fill the orders. And if it is, skipper, you'll have a market trip stock that'll go down to posterity.'

"Just to think of it made him smile—if nobody came in during the night!"

Peter stopped short and began to laugh softly. "I have to every time I think of it."

"What was it, Peter—nobody in?"

Peter roared. "Nobody in! Next mornin' there were thirty-five vessels into the dock. You couldn't see the harbor for masts and trys'ls hung up to dry. And fish! 1,764,589 pounds of fish to the dock that day. I remember the figures well, the record day of that year, and from eight and six cents a pound cod dropped to two and a quarter and haddock to a dollar and a quarter a hundred. Instead of stockin' four thousand we stocked less than nine hundred dollars. Instead of the crew sharing a hundred and fifty or sixty dollars apiece, we shared twenty-six dollars and twenty-three cents apiece for our two weeks of a winter trip.

"Well, you oughter seen Joe. 'Dam!' says he. Dam again all coasta-men that can-not han-del a ves-sel! Dam! T'ree t'ousan' dollar lost for one leet' squall! Dam! dam! dam!' in little explosions like a gasolene engine around deck.

"That same afternoon Joe's final papers came to him, and he went up to an Atlantic Avenue hotel with Wesley Marrs and Tom O'Donnell, his two great models, to look them over. They'd hardly gone when the owner he'd rescued from the three-master came down the dock lookin' for the skipper.

"He was rosy as any apple with good-humor and impatience, so I brought him up to the hotel. He pounced on Joe. 'Ha, I've found you! I've been up and down the dock looking for you, as this man'—meanin' me—'will tell you. You did me a good turn yesterday—good seamanship and a good spirit displayed. And I know that you must have lost some time in doing it. Now,

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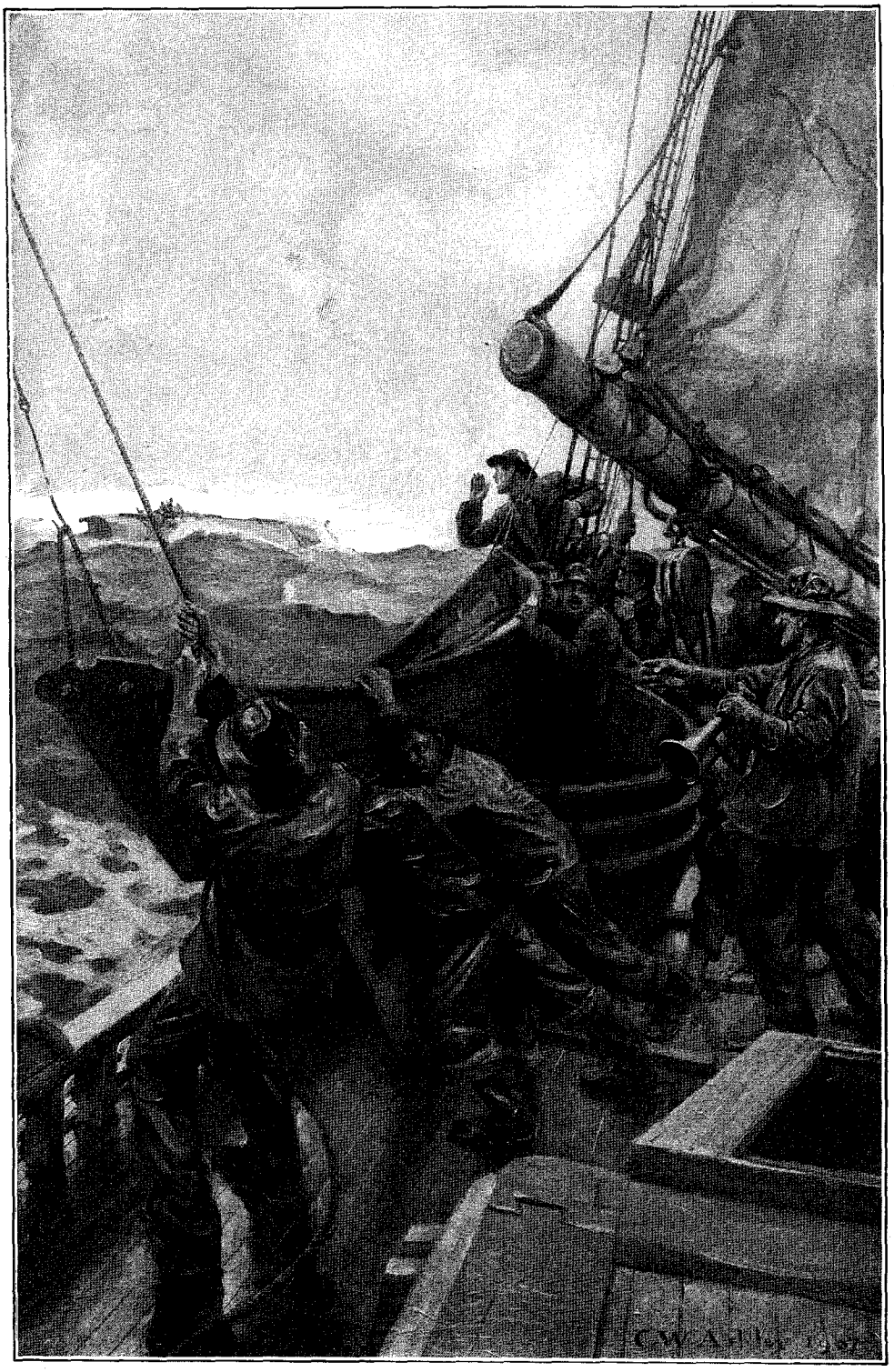

Drawn by C. W. Ashley

"When we got alongside we had to be everlastin'ly careful."—Page 580.

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now. I kept track—three hours or more it must have been, and you shall be reimbursed—paid—and paid well for it.'

"Joe raised his hand, palm out, protestin'. 'No, no. For sav-ving life we can tak' no mon-ee.'

"'Now, now. I did not say this was for saving life.' And the smile of him! You'd think Joe was some three-year-old child he was talkin' to. 'No, not for saving life—allow me'—he goes on—'but for the time lost in saving life—for the time lost.'

"'For da time lost in sav-ving life I tak' no mon-ee,' repeats Joe.

"'But you must, captain. You really must let me have my way. And I will split no hairs over it. You and your men work hard, and your rewards, I know, are not great. Three hours for twenty-four men—how will that do?' and he held out some bills.

"'What ees it?' said Joe.

"'Why,' said the rescued chap, 'American money—a hundred dollars. See, five twenties. Now in the country where you come from——'

"'Yess,' interrupted Joe, 'in da countree where I come from a hund'ed dollar is mooch mon-ee, ver' mooch. But dere also we tak no mon-ee—not for sav-ving life.'

"'But you must,' said this chap, and forced the bills into Joe's hands.

"Joe looked at them as if he had never seen a twenty-dollar bill in his life before. 'My, such a heap!' he says after a little study, and held them up for Marrs and O'Donnell to look at, and after they'd had a look he crumpled them up in his fist, and then, straightening them out again and in the most absent-minded way in the world he reached over to the little alcohol lamp at the end of the bar, stuck one of them into the flame, and with it lit his cigar.

"The passenger jumped a yard into the air. 'My God!' he shrieked, 'what are you doing?'

"'What ees?' says Joe, surprised-like, at the same time stampin' what was left of the bill to ashes under his toe, and only then seemin' to take notice of what he had done. 'Ah, ah. I burn da mon-ee? What a mis-tak', sooch a mis-tak', ver' foolish. My brain it ees, what you say? bis-ee. But I will mak' a'right,' and diving into his jeans he pulled out a great wad of bills, from which he took a twenty and handed it with the other four bills to the passenger. The passenger drew back.

"'You do not weesh to tak'?' says Joe.

"'It is for you, captain, and then the men, your crew——'

"'Ah-h, for da crew?' and turned to where I was standing. 'Here, Peter, tak' dis mon-ee, dees fine gentla-man geev, an' buy see-gar, good see-gar, min' you. See-gar—er, no, see-gar-ette for da gang,' and tossed the hundred dollars over to me.

"By this time the passenger was making all kinds of queer faces. 'Have some drink?' asked Joe politely. And the man, kind of dazed still, said he guessed he'd take a little whiskey and soda.

"'P-s-s-t!" said Joe. His mustache curled and his ear-rings almost tinkled. 'Whis-key an' so-da! Dees no gang cheapa sport. Dees here Capta' Tom O'Don-nell, dees Capta' Wesley Marrs.' Then, rapping on the bar, Joe ordered the bartender to bring on a quart of the fizzy stuff, and after that another quart, and on top of that another, and was ordering another—all in a rush—and had spread out on the bar the papers that made him an American citizen, to call the man's attention to them, when he flew out the door. 'Ah-h,' said Joe sadly, 'an' I wanta heem to see dese—what you call heem, dat long word, Tom?'

"'Naturali-zation papers, naturali-za-tion, and say it slow, Joe.'

"'Ah-h, yess—what eet ees you say, Tom, what geev me vote—dat right?'

"'That's right, Joe, and 'twas treason to keep you waitin'. You ought to been votin' the day you hit the country, Joe.'

"Joe smiled. 'Anny-way, a good ceet-zen now, hah, Tom—a good American ceet-zen Joe Cole now, hah, Wes-ley?'

"'That's what,' says Wesley. 'And the way you tossed that hundred to Peter, Joe, it was nothing less than—how is it they say it in the theatre, Tom?'

"'Soo-per-r-b is the word, Wesley. With a gesture of sooperb contimpt, is the words they use.'

"'Ah-h-,' said Joe, and reached for the fourth quart. 'We dreenk to one new American ceet-zen, Joe Cole! M-m——' he drew in his breath like a child—'and ah-h, it tak' us to show dem da true American way. Hah, Tom? Ha, Wes-ley?'"

Peter had risen to mark on the blackboard

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"With it lit his cigar.—Page 582.

the names of vessel and master, but with chalk in air he paused. "And I say with O'Donnell and Wesley 'tisn't the len'th of time a man's been in the country that makes a citizen of him. Joe was of more use to the country the first day he set foot on an American dock, of more use than many who'd vote to keep him out, of more use than many that's got ancestral halls and don't see anything right in the country nowadays, but who wouldn't themselves lose a night's sleep or the nail off a finger to make it right. Those others talk; but Joe's kind, whether he's Squarehead or Dutch, Polak or Dago, whatever he is—his is the kind that's always been throwin' a halo round the people and the institutions of the country he adopts. Joe's kind, that don't half the time know whether his country is right or wrong, and don't half the time care, is the kind that since nations were nations has gone out and died for the flag that's over them. And made but little fuss about it. And the horizon, you'll take notice, is blotted out with but few monuments to his memory."

Carefully Peter was writing it down—"Schooner *Bonita*, master Joseph Cole," when—"But, Peter, did you really buy cigarettes for the money?"

The wrinkles spread from the corner of Peter's mouth till they reached to under his ears. "H-m—well, not for the whole hundred. But let me tell you, boy, what cigars we did smoke that day—they were cert'nly a damn swell brand."

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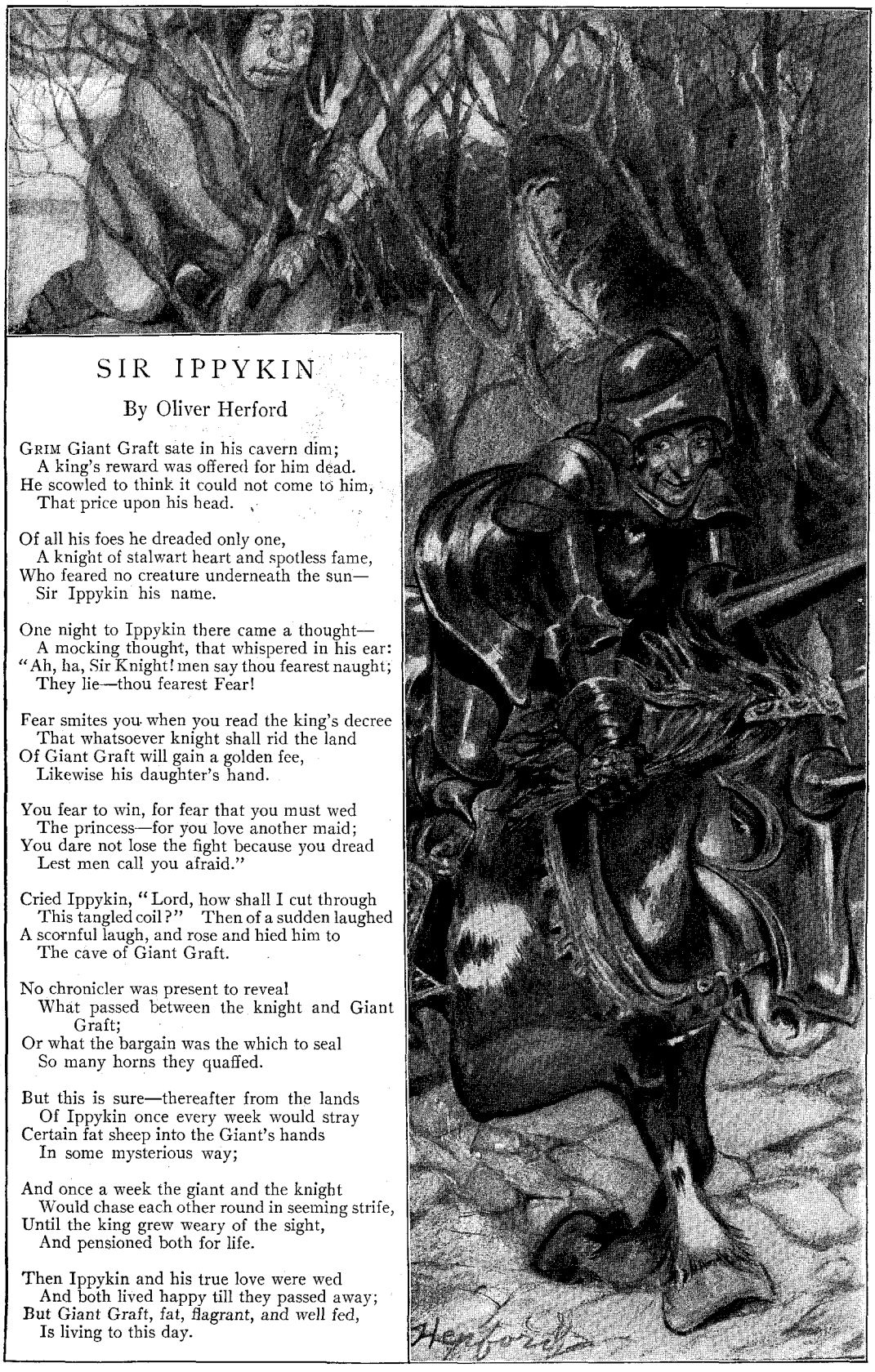

SIR IPPYKIN

By Oliver Herford

GRIM Giant Graft sate in his cavern dim;
A king's reward was offered for him dead.
He scowled to think it could not come to him,
That price upon his head.

Of all his foes he dreaded only one,
A knight of stalwart heart and spotless fame,
Who feared no creature underneath the sun—
Sir Ippykin his name.

One night to Ippykin there came a thought—
A mocking thought, that whispered in his ear:
"Ah, ha, Sir Knight! men say thou fearest naught;
They lie—thou fearest Fear!

Fear smites you when you read the king's decree
That whatsoever knight shall rid the land
Of Giant Graft will gain a golden fee,
Likewise his daughter's hand.

You fear to win, for fear that you must wed
The princess—for you love another maid;
You dare not lose the fight because you dread
Lest men call you afraid."

Cried Ippykin, "Lord, how shall I cut through
This tangled coil?" Then of a sudden laughed
A scornful laugh, and rose and hied him to
The cave of Giant Graft.

No chronicler was present to reveal
What passed between the knight and Giant Graft;
Or what the bargain was the which to seal
So many horns they quaffed.

But this is sure—thereafter from the lands
Of Ippykin once every week would stray
Certain fat sheep into the Giant's hands
In some mysterious way;

And once a week the giant and the knight
Would chase each other round in seeming strife,
Until the king grew weary of the sight,
And pensioned both for life.

Then Ippykin and his true love were wed
And both lived happy till they passed away;
But Giant Graft, fat, flagrant, and well fed,
Is living to this day.

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THE LAW OF HIS NATURE

By Leon H. Vincent

THE coupé turned in sharply from the street, the clatter of hoofs and rumble of wheels being suddenly deadened as the horses padded through the damp gravel of the driveway. The occupant got out slowly and with an effort, but walked briskly enough up the short flight of steps leading to the door. Something about his manner, the determination of his step, perhaps, indicated that he was fighting against the oppression of his age; it was a new thing for him to be brought home regularly from his office in a carriage. In earlier days he had preferred to walk, it was the rational way of getting over the ground. When he became aware that through advance of years walking consumed too much time, he degraded himself to the street-car. Later he graduated with the rest of humanity to the "cable," and in time to the sumptuous electric-car. The latter he regarded with equanimity. It symbolized that advance in material prosperity and comfort which seemed to him one of the special glories of this age. He loved those exhibitions of how brute force could be transformed into something of the highest utility and yet retain a touch of that barbaric power which is inseparable from Nature. When, however, he found himself for the first time in his life bewildered amid the throng of people in the business centre of the great town to the prosperity of which he had himself contributed in large degree, and on attempting to board a car which had just begun to move, was thrown to the ground, he realized that the inevitable had come. Some people express it by saying that they are not as young as they once were. They utter it with a laugh, hoping to meet a denial and to be told how many years they are still "good for." Old Mr. Helmuth despised such flattery. He ordered his coupé to meet him at a precise hour each day, and no more said about it.

The door opened noiselessly at his approach. As he crossed the threshold the tones of a piano fell upon his ear. The instrument was played with so imperious a touch that the note of mastery was perceptible even to the old gentleman whose ignorance of music was surpassed in degree only by his contempt for the art.

He turned an inquiring look upon the butler, who had already taken his hat and was preparing to relieve him of his coat.

"Is that Mr. Endicott playing?"

"I'm not quite sure, sir," answered the man, "he has a gentleman with him." After a moment's pause, "it doesn't sound like Mr. Endicott—it's louder, sir."

"What is the gentleman like?"

"He has black hair, sir, and a great deal of it, not long but very thick. I believe he's a foreigner of some sort."

"It's that Frenchman," said Helmuth, turning abruptly into the library at the left of the hall.

He sank into an easy-chair before the fire-place, adjusted his eye-glasses and presently became absorbed in the columns of an evening paper. The waves of sound from the drawing-room mounted higher and higher, and flooded every corner of the house with their tumultuous harmony. An inarticulate expression of impatience escaped the reader's lips. Once he made a start, as if for the purpose of shutting the door, but his eye fell upon some engrossing item of news, and he presently became unconscious of the disturbing sound.

Dinner was announced. The old gentleman rose with difficulty, but once upon his feet marched with energetic step toward the dining-room. Passing into the hall he met his son and the stranger face to face.

"Mr. Alexis DuBois, father," said Endicott, presenting his friend. "You have heard me speak of Mr. DuBois from time to time." The young man's manner was affectionate and studiously deferential.

Old Mr. Helmuth bent his eyes suspiciously upon the visitor, nodded curtly, uttered some expression which, being inaudible, might be construed as a welcome

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or the reverse, and led the way to the table.

The contrast between father and son was marked. People who had never known Mrs. Helmuth took it for granted that the son must be the "image" of his mother, basing the conclusion on the fact that he looked so little like his father. People who had known that stately and handsome woman said that the likeness was indeed marked. At the time this narrative opens she had been dead seven years. From her Endicott inherited his dark eyes with their habitual expression of sadness when his face was in repose. From her came his smile which was gracious, and touched with a quality of shrewdness. And he certainly inherited from her his quiet tenacity of purpose.

Singular stories were told of Eleanor Helmuth's will-power. Two or three, exaggerated in the telling, had a rather uncanny quality, but they were now almost forgotten. People in her old home only remembered the persistency of her determination to marry the young German-American who had come from one of the Western States, and who had wooed her with a captivating directness that went straight to her heart. Though born in America the young man had much of the Old World naïveté in his manner. He was capable of falling in love at first sight; and being in love it was impossible for him to do other than urge his suit with German impetuousness of manner.

He won the young woman's heart. Eighteen months later he carried her back to the home which he had in the meantime built and furnished for her, a home containing a reasonable amount of everything that money could buy, and so little that taste could suggest. Eleanor laughed as she found herself standing in the centre of this polished, varnished, unspeakably crude newness. The laugh was suggestive of the idea that she had found a world to conquer and to civilize. She laughed again as she thought of the quaint old homestead in a Massachusetts sea-coast town where her father, her grandfather, and her great-grandfather, had each been born, had lived and had died. The contrast was humorous. She wondered what Aunt Rebecca and Aunt Sue would think of this strange young city sprawling over the bluffs, of the mansion on the hill so inaccessible, and with such wonderful views when you got to it, of the blaze of sunshine from which there was no escape, and of that unceasing wind with its tremendous blasts at some seasons which modulated into a mild purr at other seasons, but which, being without intermission, occasionally purred its victims into the insane asylum.

Aunt Rebecca and Aunt Sue were not less puzzled than the other relatives over this marriage. Later they concluded that they had fathomed the mystery in so far as there was a mystery. With Eleanor's circle the explanation that she loved her lover seemed hardly adequate. At most it was only sufficient to account for the fact of the marriage, and quite insufficient to account for her fine enthusiasm over the prospect of a new life in the West. The aunts said that it was a passion for adventure. They meant the superficial accidents of life in what was then a raw frontier town, where society might be amusing but was sure to be mixed, and where livelier traditions of Western enterprise, the hold-up and the spectacular train-robbery had not yet become entirely traditional. They would have come nearer the truth had they realized, as Eleanor did, that passionate longing of the human heart to be emancipated from the fetters of a civilization which presses heavily and binds the nature.

She had been carried away by typhoid fever when Endicott was fifteen. Seven years had not sufficed to dim the outlines of that gracious image in the young man's mind. He was conscious, even in his earliest boyhood days, of an extra maternal love, which he attributed in his childish reasoning to the fact that she was loving him not only for himself but for her first-born who died when a mere baby. Endicott believed that he owed all that he was to his mother, including a strong bias for music. His first lessons had come from her. His easy mastery of the elements of piano-playing surprised everybody, and the more so because it seemed not to interfere with his studies. When, on his return from an Eastern university, Endicott found himself at issue with his father on the question of his future, he was troubled. Men in New York and Boston,

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whose opinions he respected, had urged him to think seriously of a musical career. Old Mr. Helmuth had been amused at first over the preposterousness of the idea. He laughed scornfully as he might have done had someone said to him, "Your son would make an excellent tight-rope performer." When Endicott offered a few reasons chiefly in support of the dignity of the profession of music he was annoyed.

The subject came up at intervals. Endicott made no declaration of his purpose, but the whole miserable business began to loom large like a spectre in the father's mind. The persistency of the young man reminded him of the persistency of his mother. Helmuth recalled the admiration with which he had watched the quiet operation of her will in subduing the antagonism of parents, brothers, to say nothing of the rank and file of relatives, and in shaping her course so as to follow him to his home in the West. A feeling akin to suffocation came over him when he compared mother and son and realized how alike they were. The presence of the distinguished pianist at his dinner-table had the effect of a challenge on old Helmuth.

There was a note of defiance in his voice when he turned to DuBois and said: "You belong to that unfortunate race called musicians?"

"I have that honor," said the young man.

"It's a poor business."

DuBois took it for granted that the eminent man of affairs alluded to the small financial emoluments of the artistic life, and he uttered some commonplaces about the rewards which are better than money.

"I don't mean that," said Helmuth, positively. "I mean that it's a little business, petty, undignified. I've seen a girl play the violin, and I thought the instrument fitted her. I had no pleasure in the performance, but I thought it was a very lady-like occupation; but I can't imagine anything worse than the spectacle of a man fiddling. You fellows who play the piano make more noise—I hope I'm not abusive?"—this with a faint gleam of ironic humor in his eyes—"that is, you get a greater volume of tone from your instrument, and you have more to show for the effort than the fiddlers; but what does it all amount to in the end?"

"I understand father's feeling," said Endicott, not giving DuBois time to reply. "It is not merely that he thinks a man ought to be practical, but there are so many large interests in the world which affect numbers of people for good or ill, and so few men with the ability or the training to manage those interests, that he says it's a great risk to run—setting aside the important work for art."

Endicott idealized his father's attitude a little. The senior Helmuth's feeling toward "art" was plain, undisguised contempt. It was akin to the attitude shown by a chess-player toward a man who demeans himself to the trivialities of checkers; the man might be doing something useful, namely, playing chess. This great man of affairs had played the game of life with the most vital of interests at stake, many dollars, many risks, many dangers, not to himself alone, but to all who remotely depended upon him. He had made money, it is true, but, after all, that had been a minor consideration, an incident in his career. The true object of the game was in the splendid playing of what other men might have played with a timid grasp and ineffectually.

His motives had not been altruistic, either. He was as far removed from that as he had been from sordidness. He wanted his son to take up the whole complex affair and carry it on, and now the son prated of art.

"Your word art," said old Helmuth, turning to DuBois as if he were guiltily responsible both for the thing itself and the name, "your word art always reminds me of something I heard a Kentuckian say. Who was that fellow, Endicott, the one we met in Jacksonville? No matter. He had a school somewhere in Kentucky. I talked with him; he was a man of sense. He said to me: 'I can size up a girl the minute she lands at my school; if she wears big sleeves and says she only wants to study literature and art, I know she's a fool.' Now, that may not be quite just, Mr. DuBois, but there's a good deal in it."

"It is much like politics," said DuBois, smiling imperturbably. He spoke with a marked accent, often choosing his words well, but weaving in an occasional bit of slang, which he employed with almost

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comic precision. "We have no common ground. I am of a country where art is held in highest repute, where musicians and painters and sculptors are admired. You have no art, because you have no public to comprehend art. Americans are continually saying: 'Behold us; we are great!' There is need of something besides steam to make a nation great—art, par example. You are not off it—I mean *in* it—you and your nation, in comparison with the nations of Europe. You say, 'Does it pay?' always 'Does it pay?' If it does, you approve; if it pays not, you ——" and he ended with a pantomimic expression of the way in which an American millionnaire would relegate art to the devil.

"Yes," said Helmuth, "we value the thing that pays: I admit it. But when we say 'It pays' we don't always mean that it pays in money. However, money is a good test. It shows that the enterprise is in a healthy condition. I notice," darting a sharp glance at DuBois from under his shaggy eyebrows, "that you fellows, with your horns and fiddles, like our steam-made money pretty well."

"One must live," said DuBois, simply. After a pause he added: "I am a missionary here. I help to civilize the country. If I suffer, I also get money; it is a little compensation."

Old Helmuth snorted derisively. Civilizing America by means of music seemed to him unspeakably grotesque. Perhaps some philanthropic foreigner would undertake to cleanse our politics by sprinkling violet water on the ward bosses.

A moment later his anger began to kindle toward a man who could have the vanity to talk in his presence of civilizing America. The anger was natural. Helmuth had been one of the vanguard of that great army which subdues a new country, wrests it from the grasp of brute nature and brute man. He had been public-spirited. If the world immediately about him did not always recognize that fact, it is because the world is pretty stupid, and understands an ostentatious display of public spirit better than any other kind.

Perhaps he would not have felt so bitter had he not once gloried in the thought of how Endicott would take hold of the thousand complexities of his great business interests and master them with easy superiority. They were too manifold for men of less force than his. And the whole fabric was so delicate that it required constant attention. It was not alone a great opportunity; it was a great duty. How could a young man with a conscience put by the duty and the opportunity alike? Helmuth believed in work; work for poor men because they must, for rich men, because they had the power to work effectively, above all for rich men's sons, because of their magnificent opportunities. And here was Endicott proposing to throw away his great chance. It was worse than mere flippancy; it was eating the bread of idleness.

"Your newness to our country can be the only possible explanation of a remark like that," said Helmuth. "You haven't looked about you, or, if you have, your eyes are not open. What this country needs is not more musicians, but more men."

"There is room for both," said DuBois.

"There is room for men, the musicians will come whether or no."

"And it is possible," continued Du Bois, "for some that they be both men and musicians—like Mr. Endicott here."

"I'd rather see him digging in the ditch along with a pack of common Italian laborers," rejoined Helmuth, fiercely. "I can excuse you, Mr. DuBois, because you were brought up to think as you do; but there's no excuse for an American. There's work to do here."

Helmuth was surprised at the sudden growth of his own hostility toward his son's guest. At first he had liked the fellow, had admired a little the way in which he played his part—a part which to the financier's mind consisted chiefly in taking the attitude of one who was doing something useful rather than teaching girls and women to strum on the piano, and teaching them solemnly in order to dignify the foolish business.

But his hostility to music was as nothing compared with his hostility to the thought of Endicott's abandoning a plain duty to ally himself with these waifs and gypsies of civilization. The city might overrun with singers and players on instruments for all he cared, but that they should come into his life vexed him unspeakably.

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Not until this minute had he felt how definite and settled Endicott's purpose was. His heart sank. He wished he could plead abandonment, appeal to the youth's sympathies. That would be to act a part indeed. Never had a man shown himself so rugged, so little dependent upon the outward manifestations of affection. He loved Endicott in his rough, silent way, but it would never have occurred to him either to give or to expect tenderness of speech and gesture. Love, passion, were words the meaning of which he had known but once. From Endicott he expected loyalty.

And the shame of it! To be asked at the club what Endicott was up to, and be obliged to reply that he was playing the piano! He could see the look of quizzical astonishment in General Nash's eyes at this disclosure. To be sure the General's son was "up to" nothing useful. "He was having his fling," the General briefly explained one day; there was a reminiscent tone in his voice. The fling seemed largely to consist in the young man's being brought home at unusual hours of the night, and in a condition which did not permit of his walking or even stumbling up-stairs. Once, indeed, he was found in his dress-suit, with hat crushed over his eyes, curled up on the lowest step of the staircase, and fiercely resentful of any proposition which looked toward putting him to bed.

Helmuth knew all this. He had no feeling about it. Getting drunk was not a gentleman-like occupation; however, this much could be said for it—it was not abnormal. But there was no cure that he had ever heard of for the disease of piano-playing.

II

"He will never give his approval," said Endicott, as the two young men mounted the last turn of the steps leading to the studio, followed by the butler with the after-dinner coffee.

"You must be content to go without his approval," responded DuBois. "You have no alternative. It is written."

"I wish I felt sure that it *was* written. Who can know? It is impossible to speak with certainty."

"I am sure; take my judgment upon it. Is it that I ever flatter? What motive have I that can make for any good but your own?"

DuBois took his cigarette-case from his pocket, lighted one of the slender little rolls and commenced to blow long shafts of pale-blue smoke into the air. He looked about him with intense satisfaction. He loved the atmosphere of Endicott's musical work-shop. Here was one place where the eye was not wearied with hackneyed portraits of "great composers" and where the walls were blessedly innocent of photographs of operatic celebrities with scrawling autographs as ostentatiously displayed as if the writers expected to figure in the advertisement of a nerve-tonic or a pomade.

Endicott poured the coffee and passed one of the cups to DuBois.

"Grazie," he said. He drank, and smoked, and looked serene. "You never have any portraits of opera-singers here; it is a relief. There are three things which I detest: a cornet-player, a fat opera-singer, and a curly-maple piano. Kelly, the broker, wanted me to try the piano in his wife's sitting-room the other night—I dined with him. I said, 'No, I never play on a *white* piano. I can play nothing lighter colored than rosewood.'"

Endicott laughed, "Didn't you play at all?"

"Certainly not; one must draw the line somewhere. The instrument was indecent. You cannot fancy a violinist playing on a white violin."

"Kelly knows a good deal about music, doesn't he?"

"So much that if he didn't talk about it one would think he knew it all. But he judges a pianist as he judges an express-train—by its velocity. He would have ten instruments in a row and a man at each instrument. He would give the signal for them all to begin on the same piece. The one who finished first would be the best player. Kelly admires speed; he is an American."

The two men chatted for a while and then were silent, enjoying that form of comradeship which permits those who understand one another to exchange some of their best thoughts without the trouble of uttering them.

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Once DuBois went to the piano and played. Endicott listened and studied his guest, rehearsing to himself the narrative of the famous pianist's life, and living over again their personal relations during the last six months.

Alexis DuBois was French by descent, Russian by accident of birth, and had received his musical education in the chief city of Bavaria. His gifts were unusual and his training had been severe. Fame came to him rather easily, and one of its results was that in a surprised moment he put his signature to a contract to give a series of concerts in America. The management was said to be competent, and the salary appeared to him bewilderingly magnificent.

He found himself the sensation of a brief day, trumpeted in strident tones that abashed him; his name printed in letters taller and redder than he had ever seen before; his picture stuck up in innumerable windows; the simple facts of his unpretentious life dramatically rendered and shamefully exaggerated, and a piano shipped about the country for his use with the name of the maker emblazoned in gold on the side turned toward the audience. At first he was confused; the glitter, the noise, the air of vulgar advertising about the whole business stunned him. He played his concerto at two or three concerts in a dream. This manner of thrusting art down the public throat was new to him. Then music was something to be commended from the housetops, as one might vociferate the merits of a soap, a baking-powder, a sewing-machine? Never before had this occurred to him.

For a while his distress was so great that he thought to give it all up, to abandon the golden reward that was to be earned by this sacrifice of the decencies; he would steal away, and leave the matter to explain itself as best it might. The "eccentricity" of genius would cover much. And really the splendid honorarium seemed insufficient to pay for the degradation.

One evening as he thought it all over, dealing with the problem point by point, the matter clarified as by magic, and his duty lay before him so clearly marked and so easy withal that he wondered he had not seen it before. He realized the thing visually. He seemed to be in a crowded room, all chatter and laughter and noise, where people pressed about him and stared with smiling and good-natured but vulgar curiosity. And when the heat and the light and the gleam of silk and flash of diamonds became oppressive, suddenly a door opened near him, and he found himself in a cool, dimly lighted passage, fragrant with flowers, where two or three people wandered about. They seemed to know him. They glanced at him with interest, but appeared rather to avoid him, as if they knew he wished to be alone. He was drawn to them by this touch of delicacy, and he wondered who they were.

Then it was that he understood exactly the duty and the spirit in which it should be performed.

In those vast audiences which had greeted him, there were a few who understood perfectly what he was trying to accomplish. He could not know who they were (the pianist is not able to study the faces of his audience), and applause tells nothing, since it is not always the most appreciative listener who applauds the loudest. None the less they were there. He had a message for them, a duty to perform. He owed them something. For their sake he was under obligation to display his art in its most gracious aspect. His peculiar power lay in a reverential treatment of the work of certain masters, in the suppression of self and the exaltation of the composer's genius till it seemed as if the great dead were present and spoke through him, their viceroy. In this spirit he played, and trusted that the message found its way to the hearts that could understand it.

This had happened three years since. The blare of advertising trumpets was over. It had quieted down only to burst out afresh when the wisdom and the thrift of piano-makers and impresarios should have decided what would pay best. Alexis DuBois was no longer the sensation. His qualities were not brilliant enough to satisfy the mob, and the genuine lovers of music were too few to make possible the support of an art so eminently self-effacing.

His life resolved itself into very simple

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elements, the humdrum of daily teaching varied by an occasional recital before a handful of friends, and at intervals a trip to Europe. It had never occurred to him to return to Germany to live. The break with the Old World and the old life was complete. His mission was here; and it was as high as it was definite. He must save souls for music. Exactly thus did he phrase it to himself. No religious devotee ever toiled more passionately than did this apostle of sincerity and truth in musical art. Some few among the hundred who came to him would have the rare and precious gift. To find this gift, and having found it, to cherish and develop it by every means in his power—this was Alexis DuBois's life.

His intimacy with Endicott Helmuth began in the commonplace relation of teacher and pupil. After a few lessons DuBois said to him: "I can teach you nothing, but you must continue to come to me. I will play for you, you will play for me. I will take the fee as for lessons, since one must live. You are rich, and I do not know if you would wish to accept my time for a gift. After a few months I shall know perfectly about you."

He then explained to Endicott his idea. The difficulty seemed to be mechanical. DuBois felt that he had not time to become a drill-master; he was a discerner of men, an interpreter of music, not a technician. There was a pedagogue in Germany who had a remarkable gift in developing the hand. He had done wonders with muscles far less pliable than Endicott's appeared to be. Two years with this teacher and every last difficulty between the mind and the hand would be destroyed. The hand would perfectly execute the "soul's intending."

DuBois's persuasion was hardly needed to lead Endicott definitely to take the step. He had been growing into the idea for several years. Perhaps this last opinion from an eminent authority brought the matter more speedily to the inevitable conclusion.

The young men talked as they loved best to talk, in generous silences broken by occasional brief and pointed expressions. So completely had every point been discussed that they enjoyed a free interchange of ideas with only a minimum of words.

There was a timid knock. Endicott rose, went to the door, and threw it open. One of the maids handed him a note. "From Mr. Helmuth," she said. "There is no answer." There was but a sentence. Endicott had read it before the rustle of her skirts died away, as she moved quietly down the staircase. The father's broad hand filled the page with these words: "Come to my room when you are at liberty; no matter what hour—I shall be awake."

Endicott went back to the divan.

"I am going presently," said Alexis, as if he had divined the contents of the note.

"There is no reason why you should go. I am to have a talk with father some time to-night, but it makes no difference when. If he wanted to see me now he would say so. It's all one to him whether we talk at nine in the evening or three in the morning.

"Quite the same, I am going," said DuBois. "There is a call to be made on the way home, and at home there is always the work. Perhaps your talk may last longer than you expect; you are well to begin soon."

"Well, then, if you insist, go; but it is too late for your call, see—eleven o'clock." Endicott held up his watch. "And by the way," he said, jestingly, "take a parting look at me so that you will remember me. I may go to-morrow. In that case there'll be no time for farewells."

An expression very like tenderness came into the great musician's eyes. "I shall not forget your face," he said. "I shall not forget *you*." He paused a moment, then put his hands on Endicott's shoulders and looked earnestly and long into the young man's eyes. "I could almost be—what is your word?—sentimental," he said.

"Don't be," said Endicott, smiling very much and really afraid his friend would become demonstrative, perhaps salute him on either cheek in that dreadful German fashion. "I'll walk over to the street-car with you," he added. And as he led the way down the stairs he reflected on that peculiarity of human nature whereby two women are permitted to fall into each

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other's arms and embrace passionately, smothering one another with kisses, while two men will stare at one another like sheep, each in terror lest he betray his honest manly liking for his friend.

They crossed the boulevard to the parallel street along which the electric-cars flashed to and fro. DuBois began to signal his car before it had left the block. His method was original; Endicott had not been able to cure him of it and had ceased to try. Usually he would grasp his umbrella by the middle and pump it up and down horizontally as if it were the brake of an old-fashioned fire-engine. It was grotesque, but it was effective.

"I think," said Endicott, gravely, "that it may stop if you keep that up."

"Surely it will," replied DuBois with intense conviction.

The car halted. DuBois gave a hurried, anxious glance as if to assure himself that the monster had stopped at both ends and then scrambled aboard. He turned with a serene expression and waved a good-by. That look of triumph always came into his eyes when he had successfully achieved his entrance into an open electric-car.

Endicott stood for a moment watching the receding car, laughing to himself partly with amusement, partly with affection, then strolled back to the house. A huge Angora cat was gravely crossing the dimly lighted hall as he entered, and turned an instant to look at him, with big, inscrutable eyes. Endicott spoke a bantering word to the animal as it vanished in the darkness, and then went to his father's room.

He knew exactly what the old gentleman would be doing. Ever since the boy could remember, old Helmuth had been accustomed to read in bed. He had reduced it to a science. He had studied the problem of light, the angle of the body, and the size of type, until he knew perfectly how to get the greatest amount of comfort. He had a rack for holding the heavy book, for he refused to read anything printed in small or blurred type, and he was often compelled to take an unwieldy volume.

He read principally fiction of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. The longer and heavier the novel the better. He had a contempt for a short story as he had a contempt for a little business undertaking involving petty risks and childishly small returns. With all his reading he was absolutely blind to the artistry of the work. That it required years of observation and practice to enable one to depict the facts of life as these novelists did hardly occurred to him. So far as he reflected upon it at all, story-writers were a lower order of being, like vaudeville "artists." He classed them with dancers, with performers upon the trapeze, the horizontal bars.

As Endicott approached the bed he was struck with the wonderful appearance of youth in his father's face. Could it be the way the tempered light fell upon the features, hiding rather than bringing out the marks of time? The old man had lost ten years since they parted at the dinner-table not six hours ago. The grotesque image of those fathers of standard fiction and drama who age suddenly in the struggle with wilful sons, flashed across the young man's mental vision. He compared the fathers in books with this living reality. *His* father at least had grown younger. It came to him as by a revelation that conscious of the son's intended desertion the old warrior had renewed his youth to meet responsibilities he had thought to put by. At an age when so many men are anxious to rest, to drowse over the newspaper, to hug the fireplace, or the whist-table, to let care go, this wonderful old man had summoned all his force to meet the great emergency. For an instant Endicott rejoiced that he was taking this step since its first result was to rob his father of the infirmities of age.

Helmuth motioned Endicott to a seat and pushed away the rack that held the volume.

"Well, what do you propose?" He bent upon his son a penetrating look, full of sagacity and worldly wisdom, and touched with a grim humor not unmixed with scorn.

"I want to go abroad and study for two years. The idea is one that has been maturing in my mind almost unconsciously for a long time. I wish I might go with your entire approval, father."

"To study, you say—study what?"

"Music—the piano."

"You call it study?" said Helmuth

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with that fine note of sarcasm which Endicott loved to hear.

"Yes," said the young man, "musicians call it study."

"Give me, if you can, an intelligent account of your aims. I'll summon all my waning mental powers to my aid and see if I can comprehend it." The proud curl of his lips as he spoke of his waning mental powers was something to see and to admire. "Do your best with it; I'll listen without a word. If the argument can be reduced to plain terms so that a plain man can understand it, so much the better. Come, what does it all mean?"

Endicott had often noted how arguments for the existence of art seemed to wither before the homely questioning of the man of affairs. Now he realized it afresh. It is more agreeable to plead the cause of music before an audience of musicians. The speaker and the hearers keep one another in countenance. They take the main fact for granted, and argue only about the unessentials.

Endicott felt that in a way he had mastered the argument. He had often rehearsed it to himself, not with a view to meeting creditably an emergency like this, but to confirm himself in his belief. But he knew at the moment his logical ingenuity was most subtle and penetrating that if the last shred of argument were shown to be fallacious, he would believe exactly the same. He needed no ground for his belief; his nature asserted an inborn right to be itself.

Nevertheless he stated the case clearly, in as succinct phrases as he could command, first in its broader aspects, then in its relation to himself. He disguised none of the unfavorable aspects of the matter, the comparatively low estimate put upon music in the New World, the petty financial gains. There was something eloquent in his phrasing at moments, but the most eloquent argument was one of which he was unconscious; it was that look of his mother in his eyes.

He was silent. The father studied his face for a time without uttering a word. Endicott fancied that he might acquiesce, that the reasons had been put with a definiteness sufficient to command respect.

"This is the best you can say for it?"

Endicott smiled. Had he not said much?

"Have you no argument for explaining your willingness to shirk a duty as plain as the daylight?"

"Does it look like shirking a duty, father?"

"Endicott," rang out the old man, "I can give you a stronger word than that: it's cowardice!"

Endicott shook his head.

"Cowardice," repeated the father. "Admit that you're a skulker, that you haven't the nerve to face the battle of life. Admit that it's loafing, this thing that you propose; disguise it to your friends under any one of the book phrases you like best, but admit to *me* that it's loafing and I'll say no more. I'll do the work"—that wonderful look of youth flamed up in the old man's face—"I'll do the work."

"Father," cried Endicott, springing to his feet, "*you're glad that I'm going!*" You would have been disappointed if I had given up."

A light came into Helmuth's eyes such as the youth had never seen before. It was the light of returning ambition. What must the father have been in his prime who could show energy like this in his old age!

Endicott was right. Bitterly as he had resented his son's pusillanimity Helmuth had an emotion akin to rapture when the decision was made.

This antagonism to his will had taught him that his own power of achievement was unimpaired. He felt that nothing was beyond his reach. He could take up the whole complex scheme to-morrow and handle it as became a master.

He was like an athlete who after years of disuse finds that he is able to do what he imagined to be long since impossible. It is with bitterness of heart that age abases itself before youth.

With something akin to exaltation old Helmuth thought he saw his son quail before responsibilities which he himself had borne so lightly.

"I've said my last word, Endicott."

"Will you say good-by, father?"

The old man took the youth's hand for an instant. Whatever emotions may or may not have been surging in their hearts there was not a shadow of external disturbance. They parted like men who have failed to understand one another.

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Old Helmuth turned out the reading-light.

Endicott opened the door and examined the night-latch to see that it worked properly. He turned and glanced toward the bed. The old man was breathing regularly. He must have fallen asleep at once. Endicott approached and looked with admiration at the massive head outlined on the pillow. Unconquered energy was written in every lineament. He then went noiselessly out of the room. The faint click of the night-latch sounded behind him.

III

THE place had but little to give it distinction in the eyes of tourists. It lay at one side out of the beaten track. The vast army of sight-seers hurried through the broad valley all the summer months, only a few stragglers penetrating to this clean, old-fashioned town.

The few in question were the wide-eyed victims of other few, who, clamorous of novelty and weary of their kind, had tried to make a virtue of coming here. They extolled to the skies the serenity and charm of this neglected corner of Europe. When questioned by callow fellow-voyagers, who, being happy over such platitudes as the Rhine or Interlaken, might have been left alone in their innocent enjoyment, as to what they should find in case they went, the hardened ones always became vague but earnest. There were pictures, at least there was one very remarkable picture, and then, with real enthusiasm, "Besides, you know, Kammerhauser is buried there!"

The painting was, indeed, old enough and ugly enough to deserve its modest reputation. But, after all, one old painting and the tomb of one third-rate German poet cannot make a summer-resort, much less a shrine, worthy the attention of pilgrims. None the less, people continued to come. They stayed a few days or a few hours, paid their bills in full consciousness that the accommodations of the excellent little hotel were worth all and more than the landlord asked. And, besides, there was the "indescribable charm," you know.

Ashamed to confess that they had been cheated, they spoke of the charm to other travellers; and thus it happened that every summer small parties detached from the great army of tourists mounted the wooded ridge beyond which lay the town. These people formed a sort of religious sect after their return to America. They were always delighted to meet one another. Usually each had a friend who had been there; the friend had felt that vague something.

There were visitors of another sort, young men for the most part, who came with every appearance of intending to stay for a month, a year, for several years. They had no eyes for the old painting or the ugly tomb. They were of every nationality: Russians, Germans, English, Italians, Americans, a Greek, and one queer youth who might have stood as the general representative of dwellers in Mesopotamia, or perchance in the parts of Lybia about Cyrene.

The Americans were lads of the sort you may see in the assembly-room of any high-school. Their bright, clear, unsophisticated faces, their good-humored assurance, their bantering ways, were American. So, too, were their enthusiasms, their awkwardnesses, their innocent Bohemianisms. Many of them wore spectacles, and all allowed their hair to grow a little longer than they would have done had they been at home in Oswego or Muscatine. A few were quite poor, the majority were decently provided for, one or two were rich.

They were here because of their devotion to that intractable instrument, the piano-forte. Not a few of these students played well, but in every instance the interpretative power had outstripped the ability to execute.

The magnet which drew them to this obscure corner of Germany was a certain wonderful pedagogue of the painstaking type which this extraordinary country produces in the few hours of respite from military drill. Originally a physician, who played the piano and wrote epic poetry in order to keep his mind fully occupied, he had made a profound study of the fingers and wrist in their relation to his favorite musical instrument, and had published an epoch-making book, "Die Klavier-Spielende Hand," an ordered, thor-

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ough-going, minutely exact and all-comprehensive treatise, which, in its twenty-seventh much-augmented *und viel verbesserte Ausgabe*, was the *vade mecum* of every student in the town.

Eminent masters sent promising pupils to this man for technical repairs, as one might say. The Herr Doctor drilled each pupil separately, and wrote special exercises for the peculiarities of the individual hands. He was paid for each lesson in advance, and he always gave a receipt for the laughably small fee. He refused to allow the tuition to be paid in a lump sum at the beginning of the term, because he discovered that he lost interest in the pupil's progress; and he was equally loath to have it paid at the close of the term, because he had had the misfortune more than once to lose both pupil and fees.

The system was terribly exhausting—physically and mentally. If you lived through it, had not been ill-taught before coming there, and had talent besides, you might get on. Very few lived through it. The hours of mechanical drill killed the musical sensibilities. The Doctor would allow no tunes to be played. The liveliest air ever heard in that town was the scale of C major in double-thirds.

"Another three months of this and *my* earthly career closes," said a lank, homely youth whose great hands and long bony wrists seemed out of proportion to his body and head. "What I ought to have done was to stay right home in Oquawka and help father run the button factory."

"Do you regret coming?"

"Do I regret coming? Of *course* I regret coming. Why should I seek an early grave in this way? I'm no Mozart to be buried young."

"You don't look frail and you don't eat frail."

"Looks have nothing to do with it. I wish you felt as frail as I feel at this minute. You'd write home for money to-night and when it came you'd start by the first cattle-steamer and hope to die in the bosom of your family."

"Cheer up, Lemuel," shouted a bullet-headed, black-haired, young New Englander. "Think how you've improved!" He slapped the desponding Lemuel on the shoulder. "You've got a career before you. You'll astonish America when you get back. You're going to show all Illinois and Iowa how the piano ought to be handled."

"That's it," said Lemuel, "I can show them exactly how a piano ought to be handled, but I was idiotic enough to suppose that I could demonstrate how the piano ought to be played. Yes, that's exactly what I'm fitting myself for, a piano-mover. Can any of you fellows tell how it got into my head that I could learn that devilish instrument? My natural vehicle of expression is the bass drum; it's melodious, inspiring, and requires a minimum of technique. I might even have risen to the concertina, though p'r'aps it's presumptuous to say so."

The frequenters of the small restaurant were always a little the happier when Lemuel Shattuck had an attack of what he called "the solemns!" He was an earnest soul and took his griefs severely.

"When did this fit come on you, Lemuel?" asked Endicott Helmuth.

"'Tisn't a fit this time; it's the shadow of approaching dissolution. I'm liable to die any day now during my afternoon practise hour. How is it the historical musicians always go off? Don't they pass away just at sunset? And they improvise strange harmonies just before the supreme moment. . . . I'm going to do that. I shall be playing the descending scale in parallel sixths, full of weird unearthly melody, and just as I reach the bottom my tired spirit will flap its wings and soar hence."

He lifted his beer-mug, drank copiously, and with a sigh set it down. The boys grinned at him. They sympathized, but no one ever felt at liberty to tell him the truth, namely, that he was trying to master something that was out of his reach. Said one: "You're homesick, that's all."

"Homesick! Were you ever in Oquawka? . . . I thought not. No sir, I'm not homesick."

He turned to Endicott: "Your work's done."

Endicott nodded.

"When do you go?"

"Next week; I'm waiting for a letter from Munich."

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"May I go with you and carry your valise and your music-roll?"

Endicott laughed. "You'll feel better when you've eaten that sausage."

"*No*, sir; my nature's blighted. I shall never be a well man again."

Here another young man broke in and began to anathematize the "method" in good set terms. It was all wrong. Any forcing process was necessarily wrong. People were going to see the folly of this and stop coming. It was unnatural. Technique and expression must go hand in hand.

"You are not obliged to stay," said Helmuth. "You can stop whenever you think you've had enough. A man must judge for himself about that."

"I defy any man to stop after the Doctor has hold of him," retorted the critic. "He may die in his tracks, but he can't stop. The fellow inoculates you with his enthusiasm and the disease has to run its course. You say to yourself, 'What does it matter if my brain does dry up? After he's done with me I'm a free man for life.' And you keep right on."

Endicott had kept right on, and so far as he could tell he was none the worse for it. The time of his probation proved shorter than he anticipated. He saw the advantages of that early training from his mother when she had put him through a course of drill looking toward nothing more than giving him an additional resource, a finer pleasure as he came to manhood.

He was now awaiting a letter from an eminent composer and teacher in Munich. He had written asking if he might come. After a slight delay the answer arrived; the eminent composer was too busy to see anyone. Endicott packed his trunk and started for Munich. He called and presented his card. "I told you not to come," said the master with a frown such as one might wear in trying to look more severe than one really felt.

"I told you not to come. I have no time to give you—not a half hour, not even the minutes you are taking from me now."

He seemed not to be angry at the unexpected apparition in his drawing-room of the handsome young man, but rather surprised. His manner was as if he had said, "The box is full and the lid closes easily, why do you try to put more into it?"

Endicott reflected for a moment. "Will you hear me play?" he asked.

"To what purpose? The day contains just so many hours."

"May I touch the instrument merely? I wish if possible to justify my coming for the sake of one of my masters."

The world-famous musician gave a shrug of assent which said more plainly than words that the sooner this pushing young man played the sooner his visit would terminate.

Endicott seated himself at the piano. He was conscious that much—he hardly dared to think how much—depended on the first half-dozen notes. He wondered at his own coolness. He looked down at his hands as he held them poised over the key-board. They might have been of bronze; not a tremor, not the flutter of a nerve. Yet he was in the presence of one of the eminent composers of the day, a man of vast learning and unparalleled fecundity, a successful practitioner in nearly all the forms of his art, a writer of symphonies, string-quartets, sonatas for the violin, sonatas for the piano, sonatas for the organ, as well as a precious series of *pièces de salon* which were thought to have brought out hitherto unknown resources of the piano. And Endicott must interest this man at the time when he was too busy to be interested. He played two sketches of his own; they were brief, captivating, but scientific. His object was to show the master that he had inventive power and that he was learned in the traditions of the schools. Then with an audacity at which he afterward shuddered he played one of the master's own most hackneyed compositions, an étude-impromptu which had literally gone round the world in its uncompromising popularity. He had always felt that there was a meaning which the public imperfectly apprehended. He now sounded its profoundest depths, and showed that he was not of the mob which hears superficially. It was a venture which, if it did not mean loss, meant triumphant gain. At the expiration of twenty minutes he rose from the piano.

He hardly knew how the rest of it came

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about. He tried afterward to recollect the exact phrases, but they were blurred by the superior radiance of the blazing central fact that the master accepted him. The knowledge that someone had to suffer for his small triumph was uncomfortable, but he put that aside; it was a world where he always seemed to be profiting at the expense of others, and with no effort whatever, by merely letting himself go, he could have become morbid on the subject. The eminent composer had explained briefly that for his own peace of mind and for the sake of art he would "release" a pupil, the least promising of several whose resources of talent were in arrears of their resources of pocket-book. Endicott should have his hours. There was no opportunity for remonstrance. The master had merely told him what he proposed to do, and then had bundled him out of the house.

The months that followed were the most fruitful and in some respects the happiest of Endicott Helmuth's life. He was conscious of making abnormally long strides in his art, but he felt that he was doing it easily. The impossibilities of yesterday resolved themselves into possibilities to-day, and by to-morrow they would be met and conquered. He made two or three public appearances under the protection of his master and received a tempered praise from high sources that was worth much to him. The concerts yielded a few marks—comically few the chief performer thought. Endicott stood in no small need of money; he had brought but little with him, none had been tendered from the overflowing coffers at home, and he had not been able to bring himself to ask for relief.

In the brief notes which he sent home at regular intervals money and music were the two subjects never mentioned. That his father tossed the letters aside and left them unanswered did not surprise Endicott. A man who during his son's college days had corresponded generally by means of checks, was not likely to be communicative in these altered conditions.

Endicott's position was anomalous. In America he was believed to be heir to an immense fortune. He had always accepted the common view of his financial status and had thought no more about it. Dollars looked bigger now and he had more time to reflect. He began to wonder how much of that "fortune" was tied up in the multifarious business interests of the sort his father had been conducting for years. He knew that the father had never looked upon money as something to be hid in a napkin. He thought he remembered having overheard the remark that all Helmuth's money was "in the business," though it might well be that he had heard it so often of other men that he took it for granted as true of his father also. He knew how often those fortunes had proven insubstantial after the financier's death. He began to wonder whether any part of the old man's antagonism to the musical project was due to apprehension lest this vast fabric was insecurely based. On that point Helmuth's lips had been tightly closed; never once had he said, "For my sake don't do this thing," but always "For your own sake."

Endicott could have reconciled himself easily to the prospect of having nothing. More and more he began to fear the effect of that fortune upon his art. He had a singular fancy. As nearly as he could express it to himself it was in substance this:

He thought that the artist should be paid for the exercise of his power, and if, because of an attractive quality in his art, the rewards were large, this was a blessing to the artist and a credit to the public. But he also felt that it was a questionable proceeding for a rich man to practise art and accept money for it. If the rich man wrote books let him not print; if he painted pictures let him keep them in his studio and lock the studio; if he was a musician let him perform behind closed doors and in a sound-proof room. In the world of science it seemed otherwise. The rich man might with propriety take an active part in the expedition or exploring party which his money had fitted out. With respect to the arts there was only one legitimate relation which the rich man could sustain; he was bound to be a generous patron and to show himself as intelligent as his limitations would permit.

Endicott longed to feel that the nakedness of his financial resources was real and not apparent. Prosperity which came by way of inheritance rather than by work

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would, he felt, ruin him. He laughed at the absurdity of his apprehensions. Was this a thing to give one insomnia? Most men were kept awake from lack of money, not from fear of having it.

At the present moment he could have fortified himself cheerfully to undergo for a few months at least the discipline of wealth. But this was during a period of depression. The virtues are human; they need rest and a change now and then, and courage among the others.

Exactly at this critical time Endicott met the famous lion-tamer who for a year at least was to play an important part in his affairs. The man dropped down from North Germany, having previously made clear, by a series of telegrams, for what general purpose he intended to drop. This was to save time, as he afterward explained; he must take a steamer on the tenth, everything remained to do. He was a round-visaged, round-bellied New York German, dressed as if he had made up for the other side rather than this side of the footlights. Endicott had a bewildered impression of a fur-lined overcoat, crumpled though immaculately clean linen, more diamonds than a man ought to wear, a silk hat, a vast capacity for the national beverage, and a bustling, energetic, New World manner. Endicott had the strangest sensation as he talked with him; in some queer way this raucous-voiced manager, whose German accent was more conspicuous than his diamonds, seemed to be the American, while Endicott, with an ancestry running straight back to the Mayflower, felt like an alien, a foreigner.

The manager greeted the young man cordially, showed his credentials, and explained his business.

In the first place, did Herr Helmoot know or know of, Herr Jorgerson, the great Swedish pianist?

Yes, Helmuth had heard of him.

"*Ach, Gott*, there was a great man!" The manager buried his face for an instant in his beer-mug.

Jorgerson, it seems, was something new and unapproachable in the world of music. He was a giant, a son of Anak, or better yet, the son of a hundred Vikings. It was a marvel to see his great frame move across the stage. Everything was dwarfed by his presence, and he smote the piano as if it had been the anvil of Thor. He had a face like a baby's, a great crop of yellow hair, and his benign countenance was decorated with an immense pair of spectacles which gleamed from afar like carriage-lamps. A remarkable player, too. They had nearly secured him for a hundred concerts in America, but the negotiations had fallen through. Jorgerson's sister was to be married soon. He himself was to be married in early winter. In short, the giant refused to come.

The vast syndicate of influences which the manager represented wanted to bring over somebody in the place of Jorgerson. They had thought of Herr Rathskeller. Probably there was not now living the man who could play so many notes to the minute as Herr Rathskeller. But he could wait. Indeed, he must wait, for they had decided to make a venture of a totally different sort. The Syndicate of Influences was going in for something new. Unobtrusiveness in art was to be exploited. The public was to be summoned by a tremendous discharge of advertising artillery to behold and see that a pianist could be quiet and musicianly. The discharge was to be unusual, to the end that the public might hear with greater distinctness the silence which should follow.

"We Americans are a peculiar people," said the manager, and again Endicott had that guilty foreign feeling, "we desire always the new or else the old a little more so; *verstehen Sie?*"

Jorgerson represented the old, that is to say, the noisy and musicianly. If they could have had him, all the requirements would have been met; Jorgerson was "more so" than any man now living. Failing to get him they were quite satisfied to go off on another tangent. Endicott was given to understand that he represented that other tangent; or, as the manager said, with a wave of the mug in his bejewelled grasp, "*You* are it."

Moreover, Endicott was an American, and that was a good point. The *neue Geist* was at work. Americans were beginning to take an interest in America. "Already are we become self-conscious"—another wave of the mug. A rich New Yorker had recently bought a picture by an American artist. This was

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one of the signs of the times. And did Herr Helmoot know that Miss Myrta Indiana, the singer, had made a successful *début* without the customary six weeks of coaching from Madame Parcheesi ?

Our young artist grasped afresh the great truth that Man was made for Advertising and not Advertising for Man. He marvelled that so much real philosophy, knowledge of the world and buncombe could dwell inside one fur overcoat.

The next day he signed a contract for 150 concerts to be given in America, the contract stating, with superfluous exactness, that he was not to go west of San Francisco or south of New Orleans.

IV

THE waiter received the order with the deference characteristic of a well-conducted club, and then departed noiselessly. Old Helmuth took up a magazine and went into the smoking-room. The place was in the sole possession of General Nash, who had fallen asleep over his newspaper, and was doubled up in an attitude that would have been infinitely uncomfortable if he had been awake to realize it.

Helmuth settled himself in an easy-chair. The waiter came with the tray on which was a tumbler containing a hot mixture. He drew up a small table, placed the tray upon it, and presented a slip to be signed. Helmuth took a swallow from the steaming glass, signed the little paper and leaned back with a feeling akin to contentment.

The slight noise had awakened General Nash, who recovered himself out of his invertebrate position and sat bolt upright, with wide open eyes which saw nothing.

The two men continued to stare at one another for several minutes. Helmuth sipped from his glass and wondered how long a man could sleep with his eyes open, and whether the General would come back to life by aid of the sense of smell or the sense of vision.

"You're the only man I know," he said, "who can sleep sitting upright."

The General bowed his head gravely.

"Did you have a good nap ? Or rather are you having a good nap ? Wake up, Nash ! "

The General rubbed his eyes, yawned, and began to look intelligent.

"Yes, I was very sleepy—Oh, it's *you !* When did you come in ? "

"Five minutes ago."

The General continued to look at his friend with a singular expression ; one eye seemed to be focused on Helmuth's face, and the other on the glass that he held in his hand.

"What are you drinking ? " he asked, growing wider awake with the effort of speech.

Helmuth named his mixture.

"I think I'll have one of those." He rose to his feet. By this time he was himself. "I had the oddest sensation when you woke me up," he said. "I knew it was you, but I thought it ought to be your boy, and I couldn't make out how the devil the transformation had come about."

Helmuth began to think that the General was not as nearly awake as he pretended to be.

"You see I'd been reading about him —all these things in the New York papers," continued the General, "and I suppose he was on my mind." He turned to look for the papers. Having slept in them for nearly an hour Nash had succeeded in reducing them to something like chaos. He smoothed them out, pieced them together, and tried to find the articles over which he had fallen asleep. At the same time he went on with his comments :

"I congratulate you—I congratulate you with all my heart. But I couldn't help thinking what a deuced close-mouthed fellow you were. I suppose you felt doubtful about the result, and you didn't care to say anything until you saw how it was going to turn out. There ! " and he thrust the papers into Helmuth's hands.

It was the familiar story of popular success, one more illustration of how the public, greedy for a new sensation, will, with equal avidity, seize upon the genuine or the meretricious.

Helmuth ran his eye down the columns and tried to make it out. But he couldn't make it out. He could see quite clearly, however, the half columns of criticism and the whole columns of interviews. Here were formal biographical notices in which

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he caught sight of his own name coupled with phrases eulogistic of his public spirit, his generous handling of great moneyed interests, and his force of character. One paper had a short leader commenting on the significant fact that, as the senior Helmuth had so triumphantly shown, if the cause of art was to take real strides in America, rich men must be willing to give, not only their dollars, but their sons and their daughters; the editor commended the well-known financier for urging his gifted son to a course which must have involved some considerable sacrifice of his own preferences with respect to that son's future.

There were pen-portraits, chiefly sketched in phrases relating to personal characteristics, and letters to the editors, framed in the well-known manner of letters to the editor.

"He seems to have turned the metropolis upside down," said General Nash. "I don't remember anything quite like it since Thalheimer came to this country. You wouldn't remember about that because he didn't come this far west. I was living in Boston then. We paid two dollars for the privilege of standing. That was a high price for standing-room in those days."

It was Helmuth who now looked as if he had just waked up. He stared at the General much as he might have done had his old fellow-clubman begun to talk Greek."

"Did you read those criticisms? Look here," and Nash pointed to certain passages bristling with admiring sentiments uttered in an unknown tongue. "Now it's rather remarkable that they should be so unanimous; they rarely think alike."

Helmuth comprehended nothing of the jargon. His anger flamed a little at men who could write so much and be so unintelligible. Nash explained it somewhat, and incidentally made the astounding disclosure that he had been for years a shameless haunter of symphony concerts and piano-recitals; he and his fat wife were two of the best-known figures in the city, conspicuous for their regularity and their invariable position in the front row. Helmuth wondered that he could know a man so well and for so long a time and not know this.

In brief, the critics had all found something to admire in Endicott's playing, and each had discovered a virtue the others had overlooked. The most neurotic among them was at peace. One eminent authority declared that he had felt the thrill. This was regarded as decisive. The critic in question was always satisfied if he had his thrill, apparently judging of music by its effect on his spinal column, as children judge of ghost-stories.

Another critic thanked God by name, and with the aid of frenzied superlatives, mixed metaphors, and split infinitives, that the brilliant young pianist played Brahms in a way to show his contempt for this pompous, blatant charlatan. It was the most tremendous piece of satire ever known, the most subtle, the most withering. What a rapture to see the foolish audience sitting there with pleased, stupid faces, while he, the critic, alone understood the player's meaning and could feel the contempt in every note! It was a great thing to be a great pianist, but how much greater to be the only critic who knew how great the pianist really was.

Another critic was happy in the thought that one man at least could play Brahms in that reverent spirit which must always come upon one when he approaches the works of this truly profound master.

Still a fourth rejoiced that now we had a pianist who did not go at his instrument with an axe. For ten years the critic had been trying to make artists understand that a piano was *not* to be considered in the light of a potential wood-pile. His teaching had at last borne fruit.

As to the last of the great metropolitan authorities on music, he could not fully express his admiration of Endicott's breadth of tone and enormous power. He doubted, did the critic, whether Jorgerson of the Mammoth Hands could produce such volume of tone. By the way, when were they to have Jorgerson? Had the Syndicate of Influences conspired with itself as usual to cheat the Public of its Rights?

Nash chatted on amiably, explaining these points, plying his astonished friend with questions, and overwhelming him with congratulations. He remembered that Endicott used to play rather prettily when a little boy, but he never dreamed

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that he had kept up practise during his college days. It was very remarkable.

"He gives his first concert here in about two weeks," said General Nash, "but you knew that, of course."

Helmuth observed that he hadn't known just when it was to be.

"Yes, two weeks from to-morrow. I have my seats reserved. You don't go to such things very much, but you'll be on hand that night, I suppose. I wish you had a seat near us."

Just then an old fellow with an immense iron-gray beard appeared at the door of the smoking-room. He stopped and gazed at the two friends. He said not a word, but "whist" was written in capital letters all over his face.

"Have you got a partner?" inquired Nash.

The man with the iron-gray beard nodded.

"I can't stop to play," said Helmuth, intent on his bewildering newspapers. "I'm going to Omaha to-night."

Nash looked toward the old fellow in the doorway. He emitted two words: "Get Baker," and turned away. Nash followed him.

Helmuth sat a minute longer, then tossed the papers to one side and rose to his feet. The magazine slipped to the floor. As he stooped to pick it up, he thought that he caught sight of Endicott's name. He turned over the leaves. At first the article eluded him; presently he found it. It was a "symposium" of learned opinions on the new pianist's art, in which the word "mentality" and "intellectuality" seemed to struggle for prominence; an admirable portrait of Endicott stood at the head. Helmuth's bewilderment increased. How it was in the air, this perfume of newly acquired renown! He did not see in the advertising supplement of the same magazine a statement in which by ingenious wording the young man was made to say that if he were to play the piano by machine rather than by hand he would certainly adopt this particular machine in preference to any other.

Old Helmuth returned from his business trip the night of Endicott's concert. He was unusually fatigued. The responsibilities that he had undertaken weighed upon him. He had felt them these last few weeks as never before. He accepted gratefully the help of the porter in alighting from the sleeping-car. He drove to the club, but changed his mind on arriving and had the cabman take him to The Beckham. He dined deliberately and felt better. The Academy was near by. At five minutes before eight he strolled out thinking to take a seat well back under the gallery where he could observe without being observed.

The sidewalk in front of the entrance was blocked with people. Carriages were arriving and departing. The brilliantly arrayed ladies who alighted from the vehicles and preceded their attendants into the lobby were according the young artist the highest honor in their power: they were dressed as for grand opera.

Helmuth tried to make his way to the box-office. People were standing in single file awaiting their turn. He took his place at the foot of the line. Ticket-holders hurried past. A gentleman recognized the eminent financier and spoke to his companion. She turned quickly and glanced back over her shoulder.

Helmuth grew weary with the effort of standing. The line began to move more rapidly. He found himself before the little window of the box-office. He thrust in a ten-dollar note. Said the ticket-agent: "Give you a general admission, no seats left." Helmuth nodded, took the ticket, crumpled the change in his hand and passed on.

He now saw why the line moved with such rapidity. Many who found it impossible to buy seats had refused to take admissions and were trying to get out. He heard a lady say to her companion: "Yes, I'm disappointed, but it really makes no difference. He's going to give two recitals. I should like to hear him with an orchestra, but I will not stand up the whole evening for any man living."

Helmuth passed through the barrier into the densely thronged house. He had the feeling which the strong, self-reliant man seldom entertains, the feeling of being forgotten. It might have been lessened had he known that in the mass of correspondence heaped upon his office-table was a letter from Endicott's manager enclosing two of the best seats in the house. Even this would have made little difference

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Helmuth was singularly devoid of sentiment. He had given no favors, and he expected none. Many a man in circumstances similar to those involving himself and his son would have cherished resentment. He was conscious of none. The youth had chosen to go his own way rather than that indicated by his father; he must work out the problem for himself. Old Helmuth would not hinder, and on no account would he help. If the elder man accused the younger of anything, he accused him of trifling; he had shown the way to a position of dignity and influence, and the son had, as it were, elected to exhibit a Punch and Judy show in the street.

The spectacle upon which Helmuth gazed at the present instant was at least no Punch and Judy show. The old man had small prejudice in favor of society, but he was not so hypocritical as to pretend to despise it. He knew the look of money and breeding, and he saw that in some mysterious way his son had become the magnet which drew these people together. That son had, in his opinion, but one real weakness, and through that weakness the present triumph became possible; for these moneyed people did not come here, plainly, to pay their respects to that set of fiddlers.

He lived painfully through the first orchestral numbers. He was not unaccustomed to places where music was used as an aid to conversation, or as a stimulant to the public thirst. This was the first time he had realized the impressive silence produced by the tap of a conductor's baton.

Endicott's appearance was the signal for a great wave of applause, which rose and instantly fell. People seemed afraid of delaying, by the warmth of their reception, the commencement of their pleasure. The old father's interest quickened as the performance went on. He was not affected by the music. Indeed, his first feeling, as the ridiculous tinkle of the piano fell upon his ear, was of amused disdain; but he found himself strangely wrought upon by the vivid interest of the audience. Had it been his habit, as it certainly was not, to think in images, he might have likened these tumultuous and massive harmonies to mountains of cumulous cloud, flushed with the sunlight, changing every instant, beautiful beyond the power of words to describe, yet painful in their beauty because so insubstantial and fleeting. He had at one instant a quickened sense of being in the presence of a contest, a struggle for supremacy, the nature of which he could not understand. At this point the foolish piano seemed to dominate the orchestra, to assert itself, to lose its trifling character and speak nobly. He heard an exclamation of "My God, how beautiful, how beautiful!" He looked toward the little knot of people standing near him and saw old Tom Sykes, as he was called, one of the town characters, a musician of real influence in his day, now a vagabond and a drunkard. Tom stood there with tears in his eyes. He was shabby as ever, but he wore, as always, a fresh rose in his button-hole. People turned as they heard the voice, smiled when they recognized Tom, and exchanged significant glances.

Helmuth wondered anew at the surprises of this evening; on the front row was Nash with his millions and his colossal reputation for whist, and here, broken-down Tom Sykes—less old in years than in dissipation—and Endicott was the force which brought them there.

A few people took advantage of the applause and the general disturbance to go out. Helmuth stood a few minutes longer, for Endicott had repeatedly to come back and bow his acknowledgments. He was recalled again and again. Finally he went toward the piano, at which the applause redoubled and instantly ceased. Those in the aisle stood still or dropped into seats just vacated.

Helmuth watched rather than listened, and as Endicott got up from the piano amid the applause and the general movement, he saw old Tom Sykes standing down close to the stage, holding up to Endicott the rose from his button-hole. The young man advanced with a frank smile and took the little tribute, and then grasped the old musician's hand. There was some laughter: everybody knew old Tom Sykes. Two or three were touched by this tribute of age and failure to youth and success.

Helmuth felt queer. The room was close, and he had a moment of dizziness. He attributed it to indigestion, bad air, weariness. His legs would not obey him,

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but with an immense effort of the will he started out. A man who knew him saw that he was not right, and offered assistance. Helmuth glared at the man, recognized him, and clung to his arm.

"To the drug-store," he gasped. "I—think I'm sick."

He was helped to one of the chairs in front of the soda-fountain. He had an immediate sense of relief, and sat for an instant looking down at his hands. Then his eyes closed and he fell over against the marble counter. The white-coated clerk dropped the glass of bromide to catch him. Other hands came to his rescue. Someone ran to the telephone to call a physician.

V

He lingered a week. Endicott was constantly at his bedside. There was but one day on which the old man seemed to realize his surroundings. The youth tried to believe that in those brief hours of consciousness it was a pleasure to the father to have him at his side. Once indeed, as he took the sick man's hand, there was an answering pressure. No question had been asked, but the son would not flatter himself into the belief that this pressure of the fingers meant approval or fatherly pride. He knew the rugged old man too well. He knew him for one as incapable of approving what his nature taught him to disapprove, as he was incapable of being brutally unjust because his will was thwarted. And the boy was too sincere to wish that the father should be converted by the flashy argument of a popular success. That alone was a genuine conversion which accepted the art for its own sake and without the clapping of hands.

In the weeks immediately following his father's death, Endicott suffered the anxieties of those who have thrust upon them duties for the meeting of which they know themselves to be ill-trained and ill-endowed. A modest competency would have gratified him, and instead of that he was condemned to the discipline of wealth. His heart sank as he contemplated the burden of care about to be laid on his shoulders. Trusted friends of his father told him that these matters could not be easily delegated; he must attack the problems himself. They congratulated him on his fortune. He accepted their congratulations. How could he explain that wealth and its care threatened his dearest ambitions? How would it have been possible for them to understand such an explanation?

The concerts had to be postponed in spite of the howling of managers and the remonstrances of the press. This, together with the harassing details of a business which would not stop, and could not be put off, went far to convince Endicottt that existence had been aptly described as "the dreadful, fatal, too much."

And how grotesque the fabric of life was! He saw it anew as he was walking along State Street late one afternoon, wearied with the hours at the office, where daily for the past two weeks he had been trying to comprehend the merest outlines of his new study. He was attracted by a crowd gathered about a show-window. He saw that the shop was of a dealer in second-hand pianos, or new pianos worse than second-hand. A cloth sign stretched across the front of the gaudy place invited public attention to the wonderful performances of Hair-Trigger Bill, the cow-boy pianist, who had been secured at enormous expense to play exclusively on this brand of piano. "One of nature's marvels," said the flamboyant sign, "equal to the greatest living players, and never had a lesson in his life. Step in and see this miracle of the prairies."

The cow-boy pianist had begun to perform when Endicott reached the place. The "miracle" had on the conventional costume, including a sombrero and a pair of revolvers. A knife hung in a sheath at his belt. At his feet were showily displayed a saddle and lasso. Endicott stopped to snatch a little amusement from this characteristically American scene, and then found himself lingering because the young man played so much better than he would have thought possible.

The cow-boy did popular melodies, alternating with snatches of what the public vaguely calls "classical music." Endicott's curiosity grew. As some of the gazers moved a little or went away,

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he pressed nearer. He wanted to get to the extreme left of the window in order to catch a glimpse of the man's face. The uncouth hands and bony wrists fascinated him, they were so ugly and so familiar.

Having finished the "Blue Bells of Scotland," the cow-boy began to play scales with such terrific speed as to extort an exclamation of "Golly" from a newsboy standing with his nose pressed against the window. He played them up and down, in thirds and in octaves, ending each figure with a thump of the last note in a way immensely to tickle the crowd; the newsboy laughed outright. The miracle of the prairies lifted his head a trifle and looked straight at Endicott. His pupils distended, but there was no other sign of recognition. The mystery of the flat large hands and bony wrists was solved. It was Lemuel Shattuck.

Endicott stepped inside. Lemuel turned an impassive face toward him.

"Walk up the street to Heins's restaurant. I'll overtake you. I have half an hour before my next concert."

He came within two or three minutes. He had put on a derby and a long ulster that reached to his heels.

"I didn't want those fellows in the piano-room to recognize you," he said. "They know everything, and they've got eyes like hawks. If they'd caught a glimpse of you they'd 'a turned you into an advertisement like that"—with a snap of his fingers.

Endicott appreciated this genuine exhibition of delicacy.

"Yes," Lemuel continued, "I left soon after you went to Munich. Couldn't stand it any longer. 'Twasn't natural. Like it? This business I'm in now? Oh, yes, I *like* it. Work's steady and the pay's tip-top."

Endicott had his doubts and asked some question that was embarrassing to them both.

"Oh, thunderation, no! Haven't any use for it. Make a lot of money, a lot!" He added reflectively: "Besides if the interest wears off, I'm always sure of one thing: I can go back to Oquawka and work in the button-factory."

They shook hands in the street, like the comrades in misery and art that they were.

Endicott's was the greater problem of the two, and it was still unsolved when the gypsy Lemuel met him six months later. There were lines of care in his brow not to be seen there when, after his triumph at the Academy, Alexis DuBois embraced him and cried: "Ah, my pupil, my friend, did I not tell you that it was written?"

APRIL NOON

By Brian Hooker

SILENCE. Faint warmth of the awakening sun
Drowned in pale light. The meadows lapse away—
Ridges of brown and slopes of sallow gray—
To where the leafless hills are dusky-dun.
Earth holds her breath, and waits while slowly run
The ordered hours in pitiless delay,
Fearing the vanished snows of yesterday
Nor daring yet to deem the summer won;

As a sick woman, from the house of death
But newly ransomed, overweak to care
For life renewed and love made warm again,
Faints slowly back to life with each calm breath,
Finding a joy almost too keen to bear
Only in this, that there is no more pain.

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From a Copley Print, copyright 1906 by Curtis & Cameron.

The Committal of William Penn to Prison by the Lieutenant of the Tower.

—See "The Field of Art," page 637.

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THE CHEESE MARKETS OF NORTH HOLLAND

By Florence Craig Albrecht

Illustrations from photographs by Emil Poole Albrecht

EVEN though he uses his own pleasure, or perhaps expresses his opinion, in placing accent as he speaks of Edam cheese—everyone knows the round red balls by sight and by name if not by flavor—yet of all the travellers who scour North Holland each summer, and although that low peninsula between the North Sea and the Zuyder Zee, where cheeses most do congregate and ripen, spells all Holland for the average tourist, few give a morning hour or two to those great markets where one may study this cheese, its maker, and its buyer at leisure, and certainly not without pleasure or interest.

A chance picture in color of the cheese market at Alkmaar and a heated discussion on color values in photography, isochromatic plates, color screens, *et al.* were the incentive to our pilgrimage.

Distances are nowhere great in Holland, and if one be tired of trains and trams, boats are frequent, cheap, and comfortable—waterways lead to and from almost every town. There is no need to tempt fate in the small inns of the market towns if one loves the "modern conveniences" of Amsterdam's big hotels, but a fairly early start should be made if the entertaining hours preceding the market are to be enjoyed.

While Edam gives its name to these cheeses, the town itself plays an unimportant rôle in their commerce, and the little market held there each Saturday morning, picturesque and tempting as it is to the camera, seems child's play if one has been at Alkmaar the day before.

Our own summer journey to the so-called Dead Cities on the rim of the Zuyder Zee had been planned to bring us to Hoorn on Wednesday afternoon in good time for Thursday's market. There was not the slightest trace of the innumerable cheeses we understood were sold there weekly when we arrived. You can trace cheeses a long way on a summer day, you know. The market square was sunny and deserted, the weigh-house closed and silent, the town was enjoying its afternoon *siesta*, and there were few people in its winding streets. Hoorn has many other attractions for the photographer, however, than its cheese market, and a summer afternoon there goes all too swiftly if plates are plentiful. The historian and archæologist may find it interesting, too, but it must be on other days than one like this. Battle and warfare, architectural styles and dates slip very far back in one's memory and seem unreal, uninteresting, useless things if one digs them up when the sun is shining and a soft sea breeze is blowing in this peaceful, quiet, sunny seaside town, as fortunately memories of disagreeable things often fade away when happier ones succeed them. Pleasanter far than to delve in forgotten corners of one's brain for scraps of long-past struggle is to sit on the high wall of the dyke under tall, shady trees and watch the smoke of a distant steamer trailing away toward Amsterdam, or a dark fisher sail float idly by on the lazy wind, like a huge brown bird settling down to its nest, or a lock gate open to let some big barge slip out to the sea. It is a good time, too, to dream idle dreams of that bold sailor who gave the name of his home town to a cape the width of the world away and then go walk the streets and fancy where he lived and how he followed them from home to harbor, for perhaps they have not changed so greatly since his day.

It was once the capital of North Holland and a great city, this pleasant, clean, and quiet town of Hoorn and though travellers and historians now class it among those once-famous Dead Cities, on a summer day the chance tourist marks little sadness in the few remainders of its one-time glory and power and much solid comfort and content in its tidy streets and substantial dwellings. We scour it from its east gate to its west, from the tall tower which guards its harbor to the tree-shaded arch by the bridge which leads to the meadows. Its citizens salute us gravely, courteously, as we pass. It gives

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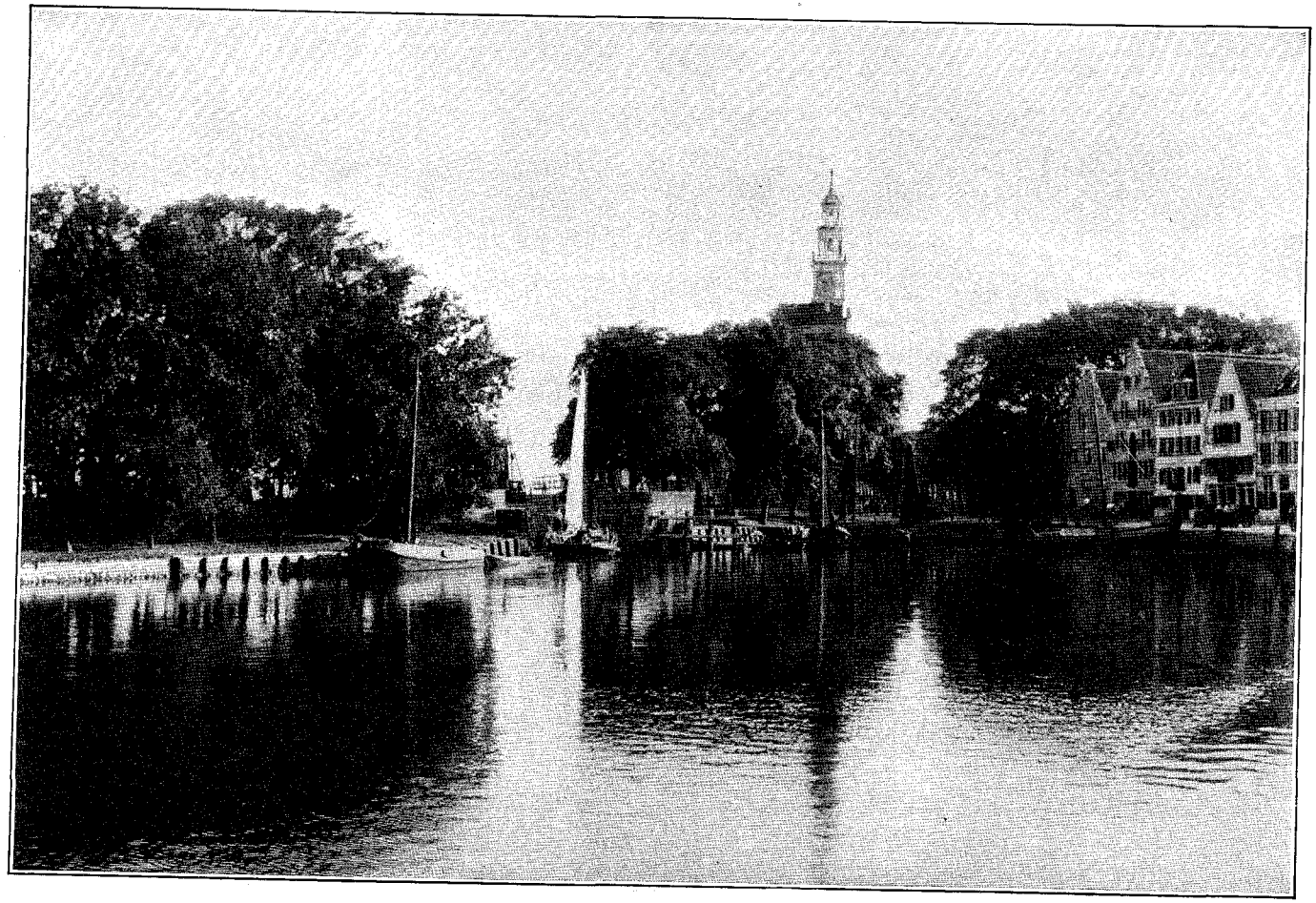

The inner harbor, Hoorn.—Boat coming through the lock.

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us cheer and courage in a strange land, such as one misses in great cities. There is no other stranger, no chance kodaker, here apparently; the field is all our own and we are welcome. It is selfish, but exceedingly pleasant and unusual.

Early in the morning the quiet street is awakened by the quick, hard trot of heavy horses, the rattle of many wagons, and when we reach the square on which the weigh-house fronts, there are already long rows of cheeses neatly laid in readiness for the market and others being rapidly unloaded from those heavy wagons which had broken our slumbers. Down every street which leads to the market they are still coming, these high, strong, well-built, well-kept wagons, drawn by big, heavy-trotting, well-groomed horses, driven by the cheese-making *boer* and loaded with wife, a blue-eyed child or two, and many round yellow cheeses.

Swiftly they take up their positions on the square, the horse is quickly unfastened and led to a near-by stable, the wife clambers down and hurries off on shopping intent, while the children trot along after her or feast their eyes in near-by shop-windows. Someone has already climbed into the wagon, another helper stands close beside it, a third kneels upon canvas stretched on the stone pavement. Women, as well as men, assist here at Hoorn in the unloading and reloading, the piling of the cheeses, the preparation for the market, and the after cleaning. The work goes forward with astonishing rapidity and dexterity. The golden yellow balls fly from hand to hand, sometimes across a considerable distance. Looking over the market the air seems full of them, a peaceful battle of yellow cannon-balls in which there are no wounded. Never a cheese falls to the ground, though they are fairly heavy and very slippery. The experts show their skill by receiving and tossing two at a time. The wagon unloaded, it is drawn away into a side-street or convenient stable shed, and another takes its place. After each farmer's load is arranged it is carefully covered with a layer of straw and a heavy white tarpaulin, a protection from sun or possible showers—dust seems an unknown quantity in cleanly, watery Holland.

Much care, apparently, is exercised in placing the cheeses, in selecting those for the corners and outer rows, and setting them carefully so their soft roundness shall not suffer, but all this work is done by the regular helpers, and the farmer, though he watches the work attentively, seldom ventures a remark or suggestion. His attitude suggests complete confidence in the workers, or his wares, or both.

The cheeses are piled in but two layers, sometimes one directly above the other, sometimes the upper layer dropped in the hollows left by the lower, but the first method, while taking more time and care, is the more popular and preferred. In color, odor, and flavor they are still totally unlike the Edam cheese of our home acquaintance, and it is only after considerable drying and ripening on the long racks of the airy storehouses, that they receive the coat of shining red paint which here distinguishes them.

The cheese of the markets is golden yellow, often oiled or *geschmiert*, to prevent injury in its many handlings, until it glistens in the morning light like a miniature sun, soft and tender within, yet firm enough to permit considerable testing and "hefting," and somewhat sour to taste and particularly to smell, as fresh curds are apt to be. They are sold solely by weight and weighed directly the price per kilo has been agreed upon by seller and buyer.

The broad window-sill of a vacant house gave us a resting-place and a vantage-ground to watch the busy scene, well out of its stress, but close enough to enjoy its picturesqueness. The market hour is ten o'clock, but long before that time the big doors of the weigh-house are thrown open and the huge scales run out on great beams, so that one big square pan rests without on the stones to receive the cheeses, the other swings within the building ready for the weights. These stand close at hand on a stout platform, while on the wall behind them there are blackboards, upon which the various amounts are chalked and the market tax reckoned.

Watching intently every new move in the novel scene, our astonished eyes were dazzled by the appearance of a tall, broad-shouldered man arrayed from head to foot in glossy white linen—a surprising sight enough in Holland, where no summer is so hot as to tempt masculinity from its customary dark-hued clothing—and topped with a straw hat painted a most brilliant scarlet. There was a circus at Leyden. Had he come to advertise it? No, he carried no

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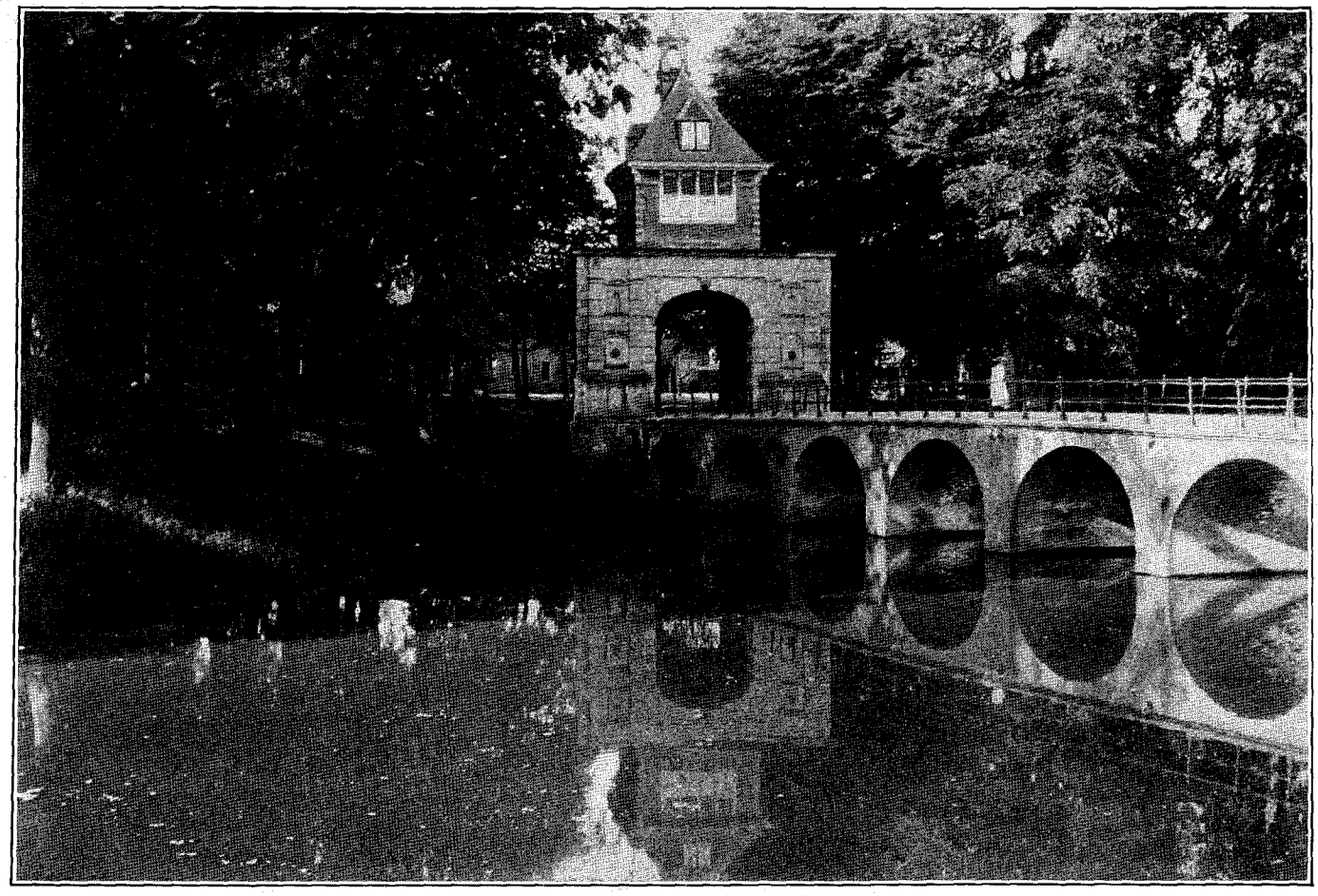

The Oostpoort, Hoorn.

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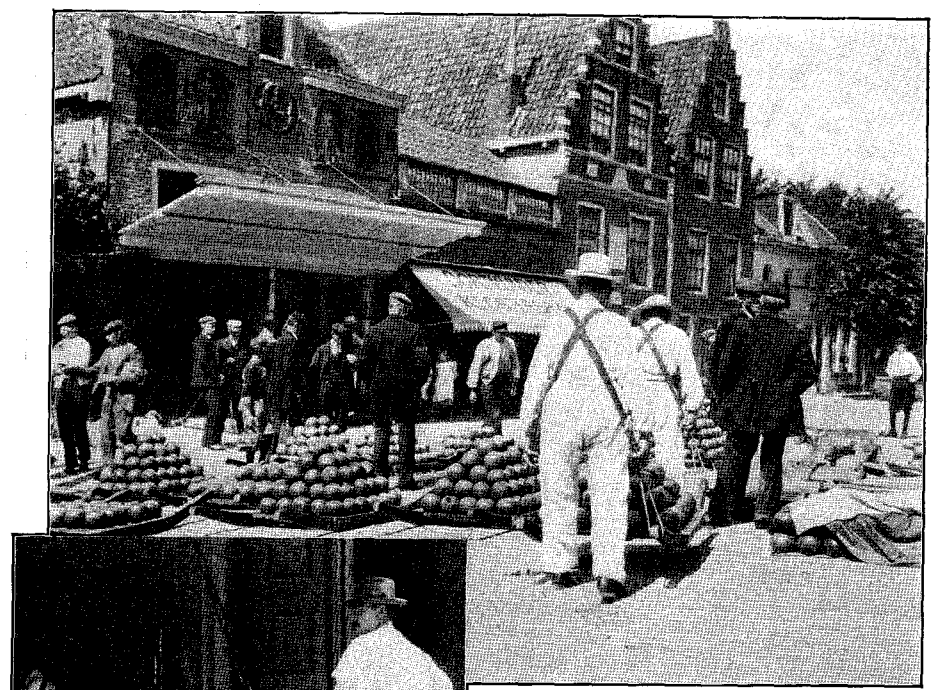
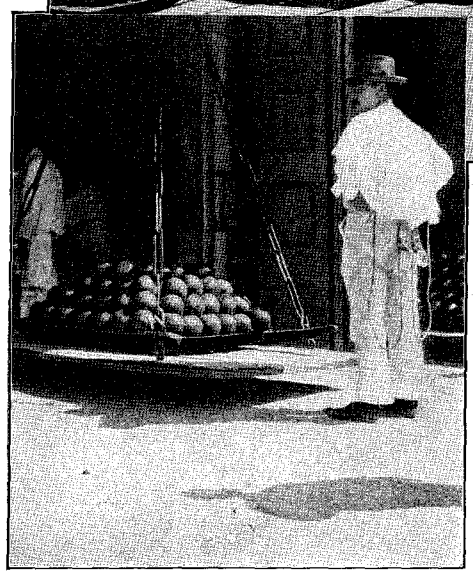


The market at Edam.



Weighing the cheeses.

banner, distributed no circulars, but nodded cheerfully to various men as he passed them on his way to the weigh-house, as if an old acquaintance or fellow-townsman. Here comes another from a near-by doorway, and another across the square, only his hat is bright green. Then more and more white linen suits and gay hats appear and gather about the scales and the mystery is solved. From beneath the short white jackets hang long slings, and piled up between the scales are many heavy wooden trays painted in the same gay colors, red, blue, yellow and green, as these remarkable straw hats. These are the authorized market porters, whose heavy duty it is to bring the cheeses to the weigh-house. Each scale is presided over by a pair of weighers, whose hat color is similar, and all the trays brought to the scale must be of the same color and be carried by bearers with hats to correspond; the work of the market is thus systematized and evenly distributed, and in spite of the hurry and apparent confusion after market opens, there is no shirking, no strife or wrangling, and no confusion.

To an uninformed spectator with no deep interest in the buying or selling to enforce upon him what a serious business it is, the scene becomes decidedly theatrical, not only from the setting of quaint, Old-Worldly, mediæval buildings which surround the market, but the occasional odd costumes of the participants, the white uniforms of the assistants, and the gorgeous yellow of the cheeses. It is easy enough to fancy one is enjoying a most picturesque light opera, and even after the actual business of the day begins in eager earnest, it is difficult to realize what an important commercial enterprise it represents.

As market hour approaches the square becomes more and more crowded. Still a few belated wagons come rattling up and

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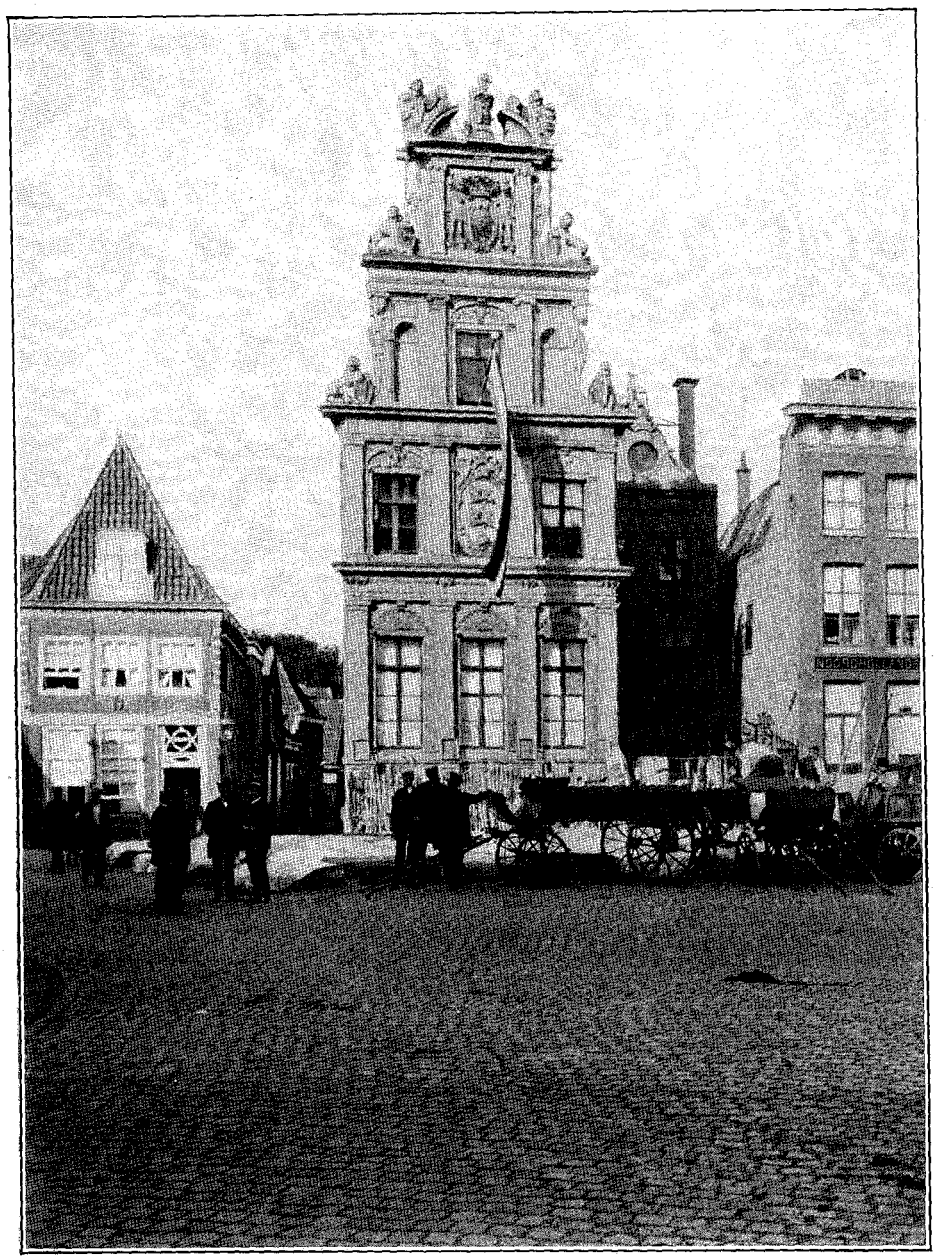

The Tribunalshof, facing the market-place, Hoorn.

Preparing for the market.

begin to unload far on the outer edges of the low piles or along an adjacent street, for the market pavement is about full. The buyers are arriving; keen, business-like looking men, armed with their cheese drills, or "testers," and protected by heavy leather leggings, or puttees, from ankle to knee, a most admirable precaution for those whose business it is to walk between the close rows of these much *geschmiert* cheeses. The sellers have taken up their stations near their respective piles, but the white tarpaulins still cover the yellow balls and the rows and rows of regular mounds, the solemn coun-

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tenances of the *boers*, now suggest more a huge battle-field where sombre sentinels guard the graves of the honored dead than preparation for a busy market.

The clock strikes ten, the chimes ring out a gay tune from various steeples over Hoorn, the market bell sounds, and in a moment the scene changes. The white canvas is drawn back, the gay golden balls glisten in the sunshine, the buyers hasten up and down between the long rows, hefting, testing, bargaining, each followed by a crowd of interested onlookers as a popular golf player trails his "gallery." The quietest people are the sellers. The *boer* looks on in seeming indifference as the buyer thumps

Torenstraat, Edam.

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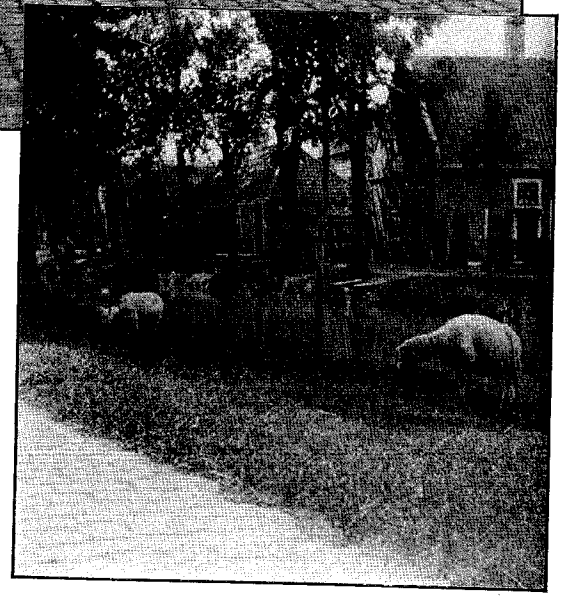
Preparing for market.—Piling cheeses.



A quiet canal in Edam.

and whacks and samples his yellow wares, and neither moves nor speaks from the moment he draws back the cover to display them until the question of price comes up. He is no professional salesman, this cheese farmer, and apparently he never "talks up his wares," perhaps because there is a large and growing market for them and their quality speaks further for itself. The buyer wastes no time at his work. He has plenty of rivals and long tiers of racks in his warehouse are waiting to be filled, so he must be brisk and keen and clever. He knows his business well and may only heft a cheese or two in one lot and pass on to another, or he may stop and pick one here and there from the long rows, diving down to the second layer, or choosing one from the very centre, whacking, hefting, smelling, and occasionally running his long sampler into a cheese's very heart. He crumbles the curd between his fingers, smells it, very rarely tastes it, and if all be to his liking, the bargaining begins. Here an intimate knowledge of Dutch is necessary to appreciate the questions and answers, the bids and counter-bids, made in low tones and as rapidly to our ears as the clack of the windmills in a storm, but a friendly listener often helps us to a better understanding of the situation by a slower repetition of the quick phrases, and the veriest tyro in the language can read from the faces who has the better of the discussion. If the men come to terms, hands are struck together audibly, and sometimes thrice, the terms being repeated with each blow as a seal to the transaction. "Striking a bargain" is no empty term at a cheese market.

The last word is scarcely spoken before

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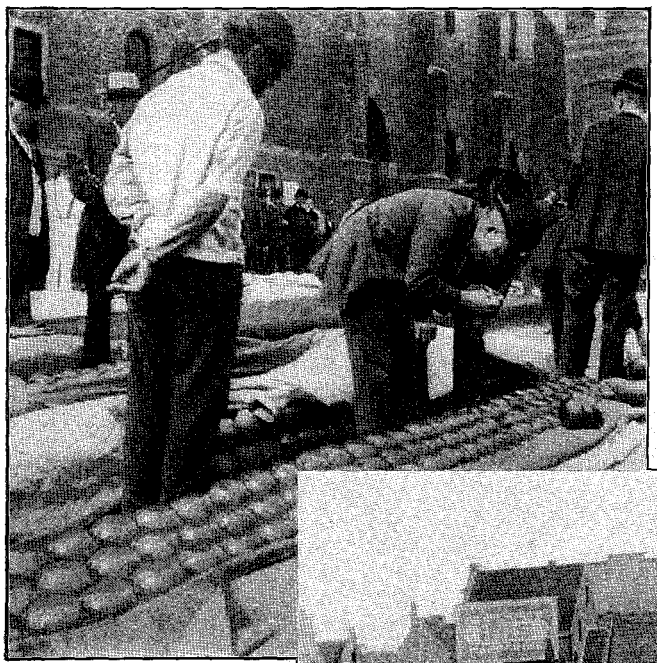
the buyer is off to another row of cheeses and the seller to the weigh-house to notify the porters. It is his duty to attend to all the details of the sale, the weighing and delivery of the goods. The buyer jots down in his note-book a brief memorandum of the sale, the name, rate, and approximate weight or number of the cheeses, and hastens to buy more. Five minutes, at most, after the market opens the porters are at work, so rapidly are the first tests made and the sales consummated. Soon there is a long procession, waddling quickly, with their heavy burdens, to and from the scales. Those who aided in placing the cheeses for the market, assist again in piling them on the trays and later in reloading them into the wagons to be hauled to storehouse or boat. The trays carry as many as a hundred and fifty cheeses, although a hundred is a more usual load, and weight varies from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty kilos. The slings raise the trays but a few inches from the ground and their rather awkward side swing and great weight cause the bearers to shuffle along rapidly, indeed, but most ungracefully.



The cheese-buyer testing. Alkmaar.

The work of carrying to the scales, weighing, and taking the trays to the wagons in the side-streets goes on with marvellous rapidity. The piles of cheeses in the square disappear before your eyes, the columns of figures on the weigh-house blackboard lengthen rapidly, the trays are dropped on the scales, the weights swung on the opposite pan, the amount called, and the carriers are off again with their yellow load, to deposit it beside a wagon and hasten with an empty tray for more cheeses, faster than you can photograph them. To the eye they do not

There is no one apparently so indifferent as the owner of the cheeses.—Alkmaar.

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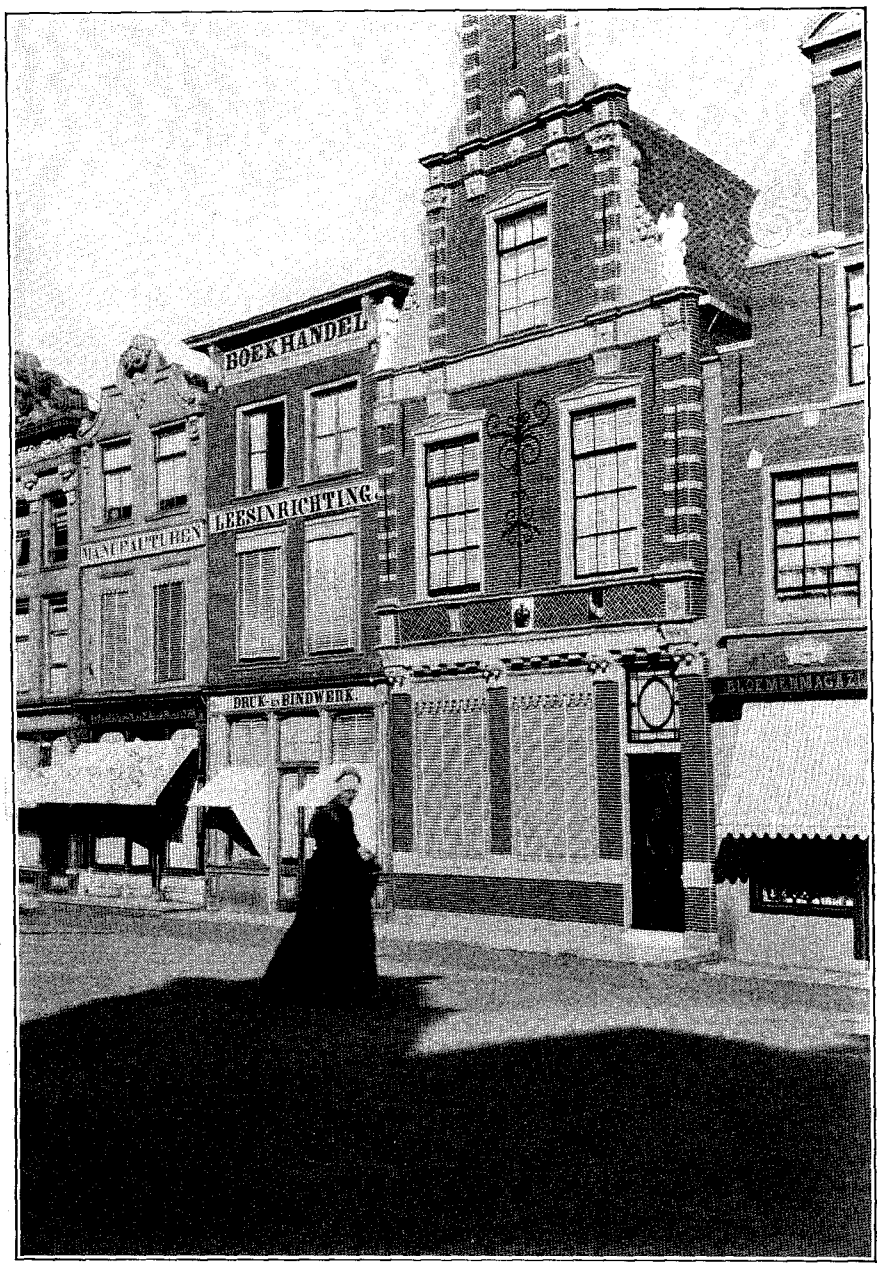

Old houses on De Mient, Alkmaar.

appear to be moving so rapidly as the lens and the emptying square prove.

On this particular market morning in early August two hundred and fifty thousand pounds of cheese were sold between ten and twelve o'clock. When the chimes rang their long noon-day call there was scarce a cheese pile left in the great square, the wagons had delivered their burdens at one of the great warehouses near the harbor, or into a waiting boat on the canal, and were already rattling out over the hard brick pavements to their country homes; an hour later not a trace of cheeses, straw, canvas, wagons, horses, farmers, or buyers remained to attest that a great market had

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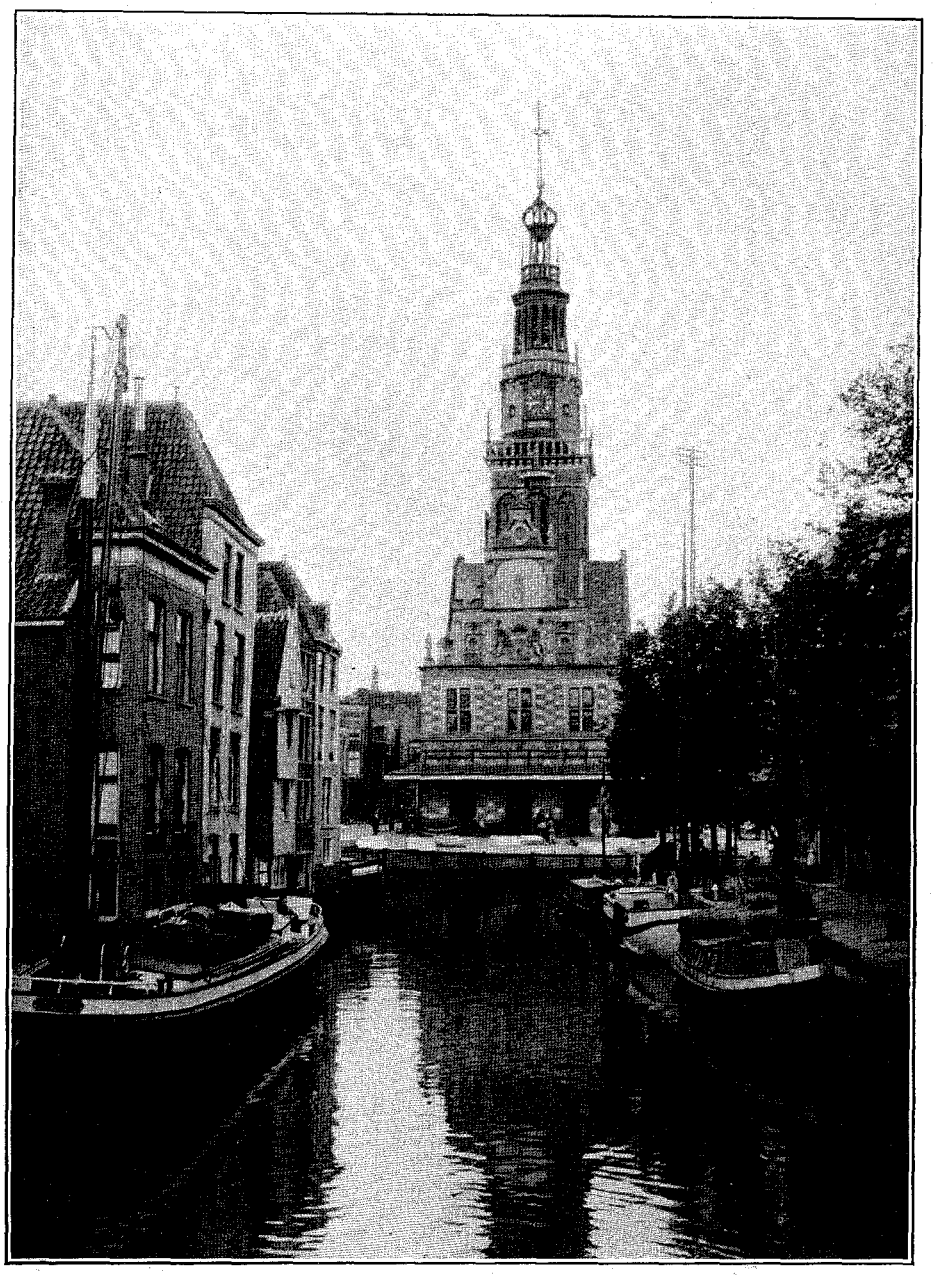

The weigh-house, Alkmaar.

been. The weigh-house was closed for another week, the stone pavement of the open square lay spotlessly clean, sunny, silent, and deserted as on the afternoon before, the day's work was all done.

The farmers and their wives had gone home to those broad, low meadows, where their great black and white cattle are at pasture, doubtless to make more cheeses for future markets, and the buyers to their warehouses, perhaps to reckon up their purchases and prepare for the next day's market at Alkmaar.

"This market is nothing," they told us, "you should see Alkmaar!" There are cheese markets weekly at Enkhuisen and Purmer-

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end, at Edam and at Hoorn, but no one speaks of them; it is always Alkmaar. "Go to Alkmaar," they said in Amsterdam, and even here at Hoorn, with the odor of a hundred thousand cheeses in the air, men repeat, "Go to Alkmaar!" So we eat some luncheon, count up how many films we have used—we won't say squandered until after development, but trying to "strike a bargain" on a sensitive plate is not easy or certain—figure up those that are left us and are off by train to Alkmaar.

The flags had been flying gayly all the morning at Hoorn. We assumed it was in honor of market day, quite sure it was not in *our* honor. At Alkmaar we find still more flags and the chimes are ringing gayly, persistently, as for a festival, until we finally ask the reason and find the Queen Dowager is celebrating a new birthday. If her new year of life is half so merry as the bells of Alkmaar this sunny afternoon, the dear lady will have little to trouble her in the next twelvemonth.

The changes which this portion of the Netherlands suffered, whereby little country villages became important seaport cities, and again, when the seas or lakes which brought them their commerce failed or were drained, relapsed into demure towns surrounded by pasture fields once more, have been the subject of too many writers to need repetition. Perhaps the great city on the Amstel has swallowed up all their substance in her might, yet they seem neither jealous nor discontented. Perhaps, after all, they are not dead; just sleeping, like the lovely immortal princess of the fairy-tale, to awaken one day at the touch of some laggard prince, who tarries now at Amsterdam, or is coming by *trekschuit*, that man-power boat which makes haste slowly across Holland.

The chance summer visitor, especially he who seeks the cheese markets with a camera, is pretty sure to do naught, if the weather be fine, but to accept Alkmaar as it is to-day, clean and prosperous-looking in a demure, quiet way, and to trouble his imagination or his memory very little with her past greatness or future prospects. His one idea is to see the town as it now appears, to enjoy its quaintness, to search out its picturesqueness, to appreciate its cleanliness, its neatness. Can a combination of these latter qualities be found anywhere but in Holland? So often the picturesque is quite the reverse of clean or neat. The artist may ignore dirt or find its gray veilings but an added charm to his color scheme, but the lens is uncompromising and displays dirt and untidiness in all their unattractiveness and discomfort, so the photographer revels in this water-scoured land, well-groomed and dainty from end to end.

There is no lack in Alkmaar of quaint old house fronts with curious stepped gables, or low-drooping red tiles; there is a seventeenth-century *Stadhuis*, which looks like one you have seen elsewhere, and set, as usual, on a narrow street where a photographer has hard work to get a shot at it; there is a big, old church, also presenting difficulties to the camera, but the centre of your interest is undoubtedly the very remarkable weigh-house and the busy streets and canals leading to it. Truly, sufficient water, "cribbed, cabined, and confined" though it be, still remains where once, if Alkmaar's name means what it says, was all water, and many goodly boats float in and out the town. The weigh-house looks from its height down one long busy canal to the far-away pasture-land guarded by big brown windmills, and another stretches its lazy length at right angles along the market front.

On the afternoon before market day these canals are busy places and along the square the boats lay tied in rows, each unloading thousands of golden cheeses. Before night the great open place beside the weigh-house is fairly well filled with rectangular mounds of various extent, and next morning, when the wagons come trundling in from nearer or smaller farms, they only find space for their wares on the edges. The methods of placing the cheeses, the rules for buying and selling, the weighing and delivery, are precisely as at Hoorn. And the buyers are often the same, for, like the photographers, they make the round of the markets.

The market here is larger in sales, there were more than a hundred thousand cheeses sold on the morning of our visit, and each cheese weighs between four and five pounds, but, in spite of the near-by canals, the boats, the enormous number of cheeses and men, the scene is scarcely as picturesque as at Hoorn because of its very bigness. If one goes far enough from the weigh-house to take in all its considerable height, the lens loses the details of the market scene, the cheeses are marbles, the men, boys; if one photographs men and cheeses, the pictur-

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esque background vanishes in a crowd of farmers, buyers, and spectators, interesting only as incidents.

The weigh-house deserves better treatment than to have its head chopped off or its lines distorted by a refractory camera, as one occasionally sees it. This imposing shelter for Alkmaar's public scales is an addition, a new façade to a much older building, once a church, and in the rear, behind this very ornate seventeenth-century front, and beneath the tower which carries that much-admired clock and the beautiful set of chimes to which Alkmaar citizens point with pride, awaiting appreciative comment, you may find the nave of this plain old church, now used as a storage-house for the great stacks of cheese trays and the town's fire apparatus. That old joke concerning churches as a means for defence against fire perhaps began life at Alkmaar.

The wagons which bring their yellow loads to Alkmaar market are very similar to those used at Hoorn and certainly deserve more than a passing mention. They are most admirably made, of hard wood, most frequently with a natural finish and carved on sides and front in graceful curves and scrolls. If painted they are exceedingly gay in color, and all are apparently so clean and well kept that each appears perfectly new, shining like the oily cheeses within. A steering apparatus worked by the foot sends up a huge rounded curved horn from the axle. Perhaps the unicorn of Hoorn suggested the model, though his horn is very straight and looks war-like rather than peacefully commercial.

The plump, rosy-cheeked, pleasant-looking women who come into town along with husbands and cheeses on these high wagons, and whom one meets so often on the streets of Alkmaar or Hoorn, wear above their lace cap with its gold bands and pins a curious straw hat or bonnet, which also suggests by its uprearing shape the aggressive horn of that famous unicorn.

I can, perhaps, do no better than to repeat De Amicis's description. Styles do not change rapidly at Alkmaar. Fancy quoting a book thirty years old to describe Madame Americaine's last headgear from Paris! "They" (these demure Alkmaar dames) "wear upon their heads a great straw hat of an almost cylindrical form, with a broad brim lined with green or yellow silk, turned up in front and having a large gap between the forehead and brim, reminding one of the open mouths of those monsters which Chinese soldiers used to wear to strike terror into their enemies."

They are a bit awe-inspiring, no doubt, these peaked hats, but the gentle faces below have nothing to cause fear, only surprise at the incongruity. Ugly as De Amicis's beauty-loving eye found these odd bonnets, they are hardly as uncouth and incongruous as the flower-bedecked monstrosities one observes sometimes mounted above the flowing lace caps and golden bands and helmets in other towns and cities in these days of transition. The young women of to-day have rebelled against the heavy metal casque, which always conceals and ultimately ruins their pretty blonde hair, and they are taking most kindly to cheap imitations of prevalent Paris styles in feminine headgear. The old women of the provinces cling to the fashion of their youth, and in between a large class exists which wears at home the lace and gold of ancient costume, but mounts above it a frumpy attempt at a modern hat or bonnet to go abroad. The result is exactly what one might expect when a woman tries to follow two fashions at one and the same time, and not precisely what she fondly hopes.

In spite of the great number of cheeses sold, the market at Alkmaar consumes scarcely more time than at Hoorn; the porters are numerous, quick, and skilful, the weighers prompt. The market opens at ten, and an hour after noon-day all the cheeses have been sold—it is very seldom that a farmer has to take his load home, although sometimes the price does not reach his expectations—weighed, stowed into boats or wagons, and are off to the warehouses; the weigh-house doors have swung shut for another week; the great crowd of men, with its sprinkling of women and children, has vanished completely; the square has fallen asleep.

On Saturdays Edam holds its little market at eleven. Perhaps there is enough glory for the quaint, clean, sleepy, little town in giving its name to the chief product of all North Holland's broad meadows, for it sells less cheese than any other cheese-market town. To the photographer, however, its market square is a delight just because of its smaller size. The whole scene

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may here be grasped with ease, yet no details lost. The weigh-house and the other buildings facing the square are smaller, less imposing, perhaps, but not less picturesque. If the market-place at Hoorn resembled a stage-setting, the one at Edam is a toy theatre for which the six-foot farmers are sometimes too big unless relegated far to the background.

It is difficult, indeed, to realize that Edam once was a goodly, prosperous, and important city. There are no reminders, to the casual eye, of past greatness, no imposing ruins, no stately houses falling to decay; only its great church with the beautiful tower and bells, and great churches and beautiful towers and bells are common in Holland. In spite of history one feels it must always have been a sleepy residence town, contented, comfortable, unmoved by breathings from an outside world, swayed by no fierce ambitions, clouded by no regrets. There are no harsh angles, no excrescences or depressions. It is wholesome and sound and solid and smooth and round as the cheese which bears its name.

THE DOUBLE VIOLET

By Mildred Howells

When first the wandering flowers awoke
In Eden's garden bower,
Thus to itself reflective spoke
A certain purple flower:

"The lily and the rose may grow
Tall as they will, for who
Would shrink from sight when they can show
Perfect in form and hue?

"But I, with feeble stem that bends
Awry, and sadly drest,
Find the enchantment distance lends
Becomes my beauty best.

"Though man and I are new, I know
He seeks what is denied,
So I'll pretend my head below
My sheltering leaves to hide.

"Yet so contrive with artful care
That as I gently sigh
My perfume forth upon the air,
My face shall catch his eye.

"Then of himself, man shall suppose,
He found me out, and set
Above the lily and the rose,
The modest violet."

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THE FRUIT OF THE TREE

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY ALONZO KIMBALL

BOOK II—(Continued)

XII

THAT evening when dinner ended, Mrs. Ansell, with a glance through the tall dining-room windows, had suggested to Bessy that it would be pleasanter to take coffee on the verandah; but Amherst detained his wife with a glance.

"I should like Bessy to stay," he said.

The dining-room being on the cool side the house, with a refreshing outlook on the garden, the men preferred to smoke there rather than in the stuffily-draped Oriental apartment destined to such rites; and Bessy Amherst, with a faint sigh, sank back into her seat, while Mrs. Ansell vanished discreetly through one of the open windows.

The group surrounding Richard Westmore's table was the same which, nearly three years earlier, had gathered in his house for the same purpose: the discussion of conditions at the mills. The only perceptible change in the relation to each other of the persons composing this group was that John Amherst was now the host of the other two men, instead of being a subordinate called in for cross-examination; but he was so indifferent, or at least so negligent, a host—so forgetful, for instance, of Mr. Tredegar's preference for a "light" cigar, and of Mr. Langhope's feelings on the duty of making the Westmore madeira circulate with the sun—that the change was manifest only in his evening-dress, and in the fact of his sitting at the foot of the table.

If Amherst was conscious of the contrast thus implied, it was only as a restriction on his freedom. As far as the welfare of Westmore was concerned, he would rather have stood before his companions as the assistant-manager of the mills than as the husband of their owner; and it seemed to him, as he looked back, that he had done very little with the opportunity which looked so great in the light of his present restrictions. What he *had* done with it—the use to which, as unfriendly critics might insinuate, he had so adroitly put it—had landed him, ironically enough, in the ugly *impasse* of a situation from which no issue seemed possible without some wasteful sacrifice of feeling.

His wife's feelings, for example, were already revealing themselves in an impatient play of her fan that made her father presently lean forward to suggest, in his most urbane manner: "If we men are to talk shop, is it necessary to keep Bessy in this hot room?"

Amherst rose and opened the window behind his wife's chair.

"There's a breeze from the west—the room will be cooler now," he said, returning to his seat.

"Oh, I don't mind—" Bessy murmured, in a tone intended to give her companions the full measure of what she was being called upon to endure.

Mr. Tredegar coughed slightly. "May I trouble you for that other box of cigars, Amherst? No, *not* the Cabañas." Bessy rose and handed him the box on which his glance significantly rested. "Ah, thank you, my dear. I was about to ask," he continued, looking about for the cigar-lighter, which flamed unheeded at Amherst's elbow, "what special purpose will be served by a preliminary review of the questions to be discussed tomorrow."

"Ah—exactly," murmured Mr. Langhope. "The madeira, my dear John? No—ah—*please*—to the left!"

Amherst impatiently reversed the direction in which he had set the precious vessel moving, and turned to Mr. Tredegar, who was conspicuously lighting his cigar with a match extracted from his waist-coat pocket.

"The purpose is to define my position in the matter; and I prefer that Bessy should do this with your help rather than with mine."

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Mr. Tredegar surveyed his cigar through drooping lids, as though the question propounded by Amherst were perched on its tip.

"Is not your position naturally involved in and defined by hers? You will excuse my saying that—technically speaking, of course—I cannot distinctly conceive of it as having any separate existence."

Mr. Tredegar spoke with the deliberate mildness that was regarded as his most effective weapon at the bar, since it was likely to abash those who were too intelligent to be propitiated by it.

"Certainly it is involved in hers," Amherst assented; "but how far that defines it is just what I have waited till now to find out."

Bessy at this point recalled her presence by a restless turn of her graceful person, and her father, with an affectionate glance at her, interposed amicably: "But surely—according to old-fashioned ideas—it implies identity of interests?"

"Yes; but whose interests?" Amherst asked.

"Why—your wife's, man! She owns the mills."

Amherst hesitated. "I would rather talk of my wife's interest in the mills than of her interests there; but we'll keep to the plural if you prefer it. Personally, I believe the terms should be interchangeable in the conduct of such a business."

"Ah—I'm glad to hear that," said Mr. Tredegar quickly, " since it's precisely the view we all take."

Amherst's colour rose. "Definitions are ambiguous," he said. "Before you adopt mine, perhaps you will let me develop it a little farther. What I mean is, that Bessy's interests in Westmore should be regulated by her interest in it—in its welfare as a social body, aside from its success as a commercial enterprise. If we agree on this definition, we are at one as to the other: namely that my relation to the matter is defined by hers."

He paused a moment, as if to give his wife time to contribute some sign of assent and encouragement; but she maintained a puzzled silence and he went on: "There is nothing new to you in this. I have tried to make Bessy understand from the beginning what obligations I thought the ownership of Westmore entailed, and how I hoped to help her fulfill them; but ever since our marriage all definite discussion of the subject has been put off for one cause or another, and that is my reason for urging that it should be brought up at the directors' meeting tomorrow."

There was another pause, during which Bessy glanced tentatively at Mr. Tredegar, and then said, with a lovely rise of colour: "But, John, I sometimes think you forget how much has been done at Westmore—the Mothers' Club, and the play-ground, and all—in the way of carrying out your ideas."

Mr. Tredegar discreetly dropped his glance to his cigar, and Mr. Langhope sounded an irrepressible note of approval and encouragement.

Amherst smiled. "No, I have not forgotten; and I am grateful to you for giving my ideas a trial. But what has been done hitherto is purely superficial." Bessy's eyes clouded, and he added hastily: "Don't think I undervalue it for that reason—heaven knows the surface of life needs improving! But it's like picking flowers and sticking them in the ground to make a garden—unless you transplant the flower with its roots, and prepare the soil to receive it, your garden will be faded tomorrow. No radical changes have yet been made at Westmore; and it is of radical changes that I want to speak."

Bessy's look grew more pained, and Mr. Langhope exclaimed with unwonted irascibility: "Upon my soul, Amherst, the tone you take about what your wife has done doesn't strike me as the likeliest way of encouraging her to do more!"

"I don't want to encourage her to do more on such a basis—the sooner she sees the futility of it the better for Westmore!"

"The futility—?" Bessy broke out, with a flutter of tears in her voice; but before her father could intervene Mr. Tredegar had raised his hand with the gesture of one accustomed to wield the gavel.

"My dear child, I see Amherst's point, and it is best, as he says, that you should see it too. What he desires, as I understand it, is the complete reconstruction of the present state of things at Westmore; and he is right in saying that all your good works there—night-schools, and nursery, and so forth—leave that issue untouched."

A smile quivered under Mr. Langhope's moustache. He and Amherst both knew that Mr. Tredegar's feint of recognizing the justice of his adversary's claim was merely

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the first step to annihilating it; but Bessy could never be made to understand this, and always felt herself deserted and betrayed when any side but her own was given a hearing.

"I'm sorry if all I have tried to do at Westmore is useless—but I suppose I shall never understand business," she murmured, vainly seeking consolation in her father's eye.

"But this is not business," Amherst broke in. "It's the question of your personal relation to the people there—the last thing that business considers."

Mr. Langhope uttered an impatient exclamation. "I wish to heaven the owner of the mills had made it clear just what that relation was to be!"

"I think he did, sir," Amherst answered steadily, "in leaving his wife the unrestricted control of the property."

He had reddened under Mr. Langhope's thrust, but his voice betrayed no irritation, and Bessy rewarded him with an unexpected beam of sympathy: she was always up in arms at the least sign of his being treated as an intruder.

"I am sure, papa," she said, a little tremulously, "that poor Richard, though he knew I was not clever, felt he could trust me to take the best advice——"

"Ah, that's all we ask of you, my child!" her father sighed, while Mr. Tredegar drily interposed: "We are merely losing time by this digression. Let me suggest that Amherst should give us an idea of the changes he wishes to make at Westmore."

Amherst, as he turned to answer, remembered with what ardent faith in his powers of persuasion he had responded to the same appeal three years earlier. He had thought then that all his cause needed was a hearing; now he knew that the practical man's readiness to let the idealist talk corresponds with the busy parent's permission to destructive infancy to "run out and play." They would let him state his case to the four corners of the earth—if only he did not expect them to act on it! It was their policy to let him exhaust himself in argument and exhortation, to listen to him so politely and patiently that if he failed to enforce his ideas it should not be for lack of opportunity to expound them. . . And the alternative struck him as hardly less to be feared. Supposing that the incredible happened, that his reasons prevailed with his wife, and, through her, with the others—at what cost would the victory be won? Would Bessy ever forgive him for winning it? And what would his situation be, if it left him in control of Westmore but estranged from his wife?

He recalled suddenly a phrase he had used that afternoon to the dark-eyed girl at the garden-party: "What risks we run when we scramble into the chariot of the gods!" And at the same instant he heard her retort, and saw her fine gesture of repudiation. How could he ever have doubted that the thing was worth doing at whatever cost? Something in him—some secret lurking element of weakness and evasion—shrank out of sight in the light of her question: "Do *you* act on that?" and the "God forbid!" he had instantly flashed back to her. He turned to Mr. Tredegar with his answer.

Amherst knew that any large theoretical exposition of the case would be as much wasted on the two men as on his wife. To gain his point he must take only one step at a time, and it seemed to him that the first thing needed at Westmore was that the hands should work and live under healthier conditions. To attain this, two important changes were necessary: the floor-space of the mills must be enlarged, and the company must cease to rent out tenements, and give the operatives the opportunity to buy land for themselves. Both these changes involved the upheaval of the existing order. Whenever the Westmore mills had been enlarged, it had been for the sole purpose of increasing the revenues of the company; and now Amherst asked that these revenues should be materially and permanently reduced. As to the suppression of the company tenement, such a measure stuck at the roots of the baneful paternalism which was choking out every germ of initiative in the workman. Once the operatives had room to work in, and the hope of homes of their own to return to when work was over, Amherst was willing to trust to time for the satisfaction of their other needs. He believed that a sounder understanding of these needs would develop on both sides the moment the employers proved their good faith by the deliberate and permanent sacrifice of excessive gain to the well-being of the employed; and once the two had learned to regard each other not as antagonists but as collaborators,

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a long step would have been taken toward a readjustment of the whole industrial relation. In regard to general and distant results, Amherst tried not to be too sanguine, even in his own thoughts. His aim was to remedy the abuse nearest at hand, in the hope of thus getting gradually closer to the central evil; and, had his action been unhampered, he would still have preferred the longer and more circuitous path of practical experiment to the sweeping adoption of a new industrial system.

But his demands, moderate as they were, assumed in his hearers the consciousness of a moral claim superior to the obligation of making one's business "pay"; and it was the futility of this assumption that chilled the arguments on his lips, since in the orthodox creed of the business world it was a weakness and not a strength to be content with five per cent where ten is obtainable. Business was one thing, philanthropy another; and the enthusiasts who tried combining them were usually reduced, after a brief flight, to paying fifty cents on the dollar, and handing over their stock to a promoter presumably unhampered by humanitarian ideals.

Amherst knew that this was the answer with which his plea would be met; knew, moreover, that the plea was given a hearing simply because his judges deemed it so pitiably easy to refute. But the knowledge, once he had begun to speak, fanned his argument to a white heat of pleading, since, with failure so plainly ahead, small concessions and compromises were not worth making. Reason would be wasted on all; but eloquence might at least prevail with Bessy. . . .

When, late that night, he went upstairs after an hour's restless pacing of the garden, he was surprised to see that a light still burned in her room. She was not addicted to midnight study, and fearing that she might be ill he knocked at her door. There was no answer, and after a short pause he turned the handle and entered.

In the great canopied Westmore couch, her arms flung upward and her hands clasped beneath her head, she lay staring fretfully at the globe of electric light which hung from the centre of the embossed and gilded ceiling. Seen thus, with the soft curves of throat and arms revealed, and her face childishly set in a cloud of loosened hair, she looked no older than Cicely—and, like Cicely, inaccessible to grown-up arguments and the stronger logic of experience.

It was a trick of hers, in such moods, to ignore any attempt to attract her attention; and Amherst was prepared for her remaining motionless as he paused on the threshold and then advanced toward the middle of the room. There had been a time when he would have been exasperated by her pretense of not seeing him, but a great weariness of spirit now dulled him to these minor pricks.

"I was afraid you were not well when I saw the light burning," he began.

"Thank you—I am quite well," she answered in a colourless voice, without turning her head.

"Shall I put it out, then? You can't sleep with such a glare in your eyes."

"I should not sleep at any rate; and I hate to lie awake in the dark."

"Why shouldn't you sleep?" He moved nearer, looking down compassionately on her perturbed face and struggling lips.

She lay silent a moment; then she faltered out: "B—because I'm so unhappy!"

The artifice of indifference was swept away by a gush of childish sobs as she flung over on her side and buried her face in the embroidered pillows.

Amherst, bending down with a sigh, laid a quieting hand on her shoulder. "Bessy ——"

She sobbed on.

He seated himself silently in the armchair beside the bed, and kept his soothing hold upon her shoulder. The time had come when he went through all these accustomed acts of pacification as mechanically as a nurse soothing a fretful child. And once he had thought her weeping eloquent! He looked about him at the spacious room, with its heavy hangings of damask and the thick velvet carpet which stifled his steps. Everywhere were the graceful tokens of her presence—the vast lace-draped toilet-table strewn with silver and crystal, the embroidered muslin cushions heaped on the lounge, the little rose-lined slippers she had just put off, the lace wrapper, with a scent of violets in its folds, which he had pushed aside when he sat down beside her; and he remembered how full of an exquisite and intimate charm these things had once appeared to him.

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It was characteristic that the remembrance made him more patient with her now. Perhaps, after all, it was his failure that she was crying over. . . .

"Don't be unhappy. You decided as seemed best to you," he said.

She pressed her handkerchief against her lips, still keeping her head averted. "But I hate all these arguments and disputes. Why should you unsettle everything?" she murmured.

His mother's words! Involuntarily he removed his hand from her shoulder, though he still remained seated by the bed.

"You are right. I see the uselessness of it," he assented, with an uncontrollable note of irony.

She turned her head at the tone, and fixed her plaintive brimming eyes upon him. "You *are* angry with me!" she exclaimed.

"Was that troubling you?" He leaned forward again, with compassion in his face. *Sancta simplicitas!* was the thought within him.

"I am not angry," he went on; "be reasonable and try to sleep."

But at that she started upright, the light masses of her hair floating about her like silken sea-weed lifted on an invisible tide. "Don't talk like that! I can't endure to be humoured like a baby. I am unhappy because I can't see why all these wretched questions should be dragged into our life. I hate to have you always disagreeing with Mr. Tredegar, who is so clever and has so much experience; and yet I hate to see you give way to him, because that makes it appear as if . . . as if . . ."

"He didn't care a straw for my ideas?" Amherst smiled. "Well, he doesn't—and I never dreamed of making him. So don't worry about that either."

"You never dreamed of making him care for your ideas? But then why do you——"

"Why do I go on setting them forth at such great length?" Amherst smiled again. "To convince you—that's my only ambition."

She stared at him, shaking her head back to toss a loose lock from her puzzled eyes. A tear still shone on her lashes, but with the motion it fell and trembled down the soft curve of her cheek.

"To convince *me?* But you know I am so ignorant of such things."

"Most women are."

"I never pretended to understand anything about—economics, or whatever you call it."

"No."

"Then how——"

He turned and looked at her gently. "I thought you might have begun to understand something about *me*."

"About you?" The colour flowered softly under her clear skin.

"About what my ideas on such subjects were likely to be worth—judging from what you know of me in other respects." He paused and glanced away from her. "Well," he concluded deliberately, "I suppose I've had my answer tonight."

"Oh, John——!"

He rose and wandered across the room, pausing a moment to finger absently the trinkets on the dressing-table. The act recalled with a curious vividness certain dulled sensations of their first days together, when to handle and examine these delicate little accessories of her toilet had been part of the wonder and amusement of his new existence. He could still hear her laugh as she leaned over him, watching his mystified look in the glass, till their reflected eyes met there and drew down her lips to his. He laid down the fragrant powder-puff he had been turning slowly between his fingers, and moved back toward the bed. In the interval he had reached a decision.

"Well—isn't it natural that I should think so?" he began again, as he stood beside her. "When we married I never expected you to care or know much about economics. It isn't a quality a man usually chooses his wife for. But I had a fancy—perhaps it shows my conceit—that when we had lived together a year or two, and you'd found out what kind of a fellow I was in other ways—ways any woman can judge of—I had a fancy that you might take my opinions on faith when it came to my own special business—the thing I'm generally supposed to know about."

He knew that he was touching a sensitive chord, for Bessy had to the full her sex's pride of possessorship. He was human and faulty till others criticized him—then he became a god. But in this case a conflicting influence restrained her from complete response to his appeal.

"I *do* feel sure you know—about the treatment of the hands and all that; but

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you said yourself once—the first time we ever talked about Westmore—that the business part was different——"

Here it was again, the ancient ineradicable belief in the separable body and soul! Even an industrial organization was supposed to be subject to the old theological distinction, and Bessy was ready to cooperate with her husband in the emancipation of Westmore's spiritual part if only its body remained under the law.

Amherst controlled his impatience, as it was always easy for him to do when he had fixed on a definite line of conduct.

"It was my situation that was different; not what you call the business part. That is inextricably bound up with the treatment of the hands. If I am to have anything to do with the mills now I can only deal with them as your representative; and as such I am bound to take in the whole question."

Bessy's face clouded: was he going into it all again? But he read her look and went on reassuringly: "That was what I meant by saying that I hoped you would take me on faith. If I want the welfare of Westmore it's above all, I believe, because I want Westmore to see you as *I* do—as the dispenser of happiness, who could not endure to benefit by any wrong or injustice to others."

"Of course, of course I don't want to do them injustice!"

"Well, then——"

He had seated himself beside her again, clasping in his the hand with which she was fretting the lace-edged sheet. He felt her restless fingers surrender slowly to his touch, and her eyes turned to him appealingly.

"But I care for what people say of you too! And you know—it's horrid, but one must consider it—if they say you are spending my money imprudently. . . ." The blood rose to her neck and face, suffusing her with a crimson blush. "I don't mind for myself . . . even if I have to give up as many things as Papa and Mr. Tredegar think . . . but there is Cicely . . . and if people said . . ."

"If people said that I was spending Cicely's money on improving the condition of the people to whose work she will some day owe all her wealth—." Amherst paused: "Well, I would rather hear that said of me than any other thing I can think of, except one."

"Except what?"

"That I was doing it with her mother's help and approval."

She drew a long tremulous sigh: he knew it was always a relief to her to have him assert himself strongly. But a residue of resistance still clouded her mind.

"I should always want to help you, of course; but if Mr. Tredegar and Halford Gaines think that your plan is unbusinesslike——"

"Mr. Tredegar and Halford Gaines are certain to think that. And that is why I said, just now, that it comes, in the end, to your choosing between us: taking them on experience or taking me on faith."

She looked at him wistfully. "Of course I should expect to give up things . . . You wouldn't want me to live here?"

"I should not ask you to," he said, half-smiling.

"I suppose there would be a good many things we couldn't do——"

"You would certainly have less money for a number of years; after that, I believe you would have more rather than less; but I should not want you to think that, beyond a reasonable point, the prosperity of the mills was ever to be measured by your dividends."

"No." She leaned back wearily among the pillows. "I suppose, for instance, we should have to give up Europe this summer——?"

Here at last was the bottom of her thought! It was always on the immediate pleasure that her soul hung: she had not enough imagination to look beyond, even in the projecting of her own desires. And it was on his knowledge of this limitation that Amherst had deliberately built.

"I don't see how you could go to Europe," he said.

"The doctor thinks I need it," she faltered.

"In that case, of course—" He stood up, not abruptly, or with any show of irritation, but as if accepting this as her final answer. "What you need most, in the meantime, is a little sleep," he said. "I will tell your maid not to disturb you in the morning." He had returned to his soothing way of speech, as though definitely resigned to the inutility of farther argument. "And I will say goodbye now," he continued, "because I shall probably take an early train, before you're awake——"

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She sat up with a start. "An early train? Where are you going?"

"I must go to Chicago some time this month, and as I shall not be wanted here tomorrow I might as well start at once, and join you next week at Lynbrook."

Bessy had grown pale. "But I don't understand——"

Their eyes met. "Can't you understand that I am human enough to prefer, under the circumstances, not being present at tomorrow's meeting?" he said with a dry laugh.

She sank back on the pillows with a moan of discouragement, turning her face away as he began to move toward his room.

"Shall I put the light out?" he asked, pausing with his hand on the electric button.

"Yes, please."

He pushed in the button and walked on, guided through the obscurity by the line of light under his door. As he reached the threshold he heard a little choking cry from his wife.

"John—oh, John!"

He paused.

"I can't *bear* it!" The sobs increased.

"Bear what?"

"That you should hate me——"

"Don't be foolish," he said, opening his door.

"But you do hate me—and I deserve it!"

"Nonsense, dear. Try to sleep."

"I can't sleep till you've forgiven me. Say you don't hate me! I'll do anything . . . only say you don't hate me!"

He stood still a moment, thinking; then he turned back, and made his way across the room to her side. As he sat down beside her, he felt her arms reach for his neck and her wet face press itself against his cheek.

"I'll do anything . . ." she sobbed; and in the darkness he held her to him and hated his victory.

XIII

Mrs. Ansell was engaged in what she called picking up threads. She had been abroad for the summer—had, in fact, transferred herself but a few hours earlier from her returning steamer to the little station at Lynbrook—and was now, in the bright September afternoon, which left her in sole possession of the terrace of Lynbrook House, using that pleasant eminence as a point of observation from which to gather up some of the loose ends of history dropped at her departure.

It might have been thought that the actual scene outspread below her—the descending gardens, the tennis-courts, the farm-lands sloping away to the blue sea-like shimmer of the Hempstead plains—offered, at the moment, little material for her special purpose; but that was to view them with a superficial eye. Mrs. Ansell's trained gaze was, for example, greatly enlightened by the fact that the tennis-courts were fringed by a group of people indolently watchful of the figures agitating themselves about the nets; and that, as she turned her head toward the entrance avenue, the receding view of a station omnibus, followed by a luggage-cart, announced that more guests were to be added to those who had almost taxed to its limits the expansibility of the luncheon-table.

All this, to the initiated eye, was full of suggestion; but its significance was as nothing to that presented by the approach of two figures which, as Mrs. Ansell watched, detached themselves from the cluster about the tennis-ground and struck, obliquely and at a desultory pace, across the lawn toward the terrace. The figures—those of a slight young man with stooping shoulders, and of a lady equally youthful but slenderly erect—moved forward in absorbed communion, as if unconscious of their surroundings and indefinite as to their direction, till, on the brink of the wide grass terrace just below their observer's parapet, they paused a moment and faced each other in closer speech. This interchange of words, though brief in measure of time, lasted long enough to add a vivid strand to Mrs. Ansell's thickening skein; then, on a gesture of the lady's, and without signs of formal leave-taking, the young man struck into a path which regained the entrance avenue, while his companion, quickening her pace, crossed the grass terrace and mounted the wide stone steps sweeping up from it to the house.

These brought her out on the upper terrace a few yards from Mrs. Ansell's coign of vantage, and exposed her, unprepared, to the full beam of welcome which that lady's rapid advance threw like a searchlight across her path.

"Dear Miss Brent! I was just wondering how it was that I hadn't seen you before." Mrs. Ansell, as she spoke, drew the

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girl's hand into a long soft clasp which served to keep them confronted while she delicately groped for whatever thread the encounter seemed to proffer.

Justine made no attempt to evade the scrutiny to which she found herself exposed; she merely released her hand by a movement instinctively evasive of the mechanical endearment, explaining, with a smile that softened the gesture: "I was out with Cicely when you arrived. We've just come in."

"The dear child! I haven't seen her either." Mrs. Ansell continued to bestow upon the speaker's pale dark face an intensity of attention in which, for the moment, Cicely had no perceptible share. "I hear you are teaching her botany, and all kinds of wonderful things."

Justine smiled again. "I am trying to teach her to wonder: that is the hardest faculty to cultivate in the modern child."

"Yes—I suppose so; in myself," Mrs. Ansell admitted with a responsive brightness, "I find it develops with age. The world is a remarkable place." She threw this off absently, as though leaving Miss Brent to apply it either to the inorganic phenomena with which Cicely was supposed to be occupied, or to those subtler manifestations that engaged her own attention.

"It's a great thing," she continued, "for Bessy to have had your help—for Cicely, and for herself too. There is so much that I want you to tell me about her. As an old friend I want the benefit of your fresher eye."

"About Bessy?" Justine hesitated, letting her glance drift to the distant group still anchored about the tennis-nets. "Don't you find her looking better?"

"Than when I left? So much so that I was unduly disturbed, just now, by seeing that clever little doctor—it *was* he, wasn't it, who came up the lawn with you?"

"Dr. Wyant? Yes." Miss Brent hesitated again. "But he merely called—with a message."

"Not professionally? *Tant mieux!* The truth is, I was anxious about Bessy when I left—I thought she ought to have gone abroad for a change. But, as it turns out, her little excursion with you did as well."

"I think she only needed a rest. Perhaps her six weeks in the Adirondacks were better than Europe."

"Ah, under *your* care—that made them better!" Mrs. Ansell in turn hesitated, the lines of her face melting and changing as if a rapid stage-hand had shifted them. When she spoke again they were as open as a public square, but also as destitute of personal significance, as flat and smooth as the painted drop before the real scene it hides.

"I have always thought that Bessy, for all her health and activity, needs as much care as Cicely—the kind of care a clever friend can give. She is so wasteful of her strength and her nerves, and so unwilling to listen to reason. Poor Dick Westmore watched over her as if she were a baby; but perhaps Mr. Amherst, who must have been used to such a different type of woman, doesn't realize . . . and then he's so little here. . . ." The drop was irradiated by a smile that seemed to make it more impenetrable. "As an old friend I can't help telling you how much I hope she is to have you with her for a long time—a long, long time."

Miss Brent bent her head in slight acknowledgment of the tribute. "Oh, soon she will not need any care——"

"My dear Miss Brent, she will always need it!" Mrs. Ansell made a movement inviting the young girl to share the bench from which, at the latter's approach, she had risen. "But perhaps there is not enough in such a life to satisfy your professional energies."

She seated herself, and after an imperceptible pause Justine sank into the seat beside her. "I am very glad, just now, to give them a holiday," she said, leaning back with a little sigh of retrospective weariness.

"You are tired too? Bessy wrote me you had been quite used up by a trying case after we saw you at Hanaford."

Miss Brent smiled. "When a nurse is fit for work she calls a trying case a 'beautiful' one."

"But meanwhile—?" Mrs. Ansell shone on her with elder-sisterly solicitude. "Meanwhile, why not stay on with Cicely—above all, with Bessy? Surely she is a 'beautiful' case too."

"Isn't she?" Justine laughingly agreed.

"And if you want to be tried—" Mrs. Ansell swept the scene with a slight lift of her philosophic shoulders—"you'll find there are trials everywhere."

Her companion started up with a glance

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at the small watch on her breast. "One of them is that it's already after four, and that I must see that tea is sent down to the tennis-ground, and the new arrivals looked after."

"I saw the omnibus on its way to the station. Are many more people coming?"

"Five or six, I believe. The house is usually full for Sunday."

Mrs. Ansell made a slight motion to detain her. "And when is Mr. Amherst expected?"

Miss Brent's pale cheek seemed to take on a deeper tone of ivory, and her glance dropped from her companion's face to the vivid stretch of gardens at their feet. "Bessy has not told me," she said.

"Ah—" the older woman rejoined, looking also toward the gardens, as if to intercept Miss Brent's glance in its flight. The latter stood still a moment, with the appearance of not wishing to evade what ever else her companion might have to say; then she moved away with a rapid step, entering the house by one window just as Mr. Langhope emerged from it by another.

The sound of his stick tapping across the bricks roused Mrs. Ansell from her meditations, but she showed her sense of his presence simply by returning to the bench she had just left; and accepting this mute invitation, Mr. Langhope crossed the terrace and seated himself at her side.

When he had done so they continued to look at each other without speaking, after the manner of old friends possessed of occult means of communication; and as the result of this inward colloquy Mr. Langhope at length said: "Well, what do you make of it?"

"What do *you?*" she rejoined, turning full upon him a face so released from its usual defences and disguises that it looked at once older and more simple than the countenance she presented to the world.

Mr. Langhope waved a deprecating hand. "I want your fresher impressions."

"That's what I just now said to Miss Brent."

"You've been talking to Miss Brent?"

"Only a flying word—she had to go and look after the new arrivals."

Mr. Langhope's attention deepened. "Well, what did you say to her?"

"Wouldn't you rather hear what she said to *me?*"

He smiled. "A good cross-examiner always gets the answers he wants. Let me hear your side, and I shall know hers."

"I should say that applied only to stupid cross-examiners; or to those who have stupid subjects to deal with. And Miss Brent is not stupid, you know."

"Far from it! What else do you make out?"

"I make out that she's in possession."

"Here?"

"Don't look startled. Do you dislike her?"

"Heaven forbid—with those eyes! She has a neat wit of her own, too—and she certainly makes things easier for Bessy."

"She guards her carefully, at any rate. I could find out nothing."

"About Bessy?"

"About the general situation."

"Including Miss Brent herself?"

Mrs. Ansell smiled faintly. "I made one little discovery about her."

"Well?"

"She's intimate with the new doctor."

"Wyant?" Mr. Langhope's interest dropped. "What of that? I believe she knew him before."

"I daresay. It's of no special importance, except as giving us a possible clue to her character. She strikes me as interesting and mysterious."

Mr. Langhope smiled. "The things your imagination does for you!"

"It helps me to see that we may find Miss Brent useful as a friend."

"A friend?"

"An ally." She paused, as if searching for a word. "She may restore the equilibrium."

Mr. Langhope's handsome face darkened. "Open Bessy's eyes to Amherst? Damn him!" he said quietly.

Mrs. Ansell let the imprecation pass. "When was he last here?" she asked.

"Five or six weeks ago—for one night. His only visit since she came back from the Adirondacks."

"What do you think his motive is? He must know what he risks in losing his hold on Bessy."

"His motive? With your eye for them, can you ask? A devouring ambition, that's all! Haven't you noticed that, in all except the biggest minds, ambition takes the form of wanting to command where one has had to obey? Amherst has been made to toe the

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line at Westmore, and now he wants Truscomb—yes, and Halford Gaines, too!—to do the same. That's the secret of his servant-of-the-people pose—gad, I believe it's the whole secret of his marriage! He's devouring my daughter's substance to pay off an old score against the mills. He'll never rest till he has Truscomb out, and some creature of his own in command—and then, *vogue la galère!* If it were women, now," Mr. Langhope summed up impatiently, "one could understand it, at his age, and with that damned romantic head—but to be put aside for a lot of low mongrelly socialist mill-hands—ah, my poor girl—my poor girl!"

Mrs. Ansell mused. "You didn't write me that things were so bad. There's been no actual quarrel?" she asked.

"How can there be, when the poor child does all he wants? He's simply too busy to come and thank her!"

"Too busy at Hanaford?"

"So he says. Introducing the golden age at Westmore—it's likely to be the age of copper at Rushton."

Mrs. Ansell drew a meditative breath. "I was thinking of that. I understood that Bessy would have to retrench while the changes at Westmore were going on."

"Well—didn't she give up Europe, and cable over to countermand her new motor?"

"But the life here! This mob of people! Miss Brent tells me the house is full for every week-end."

"Would you have my daughter cut off from all her friends?"

Mrs. Ansell met this promptly. "From some of the new ones, at any rate! Have you heard who has just arrived?"

Mr. Langhope's hesitation showed a tinge of embarrassment. "I'm not sure—some one has always just arrived."

"Well, the Fenton Carburys, then!" Mrs. Ansell left it to her tone to annotate the announcement.

Mr. Langhope raised his eyebrows slightly. "Are they likely to be an exceptionally costly pleasure?"

"If you're trying to prove that I haven't kept to the point—I can assure you that I'm well within it!"

"But since the good Blanche has got her divorce and married Carbury, wherein do they differ from other week-end automata?"

"Because most divorced women marry again to be respectable."

Mr. Langhope smiled faintly. "Yes—that's their punishment. But it would be too dull for Blanche."

"Precisely. *She* married again to see Ned Bowfort!"

"Ah—that may yet be hers!"

Mrs. Ansell sighed at his perversity. "Meanwhile, she's brought him here, and it is unnatural to see Bessy lending herself to such combinations."

"You're corrupted by a glimpse of the old societies. Here Bowfort and Carbury are simply hands at bridge."

"Old hands at it—yes! And the bridge is another point: Bessy never used to play for money."

"Well, she may make something, and offset her husband's prodigalities."

"There again—with this *train de vie*, how on earth are both ends to meet?"

Mr. Langhope, grown suddenly grave, struck his cane resoundingly on the terrace. "Westmore and Lynbrook? I don't want them to—I want them to get farther and farther apart!"

She cast on him a look of startled divination. "You want Bessy to go on spending too much money?"

"How can I help it if it costs?"

"If what costs—?" She stopped, her eyes still wide; then their glances crossed, and she exclaimed: "If your scheme costs? It *is* your scheme, then?"

He shrugged his shoulders again. "It's a passive attitude——"

"Ah, the deepest plans are that!" Mr. Langhope uttered no protest, and she continued to piece her conjectures together. "But you expect it to lead up to something active. Do you want a rupture?"

"I want him brought back to his senses."

"Do you think that will bring him back to *her?*"

"Where the devil else will he have to go?"

Mrs. Ansell's eyes dropped toward the gardens, across which desultory knots of people were straggling back from the ended tennis-match. "Ah, here they all come," she said, rising with a half-sigh; and as she stood watching the advance of the brightly-tinted groups she added slowly: "It's ingenious—but you don't understand him."

Mr. Langhope stroked his moustache. "Perhaps not," he assented thoughtfully. "But suppose we go in before they join us?

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I want to show you a set of Ming I picked up the other day for Bessy. I flatter myself I *do* understand Ming."

XIV

JUSTINE BRENT, her household duties discharged, had gone upstairs to her room, a little turret chamber projecting above the wide terrace below, from which the sounds of lively intercourse now rose increasingly to her window.

Bessy, she knew, would have preferred to have her remain with the party from whom these evidences of gaiety proceeded. Mrs. Amherst had grown to depend on her friend's nearness. She liked to feel that Justine's quick hand and eye were always in waiting on her impulses, prompt to interpret and execute them without any exertion of her own. Bessy combined great zeal in the pursuit of sport—a tireless passion for the saddle, the golf-course, the tennis-court—with an almost Oriental inertia within doors, an indolence of body and brain that made her shrink from the active obligations of hospitality, though she had grown to depend more and more on the distractions of a crowded house.

But Justine, though grateful, and desirous of showing her gratitude, was unwilling to add to her other duties that of joining in the amusements of the house-party. She made no pretense of effacing herself when she thought her presence might be useful—but, even if she had cared for the diversions in favour at Lynbrook, a certain unavowed pride would have kept her from participating in them on the same footing with Bessy's guests. She was not in the least ashamed of her real position in the household, but she chose that every one else should be aware of it, that she should not for an instant be taken for one of the nomadic damsels who form the camp-followers of the great army of pleasure. Yet even on this point her sensitiveness was not exaggerated. Adversity has a deft hand at gathering loose strands of impulse into character, and Justine's premature contact with different phases of experience had given her a fairly clear view of life in the round, what might be called a sound working topography of its relative heights and depths. She was not seriously afraid of being taken for anything but what she really was, and still less did she fear to become, by force of propinquity and suggestion, the kind of being for whom she might be temporarily taken.

When, at Bessy's urgent summons, she had joined the latter at her camp in the Adirondacks, the transition from a fatiguing "case" at Hanaford to a life in which sylvan freedom was artfully blent with the most studied personal luxury, had come as a delicious refreshment to body and brain. She was weary, for the moment, of ugliness, plain and hard work, and life seemed to recover its meaning under the aspect of a graceful leisure. Lynbrook also, whither she had been persuaded to go with Bessy at the end of their woodland cure, had at first amused and interested her. The big house on its spreading terraces, with windows looking over bright gardens to the hazy distances of the plains, seemed a haven of harmless gaiety and ease. Justine was sensitive to the finer graces of luxurious living, to the warm lights on old pictures and bronzes, the soft mingling of tints in faded rugs and panellings of time-warmed oak. And the existence to which this background formed a setting seemed at first to have the same decorative qualities. It was pleasant, for once, to be among people whose chief business was to look well and take life lightly, and Justine's own buoyancy of nature won her immediate access among the amiable persons who peopled Bessy's week-end parties. If they had only abounded a little more in their own line she might have succumbed to their spell. But it seemed to her that they missed the poetry of their situation, transacting their pleasures with the dreary method and shortness of view of a race tethered to the ledger. Even the verbal flexibility which had made her feel that she was in a world of freer ideas, soon revealed itself as a form of flight from them, in which the race was distinctly to the swift; and Justine's phase of passive enjoyment passed with the return of her physical and mental activity. She was a creature tingling with energy, a little fleeting particle of the power that moves the sun and the other stars, and the deadening influences of the life at Lynbrook roused these tendencies to greater intensity, as a suffocated person will suddenly develop abnormal strength in the struggle for air.

She did not, indeed, regret having come. She was glad to be with Bessy, partly be-

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cause of the childish friendship which had left such deep traces in her lonely heart, and partly because what she had seen of her friend's situation stirred in her all the impulses of sympathy and service; but the idea of continuing in such a life, of sinking into any of the positions of semi-dependence that an adroit and handsome girl may create for herself in a fashionable woman's train—this possibility never presented itself to Justine till Mrs. Ansell, that afternoon, had put it into words. And to hear it was to revolt from it with all the strength of her inmost nature. The thought of the future troubled her, not so much materially—for she had a light bird-like trust in the morrow's fare—but because her own tendencies seemed to have grown less clear, because she could not rest in them for guidance as she had once done. The renewal of bodily activity had not brought back her faith in her calling: her work had lost the light of consecration. She no longer felt herself predestined to nurse the sick for the rest of her life, and in her inexperience she reproached herself with this instability. Youth and womanhood were in fact crying out in her for their individual satisfaction; but instincts as deep-seated protected her from even a momentary illusion as to the nature of this demand. She wanted happiness, and a life of her own, as passionately as young flesh-and-blood had ever wanted them; but they must come bathed in the light of imagination and penetrated by the sense of larger affinities. She could not conceive of shutting herself into a little citadel of personal well-being while the great tides of existence rolled on unheeded outside. Whether they swept treasure to her feet, or strewed her life with wreckage, she felt, even now, that her place was there, on the banks, in sound and sight of the great current; and just in proportion as the scheme of life at Lynbrook succeeded in shutting out all sense of that vaster human consciousness, so did its voice speak more thrillingly within her.

Somewhere, she felt—but, alas! still out of reach—was the life she longed for, a life in which high chances of doing should be mated with her finer forms of enjoying. But what title had she to a share in such an existence? Why, none but her sense of what it was worth—and what did that count for, in a world which used all its resources to barricade itself against all its opportunities? She knew there were girls who sought, by what is called a "good" marriage, an escape into the outer world of doing and thinking—utilizing an empty brain and full pocket as the key to these envied fields. Some such chance the life at Lynbrook seemed likely enough to offer—one is not, at Justine's age and with her penetration, any more blind to the poise of one's head than to the turn of one's ideas; but here the subtler obstacles of taste and pride intervened. Not even Bessy's transparent manœuvrings, her tender solicitude for her friend's happiness, could for a moment weaken Justine's resistance. If she must marry without love—and this was growing conceivable to her—she must at least merge her craving for personal happiness in some view of life in harmony with hers.

A tap on her door interrupted these musings, to one aspect of which Bessy Amherst's entrance seemed suddenly to give visible expression.

"Why did you run off, Justine? You promised to be down-stairs when I came back from tennis."

"*Till* you came back—wasn't it, dear?" Justine corrected with a smile, pushing her arm-chair forward as Bessy continued to linger irresolutely in the doorway. "I saw that there was a fresh supply of tea in the drawing-room, and I knew you would be there before the omnibus came from the station."

"Oh, I was there—but everybody was asking for you——"

"Everybody?" Justine gave a mocking lift to her dark eyebrows.

"Well—Westy Gaines, at any rate; the moment he set foot in the house!" Bessy declared with a laugh as she dropped into the arm-chair.

Justine echoed the laugh, but offered no comment on the statement which accompanied it, and for a moment both women were silent, Bessy tilting her pretty discontented head against the back of the chair, so that her eyes were on a level with those of her friend, who leaned near her in the embrasure of the window.

"I can't understand you, Justine. You know well enough what he's come back for."

"In order to dazzle Hanaford with the fact that he has been staying at Lynbrook!"

"Nonsense—the novelty of that has

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worn off. He's been here three times since we came back."

"You are admirably hospitable to your family——"

Bessy let her pretty ringed hands fall with a discouraged gesture. "Why do you find him so much worse than—than other people?"

Justine's eye-brows rose again. "In the same capacity? You speak as if I had boundless opportunities of comparison."

"Well, at any rate, you've Dr. Wyant!" Mrs. Amherst suddenly flung back at her.

Justine coloured under the unexpected thrust, but met her friend's eyes steadily. "As an alternative to Westy? Well, if I were on a desert island—but I'm not!" she concluded with a careless laugh.

Bessy frowned and sighed. "You can't mean that, of the two—?" She paused and then went on doubtfully: "It's because he's cleverer?"

"Dr. Wyant?" Justine smiled. "It's not making an enormous claim for him!"

"Oh, I know Westy's not brilliant; but stupid men are not always the hardest to live with." She sighed again, and turned on Justine a glance charged with conjugal experience.

Justine had sunk into the window-seat, her thin hands clasping her knee, in the attitude habitual to her meditative moments. "Perhaps not," she assented; "but I don't know that I should care for a man who made life easy; I should want some one who made it interesting."

Bessy met this with a pitying exclamation. "Don't imagine you invented that! Every girl thinks it. Afterward she finds out that it's much pleasanter to be thought interesting herself."

She spoke with a bitterness that issued strangely from her lips. It was this bitterness which gave her soft personality the sharp edge that Justine had felt in it on the day of their meeting at Hanaford.

The girl, at first, had tried to defend herself from these scarcely-veiled confidences, distasteful enough in themselves, and placing her, if she listened, in an attitude of implied disloyalty to the man under whose roof they were spoken. But a precocious experience of life had taught her that emotions too strong for the nature containing them turn, by some law of spiritual chemistry, into a rankling poison; and she had therefore resigned herself to serving as a kind of outlet for Bessy's pent-up discontent. It was not that her friend's grievance appealed to her personal sympathies; she had learned enough of the situation to give her moral assent unreservedly to the other side. But it was characteristic of Justine that where she sympathized least she sometimes pitied most. Like all quick spirits she was often intolerant of dulness; yet when the intolerance passed it left a residue of compassion for the very incapacity at which she chafed. It seemed to her that the tragic crises in wedded life usually turned on the stupidity of one of the two concerned; and of the two victims of such a catastrophe she felt most for the one whose limitations had probably brought it about. After all, there could be no imprisonment as cruel as that of being bounded by a hard small nature. Not to be penetrable at all points to the shifting lights, the wandering music of the world—she could imagine no physical disability as cramping as that. How the little parched soul, in solitary confinement for life, must pine and dwindle in its blind cranny of self-love!

To be one's self wide open to the currents of life does not always contribute to an understanding of narrower natures; but in Justine the personal emotions were enriched and deepened by a sense of participation in all that the world about her was doing, suffering and enjoying; and this sense found expression in the instinct of ministry and solace. She was by nature a redresser, a restorer; and in her work, as she had once told Amherst, the longing to help and direct, to hasten on by personal intervention time's slow and clumsy processes, had often been in conflict with the restrictions imposed by her profession. But she had no idle desire to probe the depths of other lives; and where there seemed no hope of serving she shrank from fruitless confidences. She was beginning to feel this to be the case with Bessy Amherst. To touch the rock was not enough, if there were but a few drops within it; yet in this barrenness lay the pathos of the situation—and after all, may not the scanty spring be fed from a fuller current?

"I'm not sure about that," she said, answering her friend's last words after a deep pause of deliberation. "I mean about its being so pleasant to be found interesting. I'm sure the passive part is always the dull

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one: life has been a great deal more thrilling since we found out that we revolved about the sun, instead of sitting still and fancying that all the planets were dancing attendance on us. After all, they were *not;* and it's rather humiliating to think how the morning stars must have laughed together about it!"

There was no self-complacency in Justine's eagerness to help. It was far easier for her to express it in action than in counsel, to grope for the path with her friend than to point the way to it; and when she had to speak she took refuge in figures to escape the pedantry of appearing to advise. But it was not only to Mrs. Dressel that her parables were dark, and the blank look in Bessy's eyes soon snatched her down from the height of metaphor.

"I mean," she continued with a smile, "that, as human nature is constituted, it has got to find its real self—the self to be interested in—outside of what we conventionally call 'self': the particular Justine or Bessy who is clamouring for her particular morsel of life. You see, self isn't a thing one can keep in a box—bits of it keep escaping, and flying off to lodge in all sorts of unexpected crannies; we come across scraps of ourselves in the most unlikely places—as I believe you would in Westmore, if you'd only go back there and look for them!"

Bessy's lip trembled and the colour sprang to her face; but she answered with a flash of irritation: "Why doesn't *he* look for me there, then—if he still wants to find me?"

"Ah—it's for him to look here—to find himself *here,*" Justine murmured.

"Well, he never comes here! That's his answer."

"He will—he will! Only, when he does, let him find you."

"Find me? I don't understand. How can he, when he never sees me? I'm no more to him than the carpet on the floor!"

Justine smiled again. "Well—be that then! The thing is to *be.*"

"Under his feet? Thank you! Is that what you mean to marry for? It's not what husbands admire in one, you know!"

"No." Justine stood up with a sense of stealing discouragement. "But I don't think I want to be admired——"

"Ah, that's because you know you are!" broke from the depths of the other's bitterness.

The tone smote Justine, and she dropped into the seat at her friend's side, silently laying a hand on Bessy's feverishly-clasped fingers.

"Oh, don't let us talk about me," complained the latter, from whose lips the subject was never long absent. "And you mustn't think that I *want* you to marry, Justine; not for myself, I mean—I'd so much rather keep you here. I feel so much less lonely when you're with me. But you say you won't stay—and it's too dreadful to think of your going back to that dreary hospital."

"But you know the hospital's not dreary to me," Justine interposed; "it's the most interesting place I've ever known." Mrs. Amherst smiled indulgently on this extravagance. "A great many people go through the craze for philanthropy—" she began in the tone of mature experience; but Justine interrupted her with a laugh.

"Philanthropy? I'm not philanthropic. I don't think I ever felt inclined to do good in the abstract—any more than to do ill!—I can't remember that I ever planned out a course of conduct in my life. It's only," she went on, with a puzzled frown, as if honestly trying to analyze her motives, "it's only that I'm so fatally interested in people that before I know it I've slipped into their skins; and then, of course, if anything goes wrong with them, it's just as if it had gone wrong with me; and I can't help trying to rescue myself from *their* troubles! I suppose it's what you'd call meddling—and so should I, if I could only remember that the other people were not myself!"

Bessy received this with the mild tolerance of superior wisdom. Once safe on the tried ground of traditional authority, she always felt herself Justine's superior. "That's all very well now—you see the romantic side of it," she said, as if humouring her friend's vagaries. "But in time you'll want something else; you'll want a husband and children—a life of your own. And then you'll have to be more practical. It's ridiculous to pretend that comfort and money don't make a difference. And if you married a rich man, just think what a lot of good you could do! Westy will be very well off—and I'm sure he'd let you endow hospitals and things. Think how interesting it would be to build a ward in the very hospital where you'd been a nurse! I read something like that

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in a novel the other day—it was beautifully described . . . all the nurses and doctors that the heroine had worked with were there to receive her . . . and her little boy went about and gave toys to all the crippled children . . ."

If the speaker's concluding instance hardly produced the effect she had intended, it was perhaps only because Justine's attention had been arrested by the earlier part of the argument. It was strange to have marriage urged on her by a woman who had twice failed to find happiness in it—strange, and yet how vivid a sign that, even to a nature absorbed in its personal demands, not happiness but completeness is the inmost craving! "A life of your own"—that was what even Bessy, in her obscure way, felt to be best worth suffering for. And how was a spirit like Justine's, thrilling with youth and sympathy, to conceive of an isolated existence as the final answer to that craving? A life circumscribed by one's own poor personal consciousness would not be life at all—far better the "adventure of the diver" than the shivering alone on the bank! Bessy, reading encouragement in her silence, returned her hand-clasp with an affectionate pressure.

"You *would* like that, Justine?" she said, secretly proud of having hit upon the convincing argument.

"To endow hospitals with your cousin's money? No; I should want something much more exciting!"

Bessy's face kindled. "You mean travelling abroad—and I suppose New York in winter?"

Justine broke into a laugh. "I was thinking of your cousin himself when I spoke." And to Bessy's disappointed cry—"Then it *is* Dr. Wyant, after all?" she answered lightly, and without resenting the challenge: "I don't know. Suppose we leave it to the oracle."

"The oracle?"

"Time. His question-and-answer department is generally the most reliable in the long run." She started up, gently drawing Bessy to her feet. "And just at present he reminds me that it's nearly six, and that you promised Cicely to go and see her before you dress for dinner."

Bessy rose obediently. "Does he remind you of *your* promises too? You said you'd come down to dinner tonight."

"Did I?" Justine hesitated. "Well, I'm coming," she said, smiling and kissing her friend.

(To be continued.)

THE LAMP-RACE

By Edith M. Thomas

THOU, in the lamp-race of life, that all human must run,
Take thou the light from my hand, ere it dwindle away!
Thou, yet unwearied, undoubting—thou Heaven-loved one—
With the speed of young feet, how the flame rekindles to-day!

Darkling the ways of the future, to vision outworn;
Thou, with the new-plenished light, its reaches explore;
By thee shall the outpost a little farther be borne,
Nor fear thou the travelling shadow man casteth before!

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THE POINT OF VIEW

THIS department of this magazine has taken its part in the increasing and increasingly successful agitation of the past decade and more against the defacement of natural scenery by the abuse of the advertiser's art. But there is one kind of defacement which has not been effectively resisted, and which yet is grievous to many.

About the great work of nature we are all agreed, excepting those who are pecuniarily interested in disagreeing. None of us would willingly see anybody's private business publicly displayed along the precipitous enclosures of the gorge of Niagara or of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. But when it comes to merely peaceful and pastoral passages of scenery which have nothing sensational about them, but merely convey to one who has been long in cities pent some sense of the healing influences of Nature, the case is different. No "Scenic and Historic Preservation Society" busies itself to prevent that kind of desecration. Nobody is interested to prevent it, and two classes of persons are interested to promote it, the advertiser whose unhallowed arts cover every conspicuous and unoccupied space, and the agriculturist who presumably collects some kind of return for the ground on which he permits the shrieker to stand and shriek.

Advertising and the Farmer

There is nothing about the route by rail from New York to Philadelphia which can fairly be called "scenic" and not much that can fairly be called "historic." It is a fat, flat, tame country, in favor of which, from the picturesque point of view, there is nothing to be said beyond the fact that it is "country," or would be but for the unholy machinations of the advertiser. Let the traveller secure his seat, as the wise traveller does, on the rear car of one of the Congressional Limiteds, with the notion that he will for those two hours, at least, escape from citification, and watch the receding landscape and the riparian ruralities. How awfully sold that traveller will be. There is no riparian rurality. On the contrary, he runs, from New York to Philadelphia, a gauntlet of space-devouring and scenery-hiding signs. John Ruskin, remonstrating, in his mediæval way, against the railroads, remarked that "thousands who once, in their necessarily prolonged travel through the woods and fields, were subjected to an influence not less effectual because not known or confessed, now bear with them, even there, the ceaseless fever of their life." Although we are by no means going back to stage-coaches in order to appease the manes of the Early Victorian æsthete, the remark is just. We really ought to keep as much as we can of the beauties, even of the simplest and least "scenic" aspects of nature in the necessities of modern life. And, without doubt, this experience between the two cities is calculated to put to flight the finer feelings.

It is not at all the fault of the railroad. That Prince of Darkness of the Populists is a gentleman: and the gentlemanly spirit of the corporation is evinced in the fact that of all the horrors of this gauntlet of ninety miles that one runs between the two great cities, none occurs within its sacred right of way, which is managed of course on strictly utilitarian principles, but still managed with the minimum of interference with refined sensibilities. These horrors are jointly "up to" the advertiser and the agriculturist, the advertiser who is willing to pay for this kind of publicity, and the agriculturist who does not see his way to refuse a pecuniary compensation for otherwise waste spaces upon his farm or its fences. Let us sympathize with the agriculturist. Let us also, in extreme moderation, sympathize with the advertising promoter. But that is no reason why we should forget that, between them, they have vulgarized a hundred miles of "sweet and cheerful country," which might have gladdened the heart, but which now merely revolts the instincts of the sensitive traveller. Mr. Hamlin Garland has a story of the Western farmer who, in a moment of weakness, permitted a strange hustler to advertise a nostrum on his barn, and afterward, repenting himself, climbed up in the night, and, with a lamentably insufficient sense of the obligation of contracts, painted out the abominable thing on the sly. Many New Jersey farmers ought to sympathize with that Western man. It may be well enough for them to take toll of the advertising agent for outlying lands otherwise unavailable. But when it comes

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to allowing the advertising agent to paint his proclamations on the very homestead and its outlying barns, the self-respect of the Jersey farmer ought really to assert itself. How can he expect his children, brought up in a homestead disfigured with advertisements, to "twine their young affections," as Carlyle has it, "round that sort of object?" The New Jersey farmer is not the first person we have heard of, nor is he likely to be the last, to be approached with proposals to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage. But, when it comes to a clear question of his birthright and the birthright of his children, it seems that the New Jersey farmer should hesitate.

Old Things

IT is a mark of our times that no one keeps old things any more. Taking it in the concrete, commonplace, every-day, matter-of-fact way, it is perhaps the most distinctive sign. It gathers up into itself and generalizes all sorts of other signs. We look back upon the homes of a generation ago, and the individual existences passed therein, with a feeling of closeness. The past, at that particular distance, seems stuffy. When analyzed the stuffiness resolves itself into a confused perception of the weight of outworn accessories that all old-fashioned things carried along with them. Perhaps the difference between things that are old and valuable and old-fashioned and valueless is precisely this, that the first have had time to drop off the accretions of worthless detail that yet stick to the second.

People kept old things a generation ago because they still had time to keep them. They kept them because they had time to nurse the sentiments that come of the sense of association—which sense made them want to keep them. Modern lives have no attics, any more than modern houses. They haven't the space to spare. They don't keep old diaries on their own account, nor old letters, ribbons, trinkets, photographs, on their friends' account. Especially not old photographs. Friends last longest to the really modern person when they are of the type whose various metamorphoses, as time goes on, are of the rapid and painless sort, and who, through all changes, keep abreast with the hour. Why, then, photographs, or any other memorial, of periods antecedent to the actual moment—periods when your friend was a different being, and so were you?

But where do all the old things go? They cannot all lightly float into the waste-paper basket, along with the pretty dross of *menus* and cotillion favors semi-sentimentally preserved for half a season. All thrifty *ménagères* know that since the poor have been growing richer it is much more difficult to give away old things "advantageously"—meaning old clothes especially. Some of us, I am sure, wear clothes indeed of which we feel that our servants would not approve for themselves. Is the key to the mystery to be found in that vast subterranean business (it must be vast, since we are told that millions are invested in it) which acts as an intermediary between what some want to cast off and others want to acquire? And who are the people who sell to the seller of old clothes? From what class, or classes, does he recruit the upper elements of his trade? Has our haste to be free of all perishable accumulations perceptibly enlarged an industry which, after all, is in the hands chiefly of a race whose refusal to mix the things of sentiment with material things is one of its great powers? Why *not* the commercial spirit about old things, since we decline to be unduly sentimental any more about our past phases in general?

There are those who deplore this callousness—so they call it—and think that the want of atmosphere, the superficiality, of typical modern existences is due just to the light ballast they carry on the side of reverence and piety for by-gones. It is not certain that the criticism is fair. If the very modern person finds personal relics usually an incumbrance, it does not perforce mean that he has not been able to get out of the phase, the experience, that the relic stands for, all that it could yield from the romantic, or ethical, or educational point of view. Doubtless people would be more interesting if we felt and saw all their past and its enrichment in them every time they looked at us. One of the eternally disconcerting things is that persons who are pointed out to us as having gone through so much appear to have retained so little. But it is principally in our emotionally lavish earlier days that we dwell upon this especial form of disappointment. Or perhaps it is that we get to care only for the sum total of experiences as expressed in character. In other words, there is a way of having old things even without keeping them. This would seem to be the modern aim, and it is not a bad one.

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THE FIELD OF ART

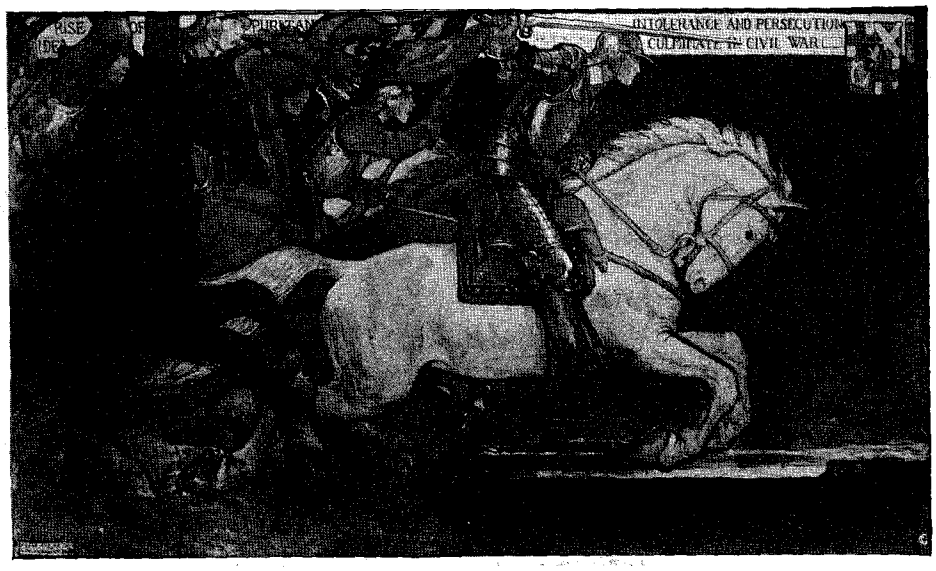

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Fig. 1.

MISS OAKLEY'S PICTURES IN THE HARRISBURG STATE-HOUSE

IN a recent number of The Field of Art* there was discussion of Mr. Van Ingen's lunettes, now all in place in the Harrisburg State-house. Miss Violet Oakley's paintings, forming, when they are put up side by side, a frieze about six feet high, will adorn a large room in the same building, the governor's reception-room. In neither case does the Field of Art undertake, at this time, to discuss the paintings as works of technical skill or as works of color composition. The time has not come to treat the building with its permanent decorations; and the general subject which we are considering now is the use, as a chief subject for mural decoration, of historical narrative, historical allusion, historical presentation of moral truths. The great influence of Puvis de Chavannes has carried the art away from human subject into a perhaps excessive study of impersonation and allegory. It is easy to grow very tired of the Spirit of Law, of Justice, of Anarchy, of Good Government, all represented as individual men and women. It is quite on the cards that personified Zoology, Botany, and Astronomy become less attractive than might be human beings engaged in actions of some celebrity. When we have studied the great hemicycle in the Sorbonne (see The Field of Art for October, 1905), we may feel that there is enough, for a while, of symbolism; of personified Science in one grove, of the Manual Arts in bodily form under the trees of another plantation, and even of the Lay Virgin who presides over that great composition. It is not wholesome to ridicule or even to feel too much dissatisfied with the serious work of really serious men; but when painting seeks another subject than the obvious, artistic one of form and colored light and shade, it has difficulty in choosing that subject, now that the constant succession of biblical and legendary incidents have ceased to force themselves upon the artist as his one possible theme.

Mr. Van Ingen treated the historical problem in close connection with the State of Pennsylvania, and Miss Oakley takes up the past of Pennsylvania in the way of absolute

*See SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for April, 1907.

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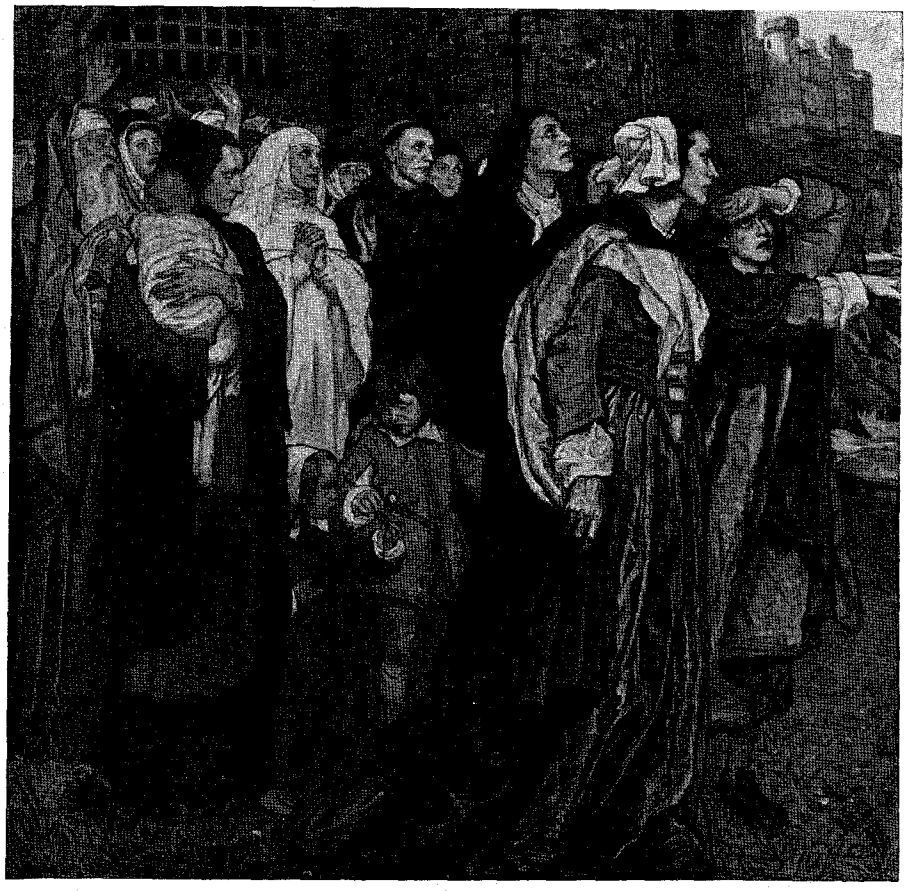

Fig. 2.

record, as of events that happened in the life of William Penn, the deservedly honored founder of the commonwealth. And yet the title she has given to her series of compositions expresses to the full the hyperhistorical sense in which they are to be viewed. "The Founding of the State of Liberty Spiritual" is a significant collocation of words. Some themes of a general character were needed to form a kind of preface to the relation of Penn's life experience. The conditions which surrounded him had also to be explained. England in 1640 was not the home of religious freedom. Thus, in theme and in purpose, very interesting is the picture of the charge of steel-clad horsemen with the motto, "Rise of the Puritan Idea: Intolerance and Persecution Culminating in Civil War." The rendering of the subject in flat profile is excusable, and is even at once suggested by the conditions of the frieze, raised somewhat high above the floor; and that same disposition reminds the student that he must not expect an actual study of a charge of horse in 1642. The picture is reproduced in Fig. 1, and it must be stated that the action of the mounted men, with their way of handling their swords, is not to be judged on strict grounds of military history. It is not just so that the leader and his followers held sword and standard, while the enemy was still at some distance beyond their points.

Of the same prefatory character are the pictures of Tyndall printing his translation of the Bible in 1525, of the New Testament smuggled into England in 1526, of George Fox on the Mount of Vision, of Anne Askew refusing to recant. These, in spite of the inevitable tendency of such compositions to become mere studies of costume with human figures gracefully disposed in a composition, are yet in the case before us marked by a sincerity and straightforwardness which command respect and will draw attention.

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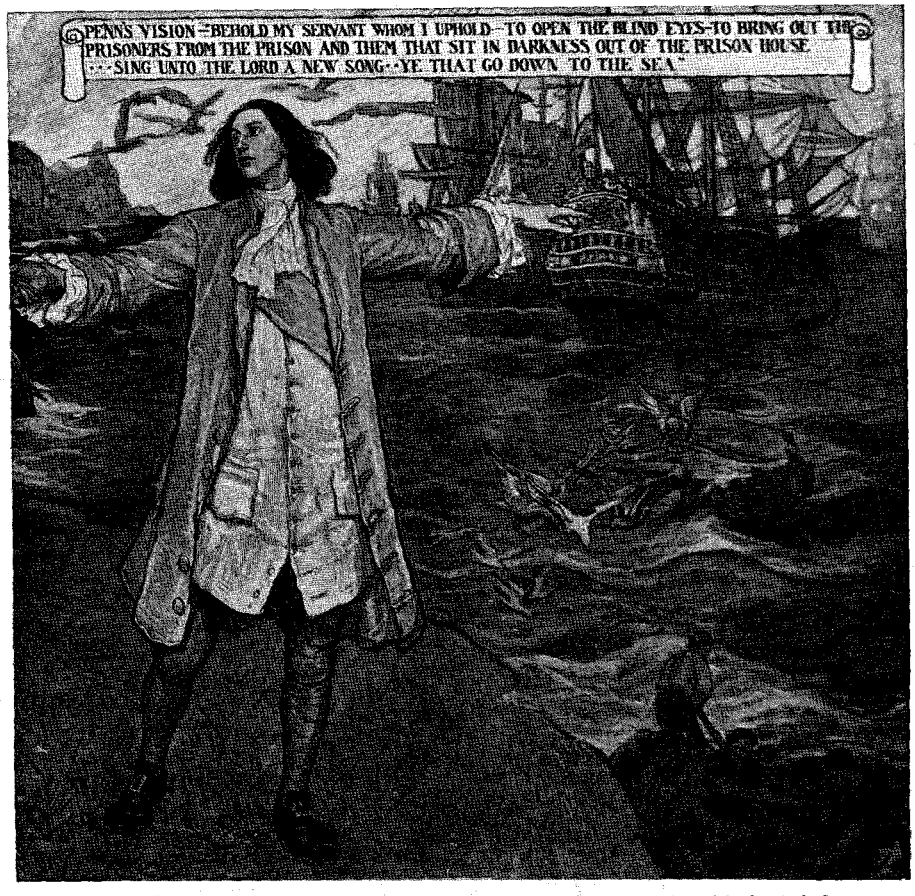
PENNS VISION-BEHOLD MY SERVANT WHOM I UPHOLD-TO OPEN THE BLIND EYES-TO BRING OUT THE PRISONERS FROM THE PRISON AND THEM THAT SIT IN DARKNESS OUT OF THE PRISON HOUSE ···SING UNTO THE LORD A NEW SONG··YE THAT GO DOWN TO THE SEA"

From a Copley Print, copyright 1906 by Curtis & Cameron.

The lover of painting is always harassed by the thought that for all the purposes of historical art a wood-cut, if fairly well made, or an etching ten inches long and costing ten dollars, is just as fit to excite interest and as certain to reach as great a number of interested spectators, as a mural painting of large size and of properly great pretensions. The question is always whether the subject is helped by the presentation of it on a great scale, and with all the splendor of color and elaborate light and shade. There is many an instance of celebrated mural paintings which, to the ardent lover of painting, had far better be denied their color, their great size, and their position in a grandiose setting, better fitted as they are felt to be for book illustration, lacking as they are felt to be in manual and decorative qualities. But the question in this article is merely the fitness of historical subject for mural painting, and to the complaints one hears, or indulges in, of the excess of allegory, the answer is that other people are as tired of the cocked hat and the broad-skirted coat as anyone can be of pictured Faith, Hope, and Charity. Therefore it is not precise accuracy in costume and setting that we demand nowadays, but rather the presentation of an historical incident in such a way as to impress the reader of it very strongly. Thus I find myself greatly touched by the small panel shown in Fig. 3, "His [*i.e.*, Penn's] Arrest, While Preaching at Meeting, under the Conventicle Acts which made Unlawful any Service but the Church of England." This refers to the early days of Penn's life, to the time when, while still living with his father, the admiral, he insisted on attaching himself to the Quaker worship. The figures are as purposeful and expressive as the statues in a cathedral porch, and they teach by observation in the same way. Those statues were cut, not merely to adorn the portal, but also to stand for the bodily presence

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of King David and Saint John, of Saint Denis or Saint Sebastian; and in like manner William Penn at the age of twenty-four, arrested by a soldier of King Charles I, may stand forever as the record of the patient and non-resisting worshipper who was determined, in spite of his meekness, to continue to worship and to guide the worshipping of others.

A very large panel shows the committal of Penn to prison by the lieutenant of the Tower, with Penn's words added to the descriptive legend. The array of personages in their official costume, or dressed as citizens dressed in 1640, is well handled. The personages in power, and their attendants sitting and standing, are shown with the mingled evidence of sympathy and mockery passing over their faces. Many are full of pity, while all are full of surprise at what is to them the wanton obstinacy of a youth. Indeed the expression of face is well managed in this large composition; and we are not to forget that expression of face has been thought to be the peculiar mark of greatness in more than one tremendous school of painting. It is a task worthy of anyone's devotion, the painting of fifteen faces of men whose attention is closely fixed upon the single man who stands among them as the object of all their pity, all their contempt, all their puzzled inquiry as to motives and meaning. The photograph (page 605) enables one to judge of this nearly as well as the painting—in fact, quite as well, if we bar the possibility of some hue in the color composition betraying the confidence of the camera. An expression which depends entirely on the loaded color or the thin oily smear may be one thing on the canvas and another in the brown and white reproduction.

From a Copley Print, copyright 1906 by Curtis & Cameron.

Fig. 3.

It is easy to see that preference will be given by many to the symbolical picture, Fig. 2, "Penn's Vision," in which he, though still a young man, is seen on the wild sea-bank with castled cliffs in the background, and close at hand a frowning portal with a raised portcullis, from which portal a crowd of people—men and women, old and young, a shorn friar, a white-clad nun, a heavily draped rabbi—are all shown as just released, while Penn, holding the hand of the leading figure, a haggard woman, points with elation and the enthusiasm of a boy in his eyes and gesture, to the stately seventeenth-century ships which lie at anchor, close at hand. A boat in the extreme corner of the picture, half seen, with its rowers getting ready to put off, and another boat just beyond, already under way, carry the interest onward and outward, and explain the proposed emigration to a land where universal toleration shall be the rule.

RUSSELL STURGIS.

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Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

THE SPIRIT OF ENCHANTMENT WAS IN THE PLACE.

"Between the Lupin and the Laurel," page 669.

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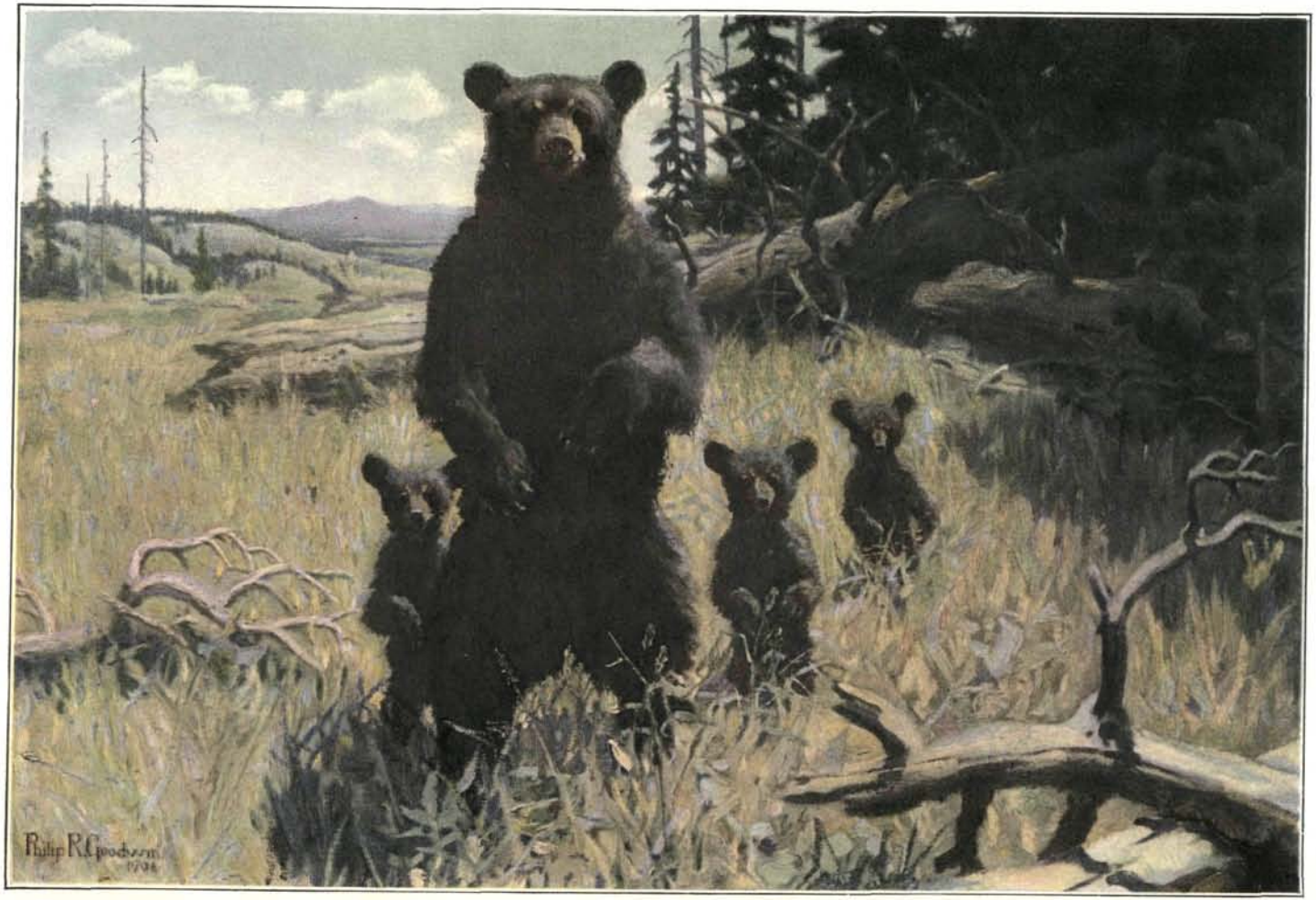

Drawn by Philip R. Goodwin.

"Who's Coming?"

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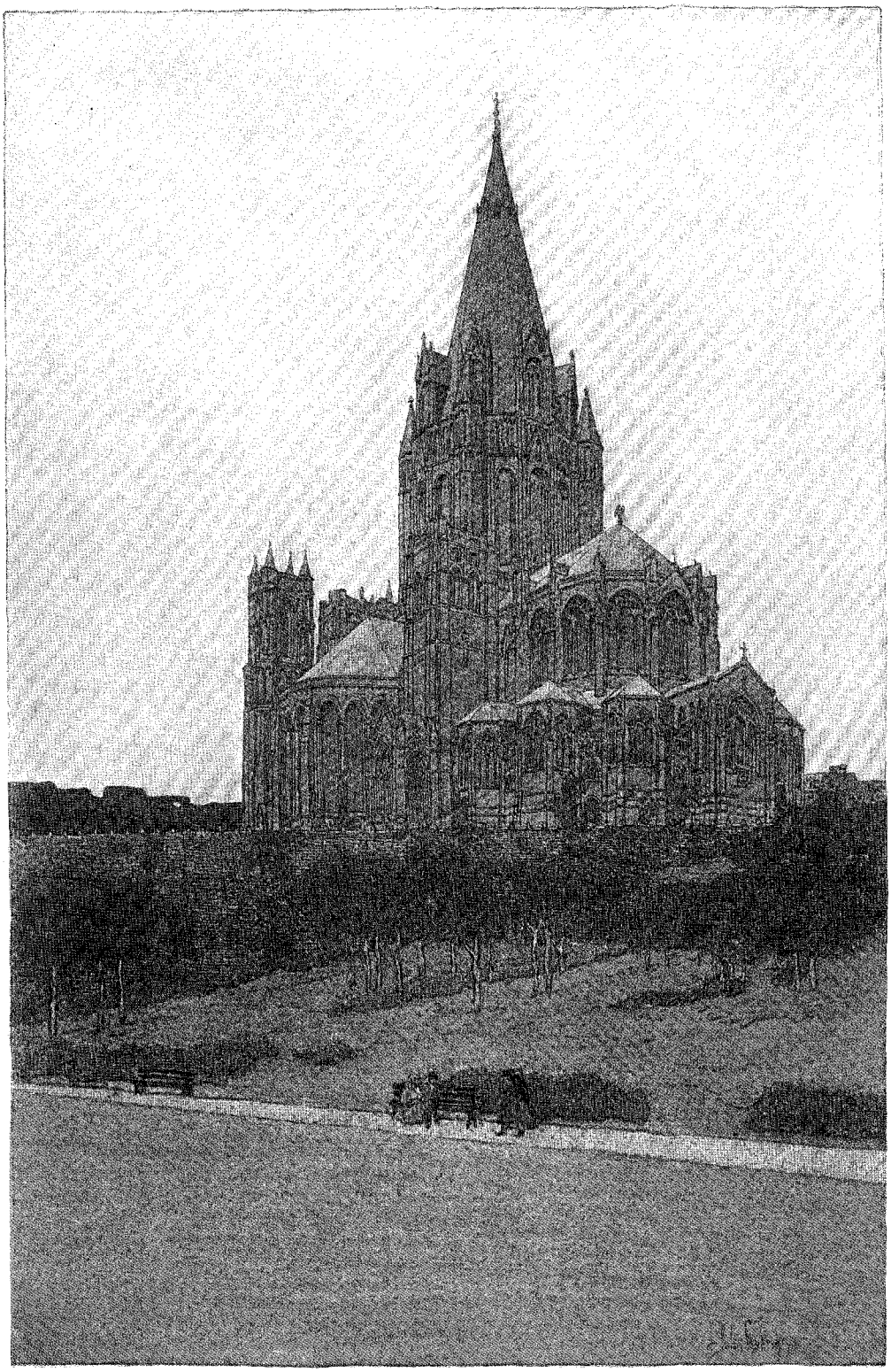

Drawn by Jules Guérin.

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE, NEW YORK CITY.

Rendered from the architects' plans.

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